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1475-1900

A SIGNPOST FOR COLLECTORS

BY

CHARLES J. SAWYER

AND

F. J. HARVEY DARTON

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

GRAY TO KIPLING

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CHAPTER I

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

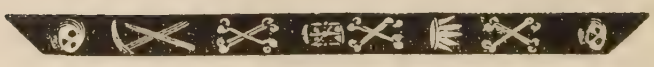
ROBERT BURNS : *Epistle to John Lapraik.*

AN

ELEGY

WROTE IN A

Country Church Yard.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall*;

And sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1751.

[Price Six-pence.]

CHAPTER I

THE RUSTIC MUSE

POPE, in commenting upon the rustic muse, observed the ease with which "breeze" rhymed with "trees," and helped poor poets in their efforts to please. He was not guiltless of dependence upon vowels himself, but he certainly summed up the mechanism of contemporary poetry very accurately. And his criticism was true not only in his own day, but valid for a century or more. Even Scott and Cowper—yes, and Gray also —fell into the snare of metrical coincidence, and sometimes used rhyme as a vehicle of sound rather than of thought.

But in spite of the dead hand of Dryden and Pope, of Boileau and the Marquise de Rambouillet, the English mind remained English. The poetry of Johnson's age—of his later years—is the obverse of his prose or of his life. It often adds great beauty to common sense, and says in admirably arranged words what we all think. But it seldom takes wings and carries us off to a roc's nest.

Thomas Gray's *Elegy wrote in a Country Church Yard* ("Printed for R. Dodsley in Pall-mall; and sold by M. Cooper in Pater-noster-Row, 1751") is

a quarto booklet of six leaves (eleven printed pages, last page blank). Each leaf was worth over £250 in 1924, when a very fine uncut copy went for £1550. It does not seem too high a price to pay for the first appearance of phrases like "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," "the short and simple annals of the poor," "full many a gem of purest ray serene," "full many a flower is born to blush unseen," "some mute inglorious Milton"—but it would be even simpler to quote the poem in full than to pick out the words which have become so hackneyed by over-quotation that we have almost lost the sense of their freshness and beauty.

The period, in fact, covered a revival of English and of England — the England of Fielding and Johnson seen through a faint melancholy mist of sentiment by some of the poets, and by others, like Burns—let us call him English for the moment—and Crabbe, with the naked eye. For a few the fauns and nymphs still danced in court fashion; to many the smallest homely things, like mice or schoolmistresses, were vivid; while for others natural or invented gloom raised a sombre cloud, or at least recalled the inevitable hour. Goldsmith, in an aberrant eulogy of Pope, noticed and deplored the change, of which he was himself no small part.

If one starts ambling through Gray to end with Burns, both the uniformity and the diversity of this kind homely group can be surveyed closely

in its cool sequestered vale, the peace of which, even in its tinier lanes, collectors are now beginning to appreciate with growing enthusiasm.

" Gray never spoke out," a famous essay in criticism quotes from Gray's executor. It would perhaps be as true to say that he never wrote himself out. So large and honourable a reputation can seldom have been based on so few works—if we exclude from the title " works " his very charming and characteristic letters, the majority of which were written to his two or three most intimate friends. He lived almost a mute inglorious life at Cambridge, professing Modern History for £400 a year; and he gave most of his time to reading and the pleasures of scholarship, the fruits of which (plucked nowadays by few) were small and learned observations on classical writers and literary questions whose thread is now spun. His first published poem—*An Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* (Dodsley, 1747)—shows his temperament. Sporting with hoops and balls, listening to linnets (possibly catching them—the text is not definite), swimming the glassy wave of Thames, he watched,

> " Regardless of their doom,
> The little victims play."

However, he mused :

> " Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

AN

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON College.

LONDON

Printed for R. Dodsley at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-mall*, and
sold by M. Cooper at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1747.

(Price Six-pence)

His sententiousness and his genius for creating passages for quotation appear at this very first performance (written five years before publication). The four-leaf (eight pages) folio booklet cost sixpence on publication. Mr T. J. Wise's unbound, uncut copy came into his possession after being bought in 1910 for £50 10s. The last copy we saw was in 1920, and it had soared to £300. Twelve thousand times the original price is something of a distinction, from a commercial point of view, for a book not two centuries old. For collectors the prospect of obtaining an example is much more distant than Eton.

The *Elegy—An Elegy wrote in a Country Church Yard* (Dodsley, 1751)—has been mentioned already, but the chief features of the early editions must be described here : it went into five in the year of publication. Several MS. copies of the poem (in Gray's own hand, for the benefit of friends) are extant—one in the British Museum. They vary slightly from what is now the Authorized Version. The first issue of the first edition has, in the last line of the twenty-fourth stanza, " Some hidden spirit " instead of " Some kindred spirit " ; and the type of the initial F in the " Finis " has usually pierced through the last leaf: in the " record " copy this defect had been repaired. The second edition (also rare) has " written " for " wrote " in the title—the early indication that it is not the

first. In the third edition appeared the later omitted stanza about violets and robins, which ends with the beautiful line :

" And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

An unpaged, undated edition (four leaves folio, with no title page—the real " first " is quarto) was for a short time thought to be the first, and was bought in 1902 for £49 (even then a very low price for a true edition). But Sir Edmund Gosse showed convincingly that it was probably an extremely early piracy. Even so, especially as only one copy is known, it is of great interest. A pirate's hoard may be nearly as valuable as honest sterling.

Here is a curious comment on the *Elegy* and a great critic who also wrote great poetry. One of the present writers asked a very well-read friend, closely familiar with the work of both the authors concerned, who wrote the following lines :

" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

It is one of the least often-quoted (and loveliest) passages in the *Elegy*. The answer to the question was " Matthew Arnold—*The Scholar Gipsy*." Arnold's penetrating essay on Gray is, in a sense, an appendix to much of his own poetry : given the chances and changes of time, he could have written the *Elegy* or Gray *The Scholar Gipsy*. They were

both scholars and both true poets whom scholarship sealed against speaking out. The pardonably wrong attribution of the lines is a testimony to Gray's permanent Englishness.

The volume entitled *Odes by Mr Gray* (Printed at Strawberry-Hill for R. and J. Dodsley, Pall-Mall, 1757) is notable in the social history of English letters, and in the honourable record of typography. Though Horace Walpole got his type from the greatest of English type-designers (after Caxton), Thomas Caslon, his private press was not the matrix of exceptionally fine work. But his first effort was this quarto volume of his friend's *Odes*. We leave it to our readers to decide which is the greater distinction—for the printer, to publish the first edition of a good book, or for the author, to be the firstling of an elegant and costly enterprise. Perhaps the printer wins, for, friendship apart, Gray lives on a different plane from the engaging letter-writer and publisher, and the *Odes*, whoever printed them, would not need the hall-mark of a private press.

The two associations make this book expensive; in uncut state it may cost as much as £100. Garrick wrote a broadsheet (also printed at Strawberry Hill) on the poems, and a cut-down copy of this, with the volume itself, was sold for £80 in 1926. Copies with notes by Gray or Walpole fetch their own price.

Before this, however, had appeared the *Poems*

O D E S

BY

Mr. G R A Y.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ---------

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL,
For R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.
MDCCLVII.

(Dublin, G. & A. Ewing, 1756), which includes, *inter alia*, the *Elegy*, *Eton*, and the *Favourite Cat*; but as apparently only one copy of this is known to exist, it cannot be given a value. It seems to have been an Irish raid upon *Designs by R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr T. Gray* (Dodsley, 1753), Horace Walpole's copy of which cost £36 in 1924, and Gray's £420 in 1913.

The authoritative version of the *Poems* (Dodsley, 1768, published at half-a-crown) is likely to cost £10 to £15; it should contain a half-title. There was another edition in smaller type the same year, and Dublin, Cork and Edinburgh published contemporary versions, varying slightly in their contents.

Among Gray's other works of importance to collectors is the *Ode performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge* (Archdeacon, 1769), for which £50 may well be asked if the pamphlet is uncut. It was set to music in honour of the new Chancellor of the University, Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton. We can only say that it was worthy of the occasion. Gray's friend, Mason, performed the same stately-fulsome duty for another chancellor.

Gray, as became a man of taste, possessed an excellent library, comprising mainly the poets, classics, travels and natural history. Volumes bearing his signature, "T. Gray," and interspersed with observations and notes, are of frequent occurrence and may be purchased for a premium of £10 or more—

according to the interest and number of the additions —upon the value of the work.

And that, perhaps, is all that can be said here about the (proportionately) most often-quoted English writer. We can know him well, if we choose, outside his works, and we can, if we are rich enough, collect his first editions. It is nevertheless a singular reflection that Johnson, whom really we seldom quote, is more definitely memorable in our minds than he who kept the noiseless tenor of his way at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, declined to be Poet Laureate, was widely famous for twenty of his fifty-five years, and is buried by his mother's side in his own country churchyard—in his narrow cell for ever laid.

To return to Walpole. It is to be supposed that no one ever deserved better the title of *dilettante* than Gray's friend and publisher. But if that slightly derogatory term can be justly used of him, it must be remembered also that he was several other things. He had means, he had brains, he had an inherited political interest. He knew a good picture when he saw one. He encouraged the more humane letters very thoroughly and well.[1] He could write and invent, as *The Castle of Otranto* shows. His correspondence is copious, elegant and human. He was a person of quality in all the great life and in all the great literature of his day, the true son of Eton and

[1] He said of Gray (in a recently disclosed letter): "He was a genius of the first rank, and will always be allowed so by men of taste."

King's and Sir Robert Walpole. The back of King's, built in the most superb Georgio-Palladian style, joined to the noblest building at either Cambridge or Oxford, the Chapel, is an odd but not unfit glorification and type of Horace Walpole's character. He was much more than a pleasant sciolist fop. He took Alicant soap and lime-water ("made of oyster shells") for the stone, as prescribed by Dr Whytt, F.R.S., and Graham the quack, and was thus enabled to travel. Perhaps that detail makes him more human to us than his still existing mansion.

The house which bore the famous Strawberry Hill Press he deemed at first "so small that I can send it to you in a letter to look at." He would not have it known by the honoured name of Pope's "Twitnum." He turned it into "a little Gothic castle," and revived the name from an old title-deed: a typical conversion by adult baptism.

The Gothic castle appears in the first publication of the press, Gray's *Odes*. And this was a real press, not a publishing house, for the book was "printed for R. and J. Dodsley," who paid Gray £42 for it and published it at a shilling. Twickenham did a thousand copies of it: "a very honourable opening of my press." David Garrick's address, *To Mr Gray, on his Odes*, from the same press (already mentioned), is rare, for it has been said only six copies were printed.[1] It is said that no more were printed

[1] We have seen more. "Six" must be a mistake.

(in 1785) of an odd little book of *Hieroglyphic Tales.*

The pieces printed at Strawberry Hill cannot, indeed, receive an estimate of value here for that very reason. They appear infrequently, because of the limitations of numbers, and they have to find for buyers either a specialist in private presses (a subject we deal with later) or someone who desires a particular book or leaflet by a particular author. Except for the *Odes*, Walpole's own works on painting and noble authors, Hentzner's *Journey into England* (1757), and possibly Hannah More's *Bishop Bonner's Ghost* (1789) in the brown paper edition,[1] the products of the Press [2] were and are of ephemeral interest, and will not be hunted to the last gasp by the more fervid collectors. A very full set of them —containing Walpole's own copy of the *Odes*—was sold in 1902 for £700, and another very fine collection was bought in 1926 for £500. But such collections are rare; they must necessarily be so, for many of the publications were single-page quarto leaflets—poems, squibs, "plans," "proposals," and the like—written by forgotten or half-forgotten people on ephemeral subjects, which can only win general

[1] The white paper edition uncut is worth £5 or so, and one of the two brown paper copies was sold in 1842 for £5 15s. 6d. Walpole thought, as he told the author, that "as rarities, the collector would give ten times more for the brown than the white."

[2] The *Journal of the Printing Office at Strawberry Hill*, edited by Dr Paget Toynbee, 1923 (Constable), is essential to collectors of Walpoleana.

attention (much less enthusiasm) again a few centuries hence, when men may have to reconstruct the eighteenth century as laboriously as we the sixteenth —from scraps and odds and ends. By then new books will be obsolete as vehicles of current thought.

The other works — the great Gothic romance *The Castle of Otranto*, the *Anecdotes of Painting*, 5 vols., and the *Noble and Royal Authors*, 5 vols.— still preserve a certain frozen life. They have no great attraction for collectors. Of the delightful *Letters*, by far the most desirable set is the modern Paget Toynbee edition (Clarendon Press), which is not only a monument of sound, cheerful scholarship, but an essential part of a library.

Singly, then, few of Walpole's books interest collectors. Put together, they form a picture of an interesting and witty creature, full of vivacity and versatility. A complete set of Walpoleana, if it could be assembled—the work of a lifetime, for very likely many trifles have as yet been overlooked— would be a costly library in itself, and would never depreciate in value.

With Walpole and Gray is indissolubly connected the Rev. William Mason, that "polite scholar" who has only lately (1926) been certainly discovered as the author of bitter satires. He was the intimate friend of the poet and the man of quality at Cambridge and (despite one mysterious quarrel) all through their after-lives. He wrote nothing of

importance himself: even his often-translated tragedy of *Caractacus* left the stage in its youth. But he lives by his friendships and by his edition of *Gray's Letters*—the first and, until the recent one prepared by Dr Tovey, the best: some letters still remain in private hands, unpublished.

Mason had the privilege of coming into controversy with the first John Murray, whose name lasts at least equally with the divines. Murray reprinted some portions of Gray. Mason (Gray being dead, and Mason his literary executor) obtained an injunction, and then, thinking that he himself might be similarly treated, registered the second edition of his *English Garden* specially at Stationers' Hall, and made noises, in a preface, against the "fraudulent practices of certain booksellers." Murray pointed out that registering a second edition did not confer copyright on the first, but he unkindly (though truthfully) added that "I will venture to pronounce that no person will be tempted to reprint Mason's *English Garden* for the sake of 'Emolument.'" Murray's defence of his use of Gray is spirited, not unfair, and even now extremely good reading. The controversy is of interest to students of copyright history. It seems to be the first in which the honourable house of Murray was engaged in its long and continuing history.

Gray, as a poet, was austerely sparse. But he had a reasonably wide circle of personal friendships,

good social position, and the highest education his century could give; whereas Collins, if we may borrow from Sir Leslie Stephen's not too enthusiastic statement, was but the son of "a respectable hatter," who "was twice Mayor of Chichester." W. H. Hudson disliked Chichester, and perhaps there is something smug about its veritable beauty. Still, Wren built a fine house there; the cathedral shows examples of every style of English architecture; the railway station is not so nasty as that at Shelley's Horsham; one of the oldest Roman-Christian memorials in the world is publicly preserved; the Roman quadration is still visible; and even in Goodwood Week the Carfax at the lovely market cross is a delight. So its mayoralty in the eighteenth century must have been a suitable office for the father of the very English poet who sang of music and evening and fair Fidele's grassy tomb. It is melancholy to record that Collins inherited the affliction of fabulous hatters, and was insane in the latter part of his not long life.

Like Gray, he wrote little,[1] but, like Gray, he wrote it to perfection. There is as yet no great passion among collectors for his works. But we are sure it is no rash prediction to say that his first editions must soon become the objects of cupidity. They have seldom appeared of late, and no estimate of

[1] And, like Goldsmith, was saved from a debtors' prison through Johnson.

cost can be given. His Odes on *Several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects* (Millar, 1747—really 1746—with a formal but rather pretty design by one of the Vanderguchts on the title page) was sold in 1918 for £9, but that is one of the few recorded prices. It was not very successful on its appearance, and Collins is said to have destroyed many copies. In it appeared the *Ode to Pity*, *The Passions*, the *Ode to Evening* and the beautiful *How Sleep the Brave*. The slim little octavo booklet made its author immortal, though he may never have guessed it. And really he wrote little else. His *Ode* on the death of his close friend Thomson came out in 1749 (R. Manby & S. Cox) and is very rare; his *Persian Eclogues* in 1742 (J. Roberts) (afterwards *Oriental Eclogues*, J. Payne, 1757 — both editions being scarce); the *Verses* (1743) and the *Epistle* (1744), both addressed to the only Speaker of his Majesty's faithful Commons who edited Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Hanmer, are not less infrequent in appearance. Even Langhorne's edition of the *Poetical Works* (1765) is uncommon. The whole bibliography of Collins needs exploration, and should repay the explorer—just as the poems themselves repay the too many readers who know him only by two or three pieces which are in all the anthologies.

To these two great artists who snatched the rustic muse from the Dragon of Correct Sentiments let us add our "Pope in homespun." It is not a bad label

for Crabbe, but it is, like all labels, only half a truth. This robust son of East Anglia, this amorous pluralist (but pluralism was common form among eighteenth-century divines), had certainly very much of Pope's metrical dexterity—so much that, in spite of the length of some of his descriptions, all in one rhythm, he is seldom monotonous. But he was no "wit." He showed rather the reaction against both wit and sentiment. His rills were apt to be muddy, not limpid, and his celebrated parody of Goldsmith's "passing rich on forty pounds a year" showed what he thought of mellow sadness. He is not a collected author yet.

But this is no place for literary criticism of a writer whose works will probably be more highly valued in the coming years than heretofore. We have not yet solved the problem of the agricultural labourer, and Crabbe, with his long life over a crucial period, provides in his poetry a document on that problem not dissimilar to that offered by Arthur Young in prose. For collectors, perhaps, the best advice is that already given about other authors whose works present no outstanding prize or rarity —no prize, that is, yet recognized as such. The advice is, collect them all and make a perfect set. To put it on the lowest ground, it is a safe investment. On the highest, it means the possession of a pageant of the real England during the Napoleonic wars.

There are no outstanding values to be set upon

the volumes separately. They are fairly common in the sale-room, and command, so to speak, "homespun" prices—from £3 to £10, according to condition and the demand of the moment. *The Village* (1783), for instance, with *The Newspaper* (1785), both in original state, uncut, were sold together in 1924 for £17. Fashions in collecting are sometimes fickle, but a solidly established author once stabilized after a century's life does not lose his admirers so disastrously as a "best-seller" of twenty or thirty years ago; and Crabbe (fortunately, since he lacked the highest genius) was never a "best-seller"—only a good one.

The real "best-sellers" (among the middle class of the period) have been engulfed by time. Who now reads (much less buys) Beattie, or (in a later generation) Joanna Baillie, or Falconer's *Shipwreck*, that permanent old-age pensioner of the twopenny book-barrow? *Requiescant*: they were never anything but peaceful. But one poet whose later editions often share that dingy bed is more highly placed in his first appearances—William Shenstone (a contemporary of Johnson at Pembroke—Johnson repaid their acquaintance with his not unkind description of "the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song"). Shenstone devoted most of his life to decorating his ancestral seat, The Leasowes (a name almost as well known as his own), with mossy cells and cool grots, clearly thinking, like T. E. Brown,

that " a garden is a lovesome thing, God wot." But amateur gardeners with family estates often get into debt, as Shenstone did. In the end, for all his equable dilettantism, he had to acknowledge, in his most famous line, that the traveller of life often found his " warmest welcome at an inn."

What a part inns have played in English literature! The Tabard at Southwark, the Mermaid, the Triple Tun, the coffee-houses, the Wapping Tavern where Robinson Crusoe may have been born; Tom Jones, Parson Adams, and their landladies; the George and Vulture, the Great White Horse—Dickens of course is a victuallers' encyclopædia; Long John Silver's house on Bristol quay; and so down to Mr Chesterton and Mr Belloc. They have a literature all to themselves.

Shenstone's works, few though they are, are steadily rising in scarcity and value. His charming personality is best seen in his *Essays*, but they are not a " collector's book." His *Poems on Various Occasions, written for the Amusement of the Author, and printed for the Amusement of a few Friends, prejudic'd in his favour* (Oxford, Leon Lichfield, 1737), on the other hand, is well appreciated. It is also very rare, for Shenstone tried to suppress it, and probably few copies exist. One was sold in 1915 for £15; another in 1924 for $120; and Horace Walpole's copy, with a MS. note, for £31 in the same year.

The Schoolmistress, his best-known longer poem, was in this volume, but appeared separately in 1742 (Dodsley & Cooper) in a much lengthened form. The year before the same publishers had issued *The Judgment of Hercules*, and copies of these two works, with a drawing and MS. poem by their author, were sold in 1924 for £28. Both should have a half-title.

Not least of the rustic poets is Robert Bloomfield, whose manuscript of the *Farmer's Boy* is before us as we write. Of obscure birth; without education, save the little his mother was able to give him before he was hired to a farmer at the age of eleven; endowed with remarkable powers of observation and a wonderful memory, he composed and memorized while working as a shoemaker in London, amid sordid surroundings in a miserable garret, the whole of his *Farmer's Boy*. Through the efforts of Capel Loftt, it was published with woodcuts by Bewick in 1800. It was an immediate success, and was subsequently translated into a number of languages. *Rural Tales* followed in 1802, and was succeeded by a few other pieces of little note.

With Shenstone and Bloomfield we must be quit of the rustic muse, at any rate in her artificial wreaths and draperies: no more fauns and nymphs, no more Strephons and Dorindas (though there is a Clarinda to come, to be sure). There is not an atom of pretence about Cowper and Burns, though

Burns could write "classical" verse when he chose, and Cowper, upon receiving that challenge to write about a sofa, replied with completely successful archness.

At times one feels inclined to listen happily to Cowper purring (especially when we read his exquisite letters), and then, when he writes majestically of the Lisbon earthquake or terribly of his own affliction, to ask, "Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where *have* you been?" The lovable poet was grievously hastened out of his mind by that "converted slave-trader" John Newton, who wrote the fine hymn, *How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds*, preached for the Trafalgar survivors, and called himself "the old African blasphemer." The miserable madness of Chatterton and Kit Smart is nothing beside the insanity that hovered behind "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and the dog and the water-lily, and Tiny the hare swinging his rump around. "God," as William Cowper said, "moves in a mysterious way."

The bibliography of Cowper is as yet very inadequate. His most important work is the two volumes of *Poems by William Cowper, Of the Inner Temple, Esq.* The first volume is dated 1782 (J. Johnson) and is *called* "Poems"; the second (1785) has a half-title, *Poems by William Cowper, Esq.*, but the title page runs, *The Task, a Poem, in six books.* The first volume has a translated (French) quotation

from Caraccioli on the title page, the second an anonymous one in Latin. A second edition (same publisher, 1786) has *Poems* . . . Volume the Second, on the title page.

There are other bewildering differences. The first British Museum copy [1] of Vol. I. has no half-title, no preface, and ten lines of errata. On p. 60 in this volume a couplet begins thus, "With memorandum book to minute down," but in some copies it runs, "With memorandum book for ev'ry town." The Museum cataloguer thinks that this latter is the correct version, but that nevertheless the uncorrected version got into the second issue of the first edition. A like uncertainty exists about the lines on p. 103, beginning, "Hast thou omitted with a blind fond trust," which are said to appear only in the second issue. They are not in what we have called the "first" British Museum copy (*i.e.* the copy put in the premier place among the first editions, of which the Museum has several), nor in another ("second") copy in that library. This "second" copy has the lines on p. 60 uncorrected, but a third has them corrected. Further puzzles arise over cancels in the second volume, and over its table of the Contents of Vol. I. (at the end, on p. 360), in which the spelling and wording of some of the titles vary from those in Vol. I. itself. Some specimens (not all those seen

[1] We quote these copies specially because the Museum Catalogue devotes unusual attention to the minutiæ here cursorily described.

by us) have a two-page " Advertisement " after the title page.

One copy of Vol. I. in the British Museum must always remain unique. It is a pedigree volume, and belonged to John Newton himself. It contains his preface to the *Poems*, which occurs in few recorded specimens.

A more amusing first edition of the second volume is one which belonged to the egregious Anna Seward, and contains her autograph on the title page and holograph notes in the text. They are an odd mixture of platitude, common-sense and pomp. Here is one on an alleged " borrowed " passage—" The passage, however the idea might have been borrowed, is expanded, strengthened and improved by Cowper[.] So it will always be when true genius condescends to borrow." Two political notes are interesting. Cowper wrote that " he that hunts is guilty of a wrong." " I wish," said the Swan of Lichfield, " our King wd. attend to that just & true assertion." And when Cowper, in enthusiasm over the burnt Bastille, hailed France as " chief among the nations, seeing thou art free," great Anna Seward brought the lesson home to England: " Cowper did not forsee that England wd. adopt, & by paralysing her own laws sanction Bastiles (*sic*, as in Cowper's text). Every Prison into wh. men are thrust at the arbitrary command of their fellow Creatures & where they may be immured thro' a length of years perhaps

thro' life without being brought to trial, is a Bastile, in every respect except the name. . . . An: do: 1800 writing now thou would's (*sic*) say *wert* free." Dickens did not find things much better.

It is a pity there are no comments on *John Gilpin*, which appears first in the 1785 Vol. II. That joyous poem was translated, soon after its appearance, into French (one hardly likes to think of the great ride as a *promenade à cheval*, but so it was), German, Latin elegiacs, and " the oldest form of the Orkney dialect."

The bibliography of the *Poems* is so incomplete that we cannot commit ourselves to an opinion on the real priority of the editions. It seems to us likely that, as so often, minor alterations were made as the first edition sold ; but until many more copies than at present have been carefully collated there can be no certainty. Recent sales include Vol. I., 1782, with no preface ; Vol. II. with a " Poems Vol. II." half-title, Vol. II. as " The Task " only, Vol. I. with p. 343 incorrectly numbered 344. The cost of the pair, in good condition, as things stand, may be from £20 to £40.

The writers were recently in a part of England which fits exactly, in scenery and in associations, this revival of the love of the country in English poetry. There are a church and a village close by which Stoke Poges might envy. A few miles off Wordsworth wrote or thought out one or two of

his earliest poems in a lovely eighteenth-century farmhouse, and Coleridge walked over from Nether Stowey for that famous visit whose fruits Time has not yet all devoured. Crabbe was an absentee rector about six miles across country, while just over a tiny lane full of Painted Ladies and Red Admirals, meadowsweet and willow-herb, hangs the noble hill on which the Rev. William Crowe composed his poetic musings: now Coleridge ascribed much of his early inspiration to Crowe.

It is an almost unintelligible contrast that one feels in turning from these scenes and Cowper's tea-urn, or even from Shenstone's gentlemanly inn, to the tempestuous taverns of Burns.

Yet in two ways the different social scenes are all of a piece. Both are part of the beginning of a new age, of a new freedom and reality; and from the standpoint of this work both are important features in the pursuit known as book-collecting.

It is, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* says, heresy in any Englishman to write anything about Burns. But as London happens to be the centre of the English-speaking book-world, and England and the United States hold the majority of rare and desirable books, something must be said of a figure unique in our common literature, because his personality not only surges through his greatest book (the *Poems*), but interprets for us the few scarce minor writings which collectors desire.

Of course, however, there is only one real Burns volume, and that is a book of all time, as well as the despair of the huge majority of collectors who can never possess its first edition. The "Kilmarnock Burns" is probably known by name, as one of the book-collector's most costly possessions, to hundreds of people who cannot *read* Burns, who will sing *Auld Lang Syne* without knowing who wrote it, and who do not collect even cheap books. It has the double value of scarcity and greatness. Six hundred copies were printed by subscription, under the title, *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect* (Kilmarnock: John Wilson, 1786). Three hundred and fifty copies were subscribed, according to Mr M'Kie (*Bibliotheca Burnsiana*) and 599 sold (*D.N.B.*). Uncut perfect copies in wrappers or boards are exceedingly rare: few are known to exist, and for the last of this group which appeared no less a sum than £1750 was paid in 1925. Even this copy had some slight blemishes, but it was in the original blue wrappers, and uncut. But there have been seen also uncut copies in boards, old sheepskin and calf, and another in blue wrappers had realized £1600 in 1923.

In 1924 a smaller copy in old calf binding had cost £560, and that price is probably the least that any good specimen would inflict on the buyer to-day.

Burns would have been glad to have so much money, but the success of the volume—he made

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effuſions of the heart:
And if inſpir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inſpire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

KILMARNOCK:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

£20 out of it—at least kept him in Scotland after, in desperation, he had resolved to go to Jamaica when Jean Armour's father interrupted his love-making with her. He married her later, however. Burns may have been unable to restrain his passions or his philanderings fully—"Highland Mary," Anne Park and "Clarinda," persons otherwise almost negligible, live for ever through him—but at least he was ardent in those feelings, and his emotions, whether profound or temporary, were inevitably and splendidly the cause of great literature. It is impossible for anyone not to feel the superb passion as well as the perfect art of such lines as:

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!"

Anyone who dislikes animal spirits such as Burns now and then displays to excess can try to find purer love poetry than that (and than a dozen other short pieces in the *Poems*) anywhere one pleases in any literature. He will not succeed. It is not our business here to provide either an essay on Burns's morals or a literary appreciation of his work. But both the

morals and the quality are indisputably and justly elements in the production of the collector's zeal: they give the touch of humanity and life to the very misprints in the first editions.

To return to the *Poems*. "Highland Mary" died in 1786, but her poet was established by the Kilmarnock edition of that year. Edinburgh (W. Creech) republished them, with additions, in 1787, and so did Dublin (W. Gilbert), and London (Strahan): Dublin apparently by piracy, London and Edinburgh by subscription. The Edinburgh Edition has variant readings on p. 263—"skinking" and "stinking" in line 13: the "stinking" version (uncut) has been sold in recent years for from £30 to £50. In some copies the Duke of Roxburgh's name in the list of subscribers begins with B. The edition was a large one—2800 copies being subscribed for. Cut volumes may be obtained for from £10 to £20: it all depends, once more, on condition. Those who perforce have to be content with the Edinburgh or London editions of 1787 may be consoled by the thought that they contain twenty poems not in the Kilmarnock book—among them "The Brig of Ayr" and "John Barleycorn."

Philadelphia and New York had their own editions on sale in 1788, and of course the *Poems* will never go out of print while print lasts or man's memory endures. Some of those published later, separately, are very scarce, but it is unnecessary to record them

here one by one. The rarest is probably *Verses to the Memory of James Thomson*, which the British Museum dates, conjecturally, 1795; the last copy sold at auction (for $125) is attributed in the sale catalogue to "*circa* 1791."

The *Letters to Clarinda, Glasgow, printed by Niven, Napier & R. Lull, for T. Stewart*, 1800, was suppressed on its appearance; a large number, however, must have been sold, for a nice copy can usually be acquired for £15 to £20. They are of great personal and psychological interest, and it was thought worth while by a Philadelphian to issue an edition in that city, adding a portrait and a sketch of the author's life and character, in 1809. Its value is about the same as that of the Scottish edition.

A Burns collector would be well advised to acquire two or three of the good scholarly modern editions of the poet, which tell when and how the various poems appeared, and upon what older material, if any, they were based. Henley and Henderson's is perhaps the best English one, and it contains Henley's famous "Essay on Burns," which roused the wrath of North Britain and is now, in its first separately reprinted form, worth a good deal more than its original humble price.

Nor must that older material itself be overlooked. Scotland, from the days of Gavin Douglas, has had as robust a local literature as England, and, with few exceptions, her ballads and border minstrelsy

are finer than their English counterparts: else why has the Scottish *Auld Lang Syne* become part of the English ritual of feasts and ceremonies? Burns was a regal borrower from such sources. What Miss Seward, if she had read him, would have thought of his borrowings, as compared with Cowper's, we dare not think. But the forerunner to whom Burns was chiefly indebted, apart from the countless traditional snatches and airs and verses which were the ploughman's inheritance—his unwritten books—was Allan Ramsay. Much of Ramsay's work is embedded, with other material of a like kind, in what we have called "The People's Books." As yet he does not excite the salerooms hugely in the old or the new worlds; but he may. His *Gentle Shepherd*, a Scots pastoral comedy, first published in Edinburgh in 1725, will cost thirty or more good golden guineas, and all his other works, separately issued, may be bought in their first editions as a collection at about the same price. Like many other writers he tried his fortune at selling books, unlike the others he appears to have been successful; he established the first circulating library in Scotland, and built a theatre—which was almost immediately closed by the Edinburgh magistrates. Among the rustic poets he has one distinction: "he never allowed his pride and vanity as a poet to withdraw him from business." Edinburgh has erected a statue to his memory.

There is also a considerable Burns apocrypha

sought for by collectors, for of course, as with other authors, a complete Burns library is desirable, even if almost unattainable. Details of many of these works can be found in the British Museum catalogue and the standard bibliographies. They are only, so to speak, of sideways interest. Unless Burns was of a genius which could stoop far—infinitely far—below even his lower level, they are not by him. They are totally alien from and inferior to even the most robust of his social studies or the most classical of his " English " pieces. He called not only a man a man, but a spade a spade, and he did not decorate the spade with fig-leaves, nor call it a shovel, nor put cupids and tritons round it, as these imitators do.

So through the placid interiors of England and the invigorating moors and noisy inns of Scotland we come to the more general awakening—to the romance of life—to the Lake Poets in England, to Scott in his own land. It is a long journey from the days of *The Rape of the Lock*, from Isaac Bickerstaff, even from Robinson Crusoe. But the true collector will wish in his heart to make that pilgrimage faithfully, if painfully, for there is more of modern life by its wayside than anywhere on the road since Elizabeth was Queen.

CHAPTER II

"Cockney" had been in itself a fair enough label for a hostile critic to fasten upon Hunt; neither was it altogether inapplicable to Keats, having regard to the facts of his origin and training: that is if we choose to forget that the measure of a man is not his experience, but the use he is able to make of it.

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN: *Keats*, ch. vi.

Poems,

BY

JOHN KEATS.

" What more felicity can fall to creature,
" Than to enjoy delight with liberty."

Fate of the Butterfly.—SPENSER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

C. & J. OLLIER, 3, WELBECK STREET,

CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1817.

CHAPTER II

THE COCKNEY SCHOOL

IT occurred to an eminent critic a hundred or so years ago to speak disparagingly of "the Cockney School of Poets." An eminent pupil of the school ended a sonnet with a rhyme that justified the phrase. Whose are these lines ?

"I, that do ever feel athirst for glory,
Could at this moment be content to lie
Meekly upon the grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of none beside the mournful robins."

The poet who first bore this false testimony about the natural history of "robbings" (who have a very lively, well-modulated and unmournful note, who are quarrelsome, predatory and pugnacious, and sing longer during the year than any other British bird) was Keats, whose first volume in its *original* state will now cost a purchaser anything from £800 upwards. He also happened to write *Endymion*, and an ode *To a Nightingale*, which compensated for the wrong impression of the red-breasted birds more accurately described in Keats' lifetime by Mrs Sarah Trimmer of Brentford.

John Keats "sent a herald thought into a

wilderness" already populated by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Byron, to say nothing of Blake the eremite. But to the end of literary time men will dispute over the respective merits of the group, and wonder which one of them in his several pre-eminence was the most marvellous. However, a poet is a poet, and it is no use to try to grade poets as America grades lawn-tennis players. And poets are not the only by-product of the Napoleonic wars. Lamb, Coleridge, Scott, Jane Austen, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, as contemporaries perhaps, form a more numerous group of prose writers of high eminence than any other age of English literature assembled in one quarter of a century.

Their intimate personal relations, their influence upon one another, the singular position of European politics and English letters, make it hard to describe their activity in any fixed order of time or evolution or value. *Ab Jove principium*: let us start with Laureates, and first with him who uttered nothing base. One of Wordsworth's rarest works is also (though it appears in his *Collected Poems*) one of the least known. Rarity apart, it has two appeals to the book-collector. In the first place, it is an *Ode to the Memory of Charles Lamb*[1] (eight pages, no

[1] Mr Wise's library contains a unique four-page *Epitaph*, a single half-sheet of paper folded in two, forming four quarto pages (the last blank), no author, imprint or publisher. The text comprises, under the single word *Epitaph*, the first thirty-eight lines of the *Ode to the Memory of Charles Lamb*.

title page nor date); the text, concluding on p. 7, is followed by the printed signature, "William Wordsworth." It was published by Moxon, in or about 1835, which date it bears in the complete *Works*. The title and the text of the *Ode* itself illuminate brightly the personal question. And, for the second appeal, the *Ode* is a very good poem, which, for some obscure reason, has not taken its place by *Lycidas*, *Adonais* and *Thyrsis* among the great English elegies. It speaks, with individual feeling and a fine reticence, of Lamb's private life—his servitude in the India House, Mary's insanity, their "dual loneliness," Charles's love of books, "the vivid flashes of his spoken words." It echoes Shakespeare's proud boast of eternity. In many ways it is one of the most intimate and sincere of Wordsworth's poems. It is not "emotion recollected in tranquillity" (to use his own great definition of poetry): it is emotion transfigured in tranquillity. Lamb had stood with Wordsworth upon Westminster Bridge before the Laureate's glorious sonnet was written. It was good to be a Cockney.

Mr Wise thinks that not more than half-a-dozen copies of this *Ode* in its original pale lavender wrapper exist to-day. It was printed at first for private circulation. Mr Wise gives as the first line: "To the dear memory of a frail good man." The popular editions of to-day—including the excellent Oxford Edition—usually print: "To a good man of most

dear memory." That is a curious and, we may hope, a kindly change—the dismissal of the adjective "frail." For Charles Lamb was frail, and Wordsworth, though he wrote the *Ode* only a year after Lamb's death, when Mary was still living, could not but recall gently his weaknesses as well as his hardships and his virtues. But of Lamb it could be written, as Johnson said of a no less lovable figure in English letters—Oliver Goldsmith—"Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."

Wordsworth himself appears in that *Ode* as a human being. He is more likely to seem to the popular view one or other of two almost inhuman people: either a thunderous, mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies and lover of nature, or else own brother to "a Mr Wilkinson, a clergyman." He could give his poems titles like "To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country," or "To a Lady, in answer to a request that I would write her a poem upon some Drawings that she had made of Flowers in the Island of Madeira"; and he could sometimes write down to those portentous labels, so as almost to justify Byron's:

> "So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
> And each adventure so sublimely tells,
> That all who view the 'idiot in his glory'
> Conceive the Bard the hero of the story." [1]

[1] *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—another family affair. A fine copy of the first edition—James Cawthorn, n.d. (1809), water-

LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

A FEW OTHER POEMS.

BRISTOL:

PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTLE,

FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON

1798.

TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF WORDSWORTH'S "LYRICAL BALLADS"

But he could also, with a humorous impatience, show that he was not always pompous, not always, in J. K. Stephen's words, "an old half-witted sheep, that bleats articulate monotony." To obtain a birthday copy (even though there were three issues in one year) of *Lyrical Ballads*, containing the Wordsworth of—

> "Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
> Come, hear the woodland linnet,"

is now almost impossible. No price-value can be put upon the first edition of the volume printed at Bristol by "Biggs and Cottle, for T. N. Longman, Paternoster-row, London, 1798," for only six copies of the first issue have been found hitherto; the second issue, London, printed for J. & A. Arch, Gracechurch Street, 1798, will cost a new owner anything from £20 to £80 according to the copy.[1] The second edition (2 vols., 1800, Biggs of Bristol and Longman & Rees of London, but not Cottle) is also scarce. Wordsworth's name now appears upon the title. Linnets are easier to catch than these books. Wordsworth could at will become a linnet, to say nothing of an eagle or an owl, and he

marked either "E. & P. 1804," or "E & P. 1805"—will cost, in the original boards, some £50, or even more. Editions of 1811 and 1816 are also very rare.

[1] In his *Bibliography of Wordsworth*, pp. 14-34, and in a résumé in the *Ashley Library Catalogue*, vol. viii, p. 4. Mr Wise has compared the issues and editions of the ballads, and gives facsimiles of the variant titles.

cannot be separated, in his often unrecognized versatility, from the circle of the friends whose spirit may seem nearer to our own feebler selves. They rolled logs for one another (good logs, well worthy to be rolled), but perhaps they were neither less honest nor less aware of the humorous side of earnestness than those who perform the same task to-day.

And Wordsworth was also a practical person. Of course all his readers know the conservatism which grew upon him after the wars against Boney were over, and it was no longer necessary to apostrophize Liberty in the abstract and attack Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité in the political, concrete form. He took an interest in the Convention of Cintra (his pamphlet on it—Longman, 1809—is so scarce, in either of its earliest forms, as to have no quotable value); in *Grace Darling*, a single sheet folded into four pages (only one printed upon, printed at Carlisle, without date; but only a few copies are known—the value is about £20 to £30); in railways in Lakeland; and in the canons and æsthetic of poetry. His longevity, though we can see him fifty years earlier at Racedown as a pioneer of the neo-romantic movement in poetry, brings him very near to us in his "Ode . . . after the Installation of H.R.H. Prince Albert" as Chancellor of Cambridge. It was published by the august University Press (1847)—a far cry from the busy Bristol bookseller who, in 1797,

brought "Wordsworth and his exquisite sister" acquainted with Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Some of Wordsworth's better-known writings can be acquired, though not too easily, for £5 or £10 apiece. *An Evening Walk* (J. Johnson, 1793) is very scarce, and will cost from £50 to £200 according to condition: the MacGeorge copy (with *Descriptive Sketches*, 1793), entirely uncut, was sold in 1923 for £190: the two volumes of *Poems* (Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, 1807) have fetched £30.

The bringing together of Wordsworth and Coleridge was one of Cottle's adventures which benefited posterity. Cottle is an interesting, if rather smug, figure: his *Reminiscences* deserve to be kept available in print. His phrase for William and Dorothy Wordsworth has already been quoted. Coleridge he describes—it is almost an anticipation of Max's famous cartoon of S.T.C. "table-talking" — as "impressive and mellifluous": the poet "appeared like a being dropped from the clouds, without tie or connexion on earth." Of course Joseph Cottle was not entirely disinterested. But he had the courage of faith. He scolded Southey for not reverencing that "poor boy," Chatterton; and observed sagaciously that "pecuniary difficulties, especially such as occur in early life, and not ascribable to bad conduct, reflect no discredit on men of genius." He saw to it that, if it were in his power and to his profit, the difficulties should be mitigated and the

commerce of ideas assisted. He can be neglected by no book-lover who appreciates the precious friendships of that literary period.

The beautiful red-brick house at Racedown where Wordsworth lived and wrote, before he moved to Coleridge's neighbourhood in the Quantocks, nestles close under two noble hills, to one of which Coleridge ascribes " his first inspiration as a poet "—Lewesdon Hill. Lewesdon had been celebrated by the Rev. William Crowe, Public Orator in the University of Oxford, in a poem which was " the fruit of his musings on that eminence," as a memorial hard by in the little Stoke Abbot church testifies. Crowe's poem is a didactic piece, laboriously but not ill perfected: but it and Bowles's sonnets, enjoyed by Coleridge while—

" Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young ! "

hardly seem the true inspiration of *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner*. Yet that mariner held Coleridge with his glittering eye in Crowe's own territory: the corner of England south-west of Bristol was magical for him.

It is that odd kind of almost alien life, conjoined to the surprising adventures of " Silas Tomkyn Comberback " in the 15th Dragoon Guards, revels on " rabbits, egg-hot, and pipes of Oronoko " with

Charles Lamb at the Cat and Salutation in Newgate Street, proposals to the business-like Southey to found the Pantisocratic settlement of Human Perfectibility on the banks of the Susquehanna river, the opium habit, Unitarian oratory, and a vast range of learning—it is all this that makes Coleridge appear so incongruous a companion of the poet who proclaimed that the world was "too much with us." Yet Wordsworth also had some romantic feeling (in *Ruth*) for "lonesome floods and green savannahs." Intimacies of life like those go far to provide a sufficient excuse — if one were needed — for the intimacies of book-collecting.

Among the rarer Coleridgeana are certain works which few collectors can ever possess but all must envy for those very intimacies. *The Watchman* ("published by the author . . . Bristol, 1796") appeared in ten parts, and has also a four-page prospectus. There were possibly three issues of this prospectus.[1] Cottle quotes it, announcing the publication date of No. I. of *The Watchman* as 1st March, which is confirmed as an accomplished fact in the third issue of the prospectus. Two copies of the third issue have survived Cottle's personal ownership, and one of them contains a letter from Coleridge himself to Cottle, mentioning Charles Lloyd's illness. Lloyd was Lamb's friend, and

[1] Professor George P. Winship, of Harvard, in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 19th March 1925.

appears in the second edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, as well as in his own very scarce *Poems* (Bristol, 1796). (Lloyd's volume includes work by Coleridge and Lamb, and is worth £70 or more.) *The Watchman* and its prospectus will cost from £10 apiece upwards—if either can be found.

The *Poems on Various Subjects* (London, for G. G. & J. Robinson, and J. Cottle, Bristol, 1796) are worth £20 or more. The copy in Mr Wise's collection, with numerous MS. corrections by the poet, in anticipation of the second edition, can be valued only by its own standard of uniqueness. The second edition (*Poems . . . to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd*, Bristol, N. Biggs, for J. Cottle and Messrs Robinsons, London, 1797) sustains the friendly associations. Another volume of *Poems* (n.d.—1812—London, Law & Gilbert), costing £5 or more now, is really a reprint of *Fears in Solitude* (1798—written "during the Alarm of an Invasion" by the Corsican who was now rapidly growing to an ogre's stature). "Who fears to speak of '98"—to-day? But in 1797 the Bank of England had suspended payment, and Boney was very shortly to become First Consul, so that a solitary opium-taker might well mingle terror with his verse.

It must not be forgotten, in spite of the splendours of Coleridge's genius and the ever mutable light and shade of his life, that, like Shakespeare and

Dickens, though for obvious reasons less sustainedly, he was one of Nature's journalists. When he was interested, his interest flared up in words: sometimes in pamphlets, sometimes in newspaper articles (especially for *The Morning Post*), sometimes in poems in which he avoided much of the current pompousness. His chief Bristol pamphlets (*A Moral and Political Lecture*, *Conciones ad Populum*, *The Plot Discovered*, and *An Answer*—all 1795, but only the third is dated) are so scarce that there may yet be discoveries about their original appearance (*The Plot*, for instance, has two bindings): and, while the sale-value of each is recorded at prices between £5 and £20, no safe estimate of probable cost can be made. The collector who identifies fresh copies can become a law to himself on the subject.

The dramas are almost as scarce and expensive as the pamphlets: *Remorse* (W. Pople, 1813), with Lamb's prologue, is, however, dearer, and may cost well over £20. But nearly "all creatures great and small" put forth by Coleridge, even *Christabel* (Murray, 1816), *Biographia Literaria* (Rest Fenner, 1817), and *The Friend* (28 parts, published serially, 1809-1810, and, much enlarged, in 3 vols., 1818), are in an uncertain position for collectors. They are scarce enough to be costly. They are important enough to be literary treasures, personal enough to be human documents, wise enough to be taken on the merits of their intention as well as

of their execution. But they are the fruit of so versatile a mind that they might well frighten a bibliographer.

And so to Shelley, an even more intriguing figure for collectors.

It would be interesting—indeed, the thing may be done some day, when the writers of what we call modern civilization are as distant and as uncertainly known as Homer and Pindar are now—to take a "lucky dip" into Shelley's works and reconstruct his personality, and even his appearance, from the chance salvage alone, with no other data. Probably, brought to life thus, he would correspond, so far as the human frame allows, with some slim idol got by a flame of lightning out of an ash-tree, possessing all the qualities of ash and flames and idols. However, he was but a man who made "spirit" rhyme with "near it," considered atheism as necesssary as Oxford was unnecessary, became an expert on marriage and the intimate friend of poets, and is commemorated in effigy in the justly honoured college which in his lifetime rid itself of his horrid tendencies. He lies there in the blue-domed chamber, a young Greek god in marble, just as the waters of Italy may have delivered him up bodily after his vivid thirty years of life.

Collectors to-day are in the position of our imagined descendants. Very few indeed can see all Shelley's work plain, in its original form; perhaps

none, for some of his writings have perished utterly unless a happy chance discovers them. He seems sometimes to have become a being strangely apart, to be (in his own glorious phrase about Keats),

> " . . . a portion of the loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely."

Yet he has still for us something of Wordsworth's seriousness, of Keats' grave sad beauty, of Coleridge's volatile but philosophic contact with life, and, especially in his minor works, most of all, perhaps, of Byron's heroics. It is Byron whom his earliest published volumes suggest. But was he wearing a Byronic collar, and taking himself seriously, when, in a Hampstead stage-coach, he burst upon Keats with the bitterly disillusioned lines of Richard II. :

> " For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings " ?

Was Keats taking the same pose when, two years before his death (no less untimely than Shelley's), he wrote to his beloved Fanny Brawne :

" I am at the diligent use of my faculties here. I do not pass a day without sprawling some blank verse or tagging some rhymes " ?

Shelley's *Zastrozzi, Victor and Cazire, Margaret Nicholson* suggest at least a little Byronic self-

ORIGINAL POETRY;

BY

VICTOR AND CAZIRE.

CALL IT NOT VAIN:—THEY DO NOT ERR,
WHO SAY, THAT, WHEN THE POET DIES,
MUTE NATURE MOURNS HER WORSHIPPER.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

WORTHING:

PRINTED BY C. AND W. PHILLIPS,
FOR THE AUTHORS;
AND SOLD BY J. J. STOCKDALE, 41, PALL-MALL,
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1810.

TITLE PAGE OF SHELLEY'S FIRST PUBLICATION IN VERSE

consciousness in the future author of *Adonais*. *Original Poetry*, by Victor and Cazire (Worthing, printed by C. & W. Phillips, for the Authors, and sold by J. J. Stockdale, 41 Pall Mall, and all other Booksellers, 1810), is one of the rarest books in the English language. Its probable existence was discovered by that generous-minded and almost omniscient bibliographer, the late Dr Garnett, of the British Museum. But a copy of the volume itself —now in the Museum Library—was not found till 1898. Stockdale said that he received from the Worthing printer 1480 copies in sheets, and that about 100 " had been put into circulation " before Shelley requested the destruction of the edition. Dr Garnett believed that the authors—Shelley and his sister Elizabeth—may have had twenty copies for themselves, but that the number in circulation is exaggerated. Five copies of the volume, in all, appear to have become known since Dr Garnett identified the first, and " hoped with fervour that no one may ever find another ! "

These poems have a fourfold interest. They illustrate the literary fashions of the day. They show a great poet learning his art by writing bad poetry. They are very scarce. And some at least of them are addressed to Harriet Grove, Shelley's cousin and (for a time) beloved, through whose brother's family the first known copy of the volume came to light. It was reprinted in 1898 with an

introduction by Dr Garnett [1]; a copy of the original was sold for £600 in 1903.

Zastrozzi (G. Wilkie & J. Robinson, 1810), a Radcliffian romance, is not one of Shelley's works valuable in themselves as literature. But it may be his earliest composition, and certainly those who wish to possess the first edition will find it hard to acquire. It should be in the original blue boards, and any of the few copies not yet finally domiciled may cost £500 or more. Even if its rarity is disturbed by the discovery of new copies (hardly half-a-dozen have been traced), the value would probably not be diminished. Rebound, the first edition may be worth £100 to £150.

It is a curious irony that one of the rarest of "modern" pieces should deal with an attempt on the life of the real founder of the British Museum Library. Margaret Nicholson attempted to kill George III. in 1786, when the King was not far from his first period of insanity. In 1810 a young gentleman named John Fitzvictor (the son, doubtless, of "Cazire's" brother "Victor"!) issued Margaret's *Posthumous Fragments* (Oxford, J. Munday: Mr

[1] Many of the details in this chapter are based upon the magnificent bibliographies compiled by Mr Wise, who not only knows other collections, but has his own superb collection to draw upon. His prescience in realizing the combination of rarity and good literature in this and other periods is equalled only by the scope and scholarship of his services to bibliography. The hardly less valuable catalogue made by Miss Ruth Grannis for the Grolier Club of New York (1923) shows with what care, zeal and wealth Shelley is pursued in America.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS

OF

MARGARET NICHOLSON;

BEING POEMS FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THAT NOTED FEMALE WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE OF THE KING IN 1786

EDITED BY

JOHN FITZVICTOR.

OXFORD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. MUNDAY

1810

R. H. Shepherd reprinted it in facsimile on paper recognizably thicker than that of the original). Up to July 1922 five copies of this work were known, one, uncut, in Mr Wise's collection, and two in English public libraries. The highest sum paid at auction for any copy up to that date had been $6750; it had belonged to T. J. Hogg, Shelley's friend and earliest biographer, who was also the poet's collaborator in this work. The price was not exceeded even upon the startling appearance in July 1922 of an uncut and *unopened* copy, which had emerged, thanks to a dealer's intelligent manager, from a bundle of old music, sold just before (to speak both figuratively and literally) "for a mere song." This romantic specimen, now in America, was disposed of for £1210. The Hogg copy is also in the States, in Mr Pforzheimer's fine Shelley collection.

Perhaps *The Necessity of Atheism*, printed at Worthing, is the most human of the poet's first irruptions into print; it is not dated, but appeared in 1811 (C. & W. Phillips, London and Oxford), and caused Shelley's disappearance from University College, Oxford. The tract was destroyed, and, so far as is known, only three copies survived the massacre. Two were family copies, one of which is in the Bodleian. The other of these two has "impious" written in it. It was terrible to be impious in 1811. But in 1918 an American collector secured the impiety, sold at auction in that year

for £630. The third copy is a presentation one, in Mr Wise's collection.

Most of the rest of the poet's earliest publications are like Enoch: they are not. *An Essay on Love, Leonora* (both probably 1811), *A Poetical Essay on the existing State of Things* (1811, according to an advertisement), *Poem on a Fête at Carlton House* (1811) have not been traced at all. *St Irvyne* ("by a Gentleman of the University of Oxford": Stockdale, 1811) is known, but exceedingly rare. Shelley's father refused to pay Stockdale's account for the publication of this novel.

But 1812 and later years have rarities almost equal. They can be mentioned only briefly. *Proposals for an Association of Philanthropists* (Dublin, I. Eton, n.d.—1812) is in the Bodleian and (after an auction price of £530) in the Huntington Collection. *The Devil's Walk* (a title used also by Coleridge and Southey, collaborating in a poem illustrated by Robert Cruikshank in 1830) is a broadside traced only (according to Mr de Ricci) in the Record Office. The same storehouse holds two out of three known copies of *Declaration of Rights* (Dublin, 1812). *An Address to the Irish People* (same place and year) is known by several copies, worth, when available, well over £200 each some years ago. There are several other pamphlets and fragments of a like scarcity and interest; but it is time to mention the works known to all English-speaking people.

It would not be difficult to claim that *Adonais* (Pisa, with the types of Didot, 1821) is the best known of all English " short " poems. Noble though its rivals in the manner of an elegy are, it is still unique of its kind. However high be the claim for it as poetry, its subject gives it its own pre-eminence. Clough was a distinguished poet, and Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis* adds splendour to him. " Young Edward King "—Lycidas—died " ere his prime," and we know little even of the early promise which so wrought upon Milton. But Keats, also untimely dead, outsoars the shadow of all night in achievement as well as promise. Jonson on Shakespeare, Dryden on Shakespeare, Herrick on Jonson, Spenser on Chaucer, are as nothing beside this glorious lament, written by one great poet over another in the foreign land where, only a year apart, both died.

A good many copies of the elegy are extant, several in their original wrappers, and some with presentation inscriptions. Any one of them will cost from £400 upwards, according to the binding and the presence or absence of association. The MacGeorge copy was sold in 1924 for £350, a sum surpassing all previous " normal " prices except the £425 for the volume which had once belonged to Leigh Hunt and Thomas Love Peacock. But Messrs Hodgson's *Catalogue of the Milnes Gaskell Library* contained an even greater rarity. It quoted the

ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,
AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION ETC.

BY

PERCY. B. SHELLEY

Αστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ενι ζῶοισιν εῶος.
Νυν δε θανῶν, λαμπεις ἕσπερος εν φθίμενοις
PLATO.

PISA
WITH THE TYPES OF DIDOT
MDCCCXXI.

beautiful *Lament* (or *Remembrance*) with an unusual version of the last lines of the stanza :

> " As the wood when leaves are shed,
> As the night when sleep is fled,
> As the heart when joy is dead,
> I am left lone . . . alone. . . ."

The words are in Shelley's own hand, the three verses of the poem being given in full. They were written, too, in Shelley's own copy of *Adonais*, the text of which was itself corrected and altered in the poet's handwriting. This copy was sold for £2100, also in 1924. Enough, perhaps, has already been said here about the personal side of bibliolatry to justify such a price.

A copy with such associations must necessarily be in a category by itself. But the difficulty of acquiring even ordinary rebound copies of some other works is shown by their auction-value. *Alastor* (1816) was bought from the MacGeorge Collection in 1924 for £88 : another copy had cost £50 less twenty-two years before. *Queen Mab* (London, printed by P. B. Shelley, 1813; the preliminary matter is sometimes absent, also the leaf which is blank except for imprint: "Printed by P. B. Shelley, No. 23 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, London") at the same sale changed hands for £100 —an author's corrected copy having been sold for £1200 four years earlier. Other values are £60 and

QUEEN MAB;

A

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM:

WITH NOTES.

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ECRASEZ L'INFAME!
Correspondance de Voltaire.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: juratque novos decerpere flores.
* * * * * *
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.
Primum quod magnis doceo de rebus; et arctis
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.
Lucret. lib. iv.

Δος που στω, και κοσμος κινησω
Archimedes.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY P. B. SHELLEY,

28, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

1813.

more for *The Cenci* (Italy, for C. & J. Ollier, London, 1819), £120 for *Epipsychidion* (1821; the Buxton Forman copy—sewn—was sold for £220 in 1920); £1220 for the same collector's copy of *Œdipus Tyrannus* (1820; a "translation" from Sophocles filling only twenty leaves: so far only seven copies have been traced, for the book was destroyed); £50 or more for *Hellas* (1822)—"the golden years return," to pervert the drama's famous chorus.

If a three-hundred-year-old Shakespeare volume can suddenly spring into view like a demon from a pantomime trap-door, how much more probable is the entrance of a mere hundred-year-old Shelley? But whatever the surprises to come, the books will always be costly, and worth their cost, and, while the extant number of copies of Shelley's works is great enough to prevent any stable estimate of what an ordinary perfect specimen will cost the collector, there is no doubt that the prices of 1920 and 1924 are no criterion or guide to 1928 values. The surprises to come will be in new high records at which copies change hands as well as in previously unknown copies.[1]

Now, since we are upon the friend who would have given Keats immortality if he had not created it for himself, let us consider Adonais in his own

[1] The reader may be referred to *A Shelley Library*, collected by Thomas James Wise, London, for private circulation, 1924, and *The Shelley Library, an Essay on Bibliography*, by H. Buxton Forman, 1886, for full bibliographies.

ENDYMION:

A Poetic Romance.

BY JOHN KEATS.

"THE STRETCHED METRE OF AN ANTIQUE SONG."

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
93, FLEET STREET.

1818.

person. The facts of his short life are well known. The quotation already made from one of his letters to Fanny Brawne may seem a light-hearted belittling of his own work. But "tagging rhymes" *was* his work. A book, says Milton, is "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit"; and of no poet is it truer than of Keats. Not all the painstaking recovery of small fragments by Miss Amy Lowell, nor the intricate musings of Mr Middleton Murry, can alter the fact that twenty-six years of a life of ill-health and disappointment produced in three years three volumes which enraged *The Quarterly Review* ("so savage and tartarly") and have not yet ceased to make the world wonder. Keats desired for epitaph the words, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," and his last saying is reputed to be, "I feel the daisies growing over me." But oblivion is not to be hired, and her poppy was not blindly scattered on his memory.

His first volume was the *Poems* (C. & J. Ollier, 1817). A very fine copy in the original boards would now probably cost £1000, and a rebound copy perhaps half as much. Some specimens—for the book is not rare in the most limited sense—are association volumes. The British Museum has one with a note by Frederick Locker. The Rowfant copy itself (from Locker's Collection), with Keats' own notes, is in America, and so is Fanny Brawne's. The copy that once belonged to that erratic artist

Haydon was presented to him by the poet, and Lamb wrote a Latin poem in it: twenty-odd years ago it changed hands for £177, but it would be worth far more now, and, even as we write, we hear that an ordinary copy in the original boards—*not* a "presentation" or "association" volume—has recently changed ownership for $4000. It is an odd reflection that in the year of issue the publishers wrote to George Keats (John's brother) thus:

"We regret that your brother ever requested us to publish his book, or that our opinion of its talent should have led us to acquiesce in undertaking it. . . . The sale has dropped."

The sale, however, continues.

The result of this commercial set-back to "John Keats, *alias* Junkets" was a change of publisher. Taylor & Hessey issued *Endymion* (1818). The first edition—first issue—should have a one-line erratum, and two leaves of advertisements: the second issue has five lines and five leaves respectively. But some copies have none of these marks, and some have combinations of them. Probably the corrections were made in the course of printing. A good specimen in the original boards will cost £250 and more. Ten years ago a fourth of that sum would have been sufficient. Ten years hence . . . ?

The British Museum has a copy of the first edition. Wordsworth's copy is in the United States, in the possession of Mr A. E. Newton, who also owns the

original plaster plaque of Keats, done for his tomb at Rome. (In 1859 Severn, who had been with the poet in Rome, asked Sir C. W. Dilke to procure a white marble likeness by Girometti.) Another association copy belonged to William Haslam, whose copy of the Keats *Letters* is in the British Museum. Of Haslam practically nothing is known except that he enjoyed the friendship of both Keats and Severn. It is permissible, however, to record that his copy of *Endymion* passed into the hands of a collector whom bibliographers could ill spare—the late Mr Edmund D. Brooks, an American banker, who gave up finance and, with ample means, wide experience, and most honourable social and public standing to aid him, became a confirmed and judicious bibliophile and bookseller.

Lamia, Isabella . . . and other Poems (1820; with a half-title and eight pages of advertisements) was also published by Taylor & Hessey. A first edition costs a little less than does *Endymion*. The late Miss Amy Lowell possessed Fanny Brawne's copy.[1] Mr T. J. Wise printed a small private edition (with an introduction) of the *Ode to a Nightingale*, which first appeared in the *Lamia* volume; he caused to be prepared also four copies on vellum, with no signatures. There can be little doubt that these volumes, like Mr Wise's other private or semi-private

[1] Finely bound, but not uncut, copies of Keats' three works may often be obtained: *Poems* at £400 to £500; *Endymion*, £100 upwards; *Lamia*, £80 upwards.

LAMIA,

ISABELLA,

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN KEATS,

AUTHOR OF ENDYMION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY
FLEET-STREET.
1820

productions, will themselves be as eagerly coveted as the works whose history they enlighten.

The wheels within wheels of this literary age are eccentric rather than concentric. Shelley, Severn, Keats, Trelawny, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge —to remove any one of them would affect all the others, though each was, so to speak, self-contained, and revolved round no one central sun. They fit into a mazy dance with no conductor. Even as it is we have set aside most of their prose contemporaries, whose own orbit was not governed by any arbitrary distinction between poetry and prose. We have deferred also the critics and essayists. This separation—though it is adopted here purely for convenience—allows the spiritual points of contact (other than those of friendship) to appear more clearly and suggestively. The real unity of inspiration or common stimulus behind the different utterances becomes strikingly evident in the work of writers not so sharply aware of the "renascence of wonder" nor so definitely carried away by the epidemic of enthusiasm.

Byron's work and life are typical of the contrasts and the similarities, of the clashing opinions and hopes, of the period. This is not the place to speak at length of his domestic experiences. They are still a matter of not very edifying controversy. But his relations with his mother, wife and daughter, and with others of the opposite sex, his good birth, his

poems (and certain passages in them), and his rapt enthusiasm for the Greek cause make him an even more startling member of the " nobility and gentry " than Shelley himself. He was the extreme of current romance; but he was well mixed up in current literary warfare, and upheld the English bards against North British fury. That he should be a friend at once of Shelley and Tom Moore, at once lame and (like Swinburne) a fine swimmer, and should have as " jackal " Trelawny, Shelley's friend, " great, glowing, and rich in romance," seems to be in keeping with so pronounced a career. But he cannot be considered except in terms of his own life, most of which might well have been lived in almost any century; whereas Shelley and his friends, transcending time, yet belonged to their own time.

The connexion between book-collecting—that is, the collection of good books or books esteemed good beyond the duration of a " boom "—and literary appreciation is curiously illustrated in Byron. Possibly because of his rather florid romanticism, his genius is more generously admitted than minutely studied. Not many genuine literary men could stand a close but honest examination in *Don Juan*, *Childe Harold*, or *The Giaour*. This semi-indifference—which is probably more a matter of changing social temperament than of critical judgment—is reflected in the value put upon most of the poet's volumes when the first editions change hands. The average

cost is lower than in the case of most of his contemporaries' and friends' works, even though many of the books possess both idiosyncrasies and associations. A great number of books and documents are owned by the most famous of all English publishing families—the house of Murray—and Mr Wise's inexhaustible library is also rich in this respect, while the United States, in its finer collections, has the Byron shelves adequately filled.

The minor works and pamphlets are too numerous to be described fully here, with a few exceptions; and, as they are seldom reported for sale, their probable cost is a matter for guessing. The only suggestion that can be made about them to a collector (whether he is a Byron specialist or not) is to identify exactly any that come his way and keep them.

The earliest printed work of the poet is *Fugitive Pieces* (Newark, S. & J. Ridge, 1806), a small quarto in wrappers. The first edition was suppressed and destroyed by the author. Four survivors (three of them association copies) are recorded; *The Times Literary Supplement* (29th January 1925) mentions only three perfect copies; Mr Wise adds a fourth that is imperfect. A newly discovered copy might sell for anything; it is the rarest of all "modern" poetical trophies—it cost £700 a few years ago. The *Poems on Various Occasions* (1807; same publishers), of which according to Moore only 100 were printed,

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.
Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 1.

NEWARK: PRINTED BY S. & J. RIDGE.
MDCCCVII.

TITLE PAGE OF BYRON'S SECOND PUBLISHED WORK

would cost perhaps £200 (a copy sold in London for £140 in 1924). *Hours of Idleness* (Newark, 1807) is rare, but not nearly so costly. The large-paper copies have been proved to be a third impression; a fine second issue was sold in 1924 for £29. Messrs Sotheby's catalogue states that only one copy of the first issue with the original leaf D3 appears to be known.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was the retort to criticisms of *Hours of Idleness*. The details of the first five editions need very careful study. The book was so personal and topical, and stirred so much controversy, with its "miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony," that its printing may well have been a delicate operation. But, in spite of variations and literary importance, it is not so difficult to obtain as its successor, *The Curse of Minerva* (T. Davison, 1812), an association copy of which was sold in 1919 for £495, and a rebound copy for £190 in 1924; this latter copy wanted the last leaf, which carries only the imprint, "T. Davison, Lombard Street, Whitefriars, London." There is no copy in the British Museum.

With *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (four cantos, 1812; two, 1816, 1818) the name of Murray[1] first appears, and Byron "awoke one morning and found himself famous." Mysterious passionate gloom,

[1] The remaining works were all published by Murray unless it is otherwise stated.

preferably graced with a foreign name and open collars, seized the youth of England and allowed some of our native literature to penetrate exotic lands like France and Germany.

The best known of the works which set and led the Byronic fashion vary greatly in scarcity and cost (the two features do not always go together). The chief "points" in some of them are these. *The Bride of Abydos* (1813) very occasionally has a slip errata. *Manfred* (1817) has a line omitted in the hero's speech, and an association copy, presented by Byron to Hoppner, has the mistake remedied in the poet's own hand, and the words: "I can't imagine *why* the printer has omitted this line! B."; of the two issues in 1817 the second has two lines from *Hamlet* on the title. *Marino Faliero* (1821) in a second issue of the first edition gives the Doge on p. 151 seven extra lines. In *Werner* (1823) a second issue contains "The End" and Murray's imprint on p. 188: they are missing in the first issue. *Don Juan* (1819-1824, sixteen cantos) was not published by Murray, and Cantos I. and II. (T. Davison, 1819) were originally—but only for a short time—rather larger in size than their fellows. Davison published also Cantos III. to V. (1821), and John Hunt and H. L. Hunt the remainder (1823-1824).

In respect of rarity the smaller works are naturally foremost. *Waltz: an Apostrophic Hymn* ("By Horace Hornem, Esq.," S. Gosnell, for Sherwood,

WALTZ:

AN

APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

BY

HORACE HORNEM, ESQ.

" *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi*
" *Exercet* DIANA *choros.*"—OVID.

London:

PRINTED BY S. GOSNELL, LITTLE QUEEN STREET, HOLBORN,

FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1813.

(Price Three Shillings.)

TITLE PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF "WALTZ," BY BYRON

Neely, and Jones, 1813), a bitter satire on waltzing, he quickly disowned. It was a failure at three shillings, but is worth as many hundreds of pounds now if you can find it. *A Sketch from Private Life* (no publisher, n.d., but 1816); *The Irish Avatar* (no publisher, n.d., but 1821; only one copy out of twenty printed—in Paris—is as yet known); *Lines on John William Rizzo Hoppner* (Padua, n.d., but 1818; three copies are known out of six printed); *Letter to the Editor of My Grandmother's Review* (1819; one copy known)—these are almost isolated phenomena, to be observed only by the happiest chance, to be acquired only for an inconjecturable sum.

Byron suffered from piracy; writings, also, were wrongly attributed to him, and it is odd to find that blameless friend of Wordsworth and Scott, Mrs Hemans, the real author of a poem (*Modern Greece*, 1817) ascribed to the pilgrim Childe Harold. *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances* (W. Horne, 1816), appearing in the year of the poet's separation from his wife, was a more plausible venture. It is not so expensive, but seems to be as scarce as the even more intimate works on the same subject—*Dallas* (a volume of private letters, destroyed but for a few copies, 1824) and *Astarte*, a compilation withheld from publication till 1905, and even so very rare; a reprint of 1925 renewed old griefs, in the manner of Froude's deferred account of the Carlyles' domestic affairs. These works raise the

very hard question of what should and should not be said, and the still harder one of what is and what is not true. It seems to be established (*Times Literary Supplement*, 24th April 1924) by the late Sir William Osler's review of the post-mortem evidence furnished by Dr Bruno that Byron died of what would now be called meningitis, rather than of pernicious typhoid or malaria. His fame, won by the more generous half of his enthusiasms, is secure. The byways of impulse can easily be recognized, but need not be entered into here.[1]

An eremite in the world of letters, a lonely adventurer, a soul dwelling apart in a mist of worldly uncertainty, may be contrasted with Byron—William Blake, whose first published work appeared before Byron was born, and the last in the year of Byron's death. It is arbitrary, perhaps, to treat his illustrations as the chief part of his work, and to separate from the main bulk his exquisite poems for children. But he, as truly as Adonais, outsoared the shadow of our night. " Wilt thou bind him for thy maidens to play with ? " To put so tremendous a figure into this or that category is almost an impertinence, which can be justified only by expediency, or avoided only by total omission. But if expediency must prevail for the purposes of this book, at least it is necessary here to remember in

[1] The only bibliography of Byron is the excellent catalogue issued by the First Edition Club in 1925.

what times Blake lived, in what times his solitary genius moved. He is like a vast figure on a hill-horizon below which all white civilization was groping in the fog of war. While the fate of fighting Europe was being decided at Trafalgar or Waterloo (for the date of the work has been put variously at 1804 or 1815, or even 1818) William Blake produced his *Milton* (published and printed by himself, engraved throughout). Four copies are known, one in the British Museum. The largest and most perfect of the four, "in all probability the only one," says Sotheby's catalogue, "which, so far as is known, can ever come into the market," was sold for £3400. Yet aloof though he was (in such a work) from the world conflict, Blake had already produced *The French Revolution* (1791), *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (1793), *America, a Prophecy* (1793), and *Europe, a Prophecy* (1794).

Consider also three far different writers, and their significance. Blake asked "little lamb, who made thee?" Wordsworth had felt the "impulse from a vernal wood," Keats, the solemnity of trees; Shelley, the skylark's ecstasy. Put them beside John Clare, Robert Bloomfield and the Rev. George Crabbe. The striking thing is the resemblance of them all, one to another, in spirit, in a new interpretation of nature; not their differing uses of poetic form, nor their relative qualities of beauty or imagination. While Europe fought, the Cockney

THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A POEM,

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, N° 72, ST PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCXCI.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

TITLE PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF BLAKE'S "FRENCH REVOLUTION"

and the peasant were alike observing birds and beasts and what an earlier generation had been wont to summarize as " animated nature."

It is not likely that these last three very English writers will be collected with any avidity for some time to come. But when (as in the Tudor period) the springs and runnels of this epoch of literature come to be charted on (so to speak) the six-inches-to-a-mile scale, these less self-conscious poets of nature will have their place. Their lives as well as their works are typical. Crabbe was an absentee pluralist parson, robust enough in his blunt common sense and his indignation against squalor. He was a successful writer, as things went, in a commercial way. He married happily, and he knew the good and great. He was a faithful recorder of things seen, but dwelt preponderantly upon the worse side of things; and he was not above teacup dalliance with the fair at Trowbridge. Clare, on the other hand—likely as time goes on (and evidently so to-day) to be the most highly rated of the three as a poet—was unhappy in his life; yet, desperately poor, in asylum-prisons, on the edge of insanity, he preserved the peculiar sweetness of the English country in all he wrote. Bloomfield—like the other two a native of East Anglia—wrote *The Farmer's Boy* in a London shoemaker's shop. He too was poor and of ill-balanced mind. His poetry lacks originality, and is nearer to the polished artifices

of the earlier Georgian period than that of his "rustic" contemporaries. But with them he deserves sympathetic study, and that in the long run leads to a collector's shelves. Such writers as these will deface no library and as yet ruin no purse: in the end they will come honourably within the bounds of a complete collection.

The link which binds more closely together so many of the writers of the age is the author who held the highest official position of them all—that fecund and possibly under-rated poet, essayist, historian, critic and man-of-all-work, Robert Southey. Southey had an unusual experience for a writer: he died rich. What was more, he earned every halfpenny he left behind him, and that by honest and incessant work. He succeeded the nugatory Squire Pye as Poet Laureate, at an age—thirty-nine—when he had certainly written poetry, and had composed the *Life of Nelson*: and thirty years later his office fell to Wordsworth and then Tennyson. Nobody but a very conscientious historian would now think of reading right through *Thalaba* (1801) or *The Curse of Kehama* (1810)—to be obtained for a few pounds to-day. But almost everyone knows all about Nelson's death scene, the farinaceous diet of the Three Bears, and the fact that

> "... things like that, you know, must be
> After a famous victory."

And *The Quarterly Review* (to which he was a voluminous contributor) is still flourishing, while

"They sin who tell us love can die"

is quoted enough to give its usually unsuspected author the immortality he foresaw :

"My hopes are with the Dead : anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity."

Finally, Southey was an original member of the still-born Pantisocracy, refused a title, and helped innumerable fellow-authors to a competence or recognition.

Over a collector who seeks the highest literature in its rarest form Southey casts no strong spell. Cottle the ubiquitous published his *Poems* (Bristol, 1797), which is obtainable for a small sum. A few of the short poems, the *Life of Nelson*, and most of *The Doctor* are still companionable. But it is as a man, a great journalist (in the best old-fashioned sense), and as a strong and beloved friend of other men, that Coleridge's wife's brother-in-law lives, should be read, and should (within reason) be collected to-day. A very modest sum will provide you with a modest and sane fireside author.

He was typical of the age which produced the great literary journals — the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Blackwood's* : the equivalents then,

though based upon a more particular, topical, even pedantic text in each essay, of the *Spectators* and *Tatlers* of a hundred years before. Their vogue at the time, founded upon good work, was doubtless increased by the civil strife during which Edinburgh sought the literary position of Athens. (Happily Sydney Smith's undimmed wit was there as an antidote to pomp.) But when temporary and local allusions are allowed for, there remains in those magazines a solid precipitate of vigorous reading-matter, well phrased, acutely reasoned, still interesting in itself, and echoing with the sounds of a world tumult to which, in modern history, only the present generation can provide a parallel. Great wars and the ferment that breeds them beget, or are begotten by, great stirrings of men's minds, and it would be hard to evaluate yet the literary by-products of our own Great War. The Napoleonic and revolutionary turmoil made men think and write, even though the stimulus was often indirect.

In all this epoch of pre-eminent names we have, to a degree not afforded theretofore, the advantages at once of intimacy and of a more widely diffused fellowship of letters.

Because we can come to know the period and the people so well, because they were less confined by custom, and by "commodity, the bias of the world," than even their freest predecessors in literature, those who wrote during the old age of Farmer

George and the tawdry Regency seem to have a largeness of stature reached up to then only by the Elizabethans, so that all their uttered thoughts must concern us.

" We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live :
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud,"

wrote Coleridge. He and his peers gave, and still give : they did not merely accept. A changed word, even a mere turned letter or dropped comma, in their second editions is as human a detail as a tiny difference between a reading in a quarto and a folio text of Shakespeare. To them will be accorded increasingly, and at no distant time, the noblest frenzies of bibliomania.

CHAPTER III

Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour. . . . No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: *Vanity Fair.*

WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!
Henry IV. Part II.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
LONDON.

1814.

CHAPTER III

WHILE EUROPE FOUGHT

THE "family" atmosphere of the Georgian literary period, as has been suggested, affected its chief figures very considerably. It is exhibited in a pleasant anecdote of Lamb recorded by his executor Talfourd. Lamb was walking in London, "just at Inner Temple-gate," when "a man, in the dress of a mechanic, stopped him, and said, touching his hat, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but perhaps you would like to see Sir Walter Scott; that is he just crossing the road'; and Lamb stammered out his hearty thanks to his truly humane informer."

The Inner Temple neighbourhood was suitable to the encounter, which afterwards became acquaintanceship. The two writers represent symbolically the results of the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765). Their friends the poets were perhaps more specifically influenced by the huge social ferment of the French Revolution. But Lamb, by his exquisitely sympathetic specimens of *English Dramatic Poets* (Longman, 1808—worth now £30 in the original boards), and Scott, by the historical enthusiasm with which the *Reliques* inspired him

when he read them in 1784, had rediscovered the magic of the past and joined it to the quick alchemy of their own stirring times. That Elia's first sight of the great unknown Scottish advocate should be gained near the ancient home of the Knights Templar was altogether appropriate.

Nor is it less appropriate that Scott should share with Jane Austen, whom he so greatly admired, a kindred source of inspiration, though Miss Austen, with her subtle humour, laughed at it. *Northanger Abbey* owes much to "Monk" Lewis, to whose *Tales of Wonder* Scott himself contributed. Jane and Anna Maria Porter, too, also addicted to spectres, were friends of Scott. Artificial romance was running in harness with real blood-and-thunder when Farmer George was King.

If Scott had never written anything that outlasted his own generation he would still be, as a man, a splendid figure worthy of honourable retrospection. But the story of his life is inextricably connected with his works. He turned from his not ill-rewarded legal profession only by degrees: he could have made a living without writing for it. He began as a translator, and his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-1803, 3 vols.; worth a few pounds only) was more or less derivative: it should not be forgotten, indeed, that, in the excellent company of Burns and Shakespeare, he borrowed freely from other writers or traditions—the famous

phrase about "one crowded hour," for instance, is not originally his own.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel (printed by Ballantyne for Constable, 1803) gave to literature the activities which the Bar, however lucrative, would hardly have glorified so fully. The poem was immediately famous, but ordinary copies of the first edition are still not so uncommon as to be expensive. In fact, very few of Scott's poetical works are scarce in the absolute sense, though completely perfect copies are often hard to acquire. *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810; 2050 quarto copies were printed) cost rather more than the *Lay* nowadays. They spread the author's fame notably. Concurrently, Scott was contributing to *The Edinburgh Review* and editing, with care and thoroughness, Swift and Dryden. He had also formed a business connexion with the Ballantynes. Unlike most authors, he was an excellent man of affairs, even though this association with his publishers proved in the end a disaster.

His literary output was thenceforth prodigious. It did not, however, include, like that of Shelley or the English poets of the time, many minor works —pamphlets, leaflets and the like—and attention here is more suitably directed to the greater novels which succeeded the initial volumes of poetry.

The title associated for all time with his name is of course *Waverley*. But it was not so associated

when the book appeared. He refers to his anonymity in the 1831 introduction to *Peveril of the Peak* (1823—three years before the Ballantyne collapse): "If I had valued my own reputation, as it is said I ought in prudence to have done . . . I might have remained for life, or (who knows?) perhaps for some years after death, the 'ingenious author of *Waverley*.'" The secret became known gradually to a good many friends, but was not generally public until 1826—and by then *Guy Mannering* (1815, 3 vols.), *The Antiquary* (1816), three series of *Tales of My Landlord* (1816-1819; the fourth appeared in 1831), *Rob Roy* (1818, 3 vols.), *Ivanhoe* (1820, 3 vols.), *Kenilworth* (1821, 3 vols.), *Quentin Durward* (1823, 3 vols.), and others of the great sequence had appeared, had made him the chief Scottish man of letters of his day, and had brought him wealth.

It is a wonder of human energy that these works, glowing with life, yet filled with hard-won facts based on wide research, were produced by a man whose health, at one point, forced him to dictate their text, not write it. He had a full share in public life, and his deserved fame brought him his baronetcy in 1820. But in 1826, when his wife was seriously ill, there fell upon him the additional blow of his publishers' bankruptcy. He undertook, given time, to pay off debts amounting to £130,000; and in spite of fast-failing health he had gone far to that

generous achievement at his death in 1832. His life was a shining example of work and honesty, and he never stooped to exercise his powers (though they might, unknown to him, decline, as they did towards the end) upon insincere trivialities.

There are seventy-four "Waverley" volumes. Anyone who secures first editions of them all in fine original condition has a lovable possession, worth, as a set, £1000 or more, in spite of the fact that many of them can be obtained with reasonable ease —and that Scott's popularity, in whatever form of printed matter it appeared or appears, has been constant for over a century. *Waverley* (3 vols., 1814) in the original boards, with all its half-titles, is the scarcest of the series; it will cost £500 or more (rebound copies, even in contemporary binding, are comparatively common and worth hardly a twelfth of that amount). The first edition numbered 1000 copies, which were sold in five weeks.

The two novels which most nearly approach this exceptional position are *Guy Mannering* (1815) and the first series of *Tales of My Landlord* (1816). These two works are each worth from £100 "in collector's state," the first series of the *Tales* being more valuable than its three successors. Most of the other Waverley Novels will cost from £10 upwards, if uncut and in the original boards: *The Pirate* (1822, 3 vols.) is worth rather more: the original MS. is in America. *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin*

Durward are also rising into financial equality with *The Pirate.*

With that we may take leave of Scott, making our obeisance to a great man as well as to a great writer. Geography to some extent kept him out of the inner "Cockney" circle, which was in day-to-day intimacy. But he was their friend, in their time their superior in popular fame (with the exception, perhaps, of Byron), and in our day their equal in indefeasible honour. He has a splendour all his own. Consider now our more minute friendship with Lamb and Miss Austen.

It is probable that any genuine book-lover would desire to possess above all books—save only, it may be, an as yet undiscovered copy of a perfect First Folio—the first issue of the first edition of *Elia*; and that not because of its rarity and costliness, but for sheer human interest. It was published in 1823, two years before Lamb could write exultantly: "I have left the d—d India House for ever!" Taylor & Hessey of Fleet Street put it forth in boards with a label, and there are two variant issues of the first edition. That generally recognized as the veritable first appearance has the address Fleet Street only: a second issue was made from 93 Fleet Street and 13 Waterloo Place. The true first has no half-title, the second contains one. Six pages of advertisements should appear at the end in the second issue; these are part of the collation, Sig. Z,

ELIA.

ESSAYS WHICH HAVE APPEARED UNDER THAT SIGNATURE

IN THE

LONDON MAGAZINE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,

FLEET-STREET.

1823.

4, 5, 6. *The Last Essays of Elia* were published by Moxon in 1833, the year before Lamb's death, eight years after he was quit of the India House, in which a fellow-clerk had provided him with his pseudonym.

No English writer has ever put into more perfectly flexible words so much personal experience transmuted into the fabric of life with art so subtle. This is not the place to picture Charles Lamb in the blue gown and yellow stockings of Edward VI.'s London 'prentices, nor to speak of his hardships, weaknesses or courage. Elia is beyond criticism or biography to anyone who reads (that is to say, loves) his *Essays*. For our purpose we need do no more than suggest which of his works are difficult to procure in their original form, which comparatively easy, and why almost all of them are part of his very life.

The *Essays* are not the most expensive or rarest of his volumes, but the recognized first issue, by itself in boards, will cost £150 or more; the *Last Essays* very slightly less. Both issues of the first series of *Elia*, with the *Last Essays*, were recently offered, *rebound*, for £50. The *Works* (C. & J. Ollier, 2 vols., 1818), containing both prose and verse written before the *Essays* began to appear in *The London Magazine*, are obtainable sometimes for £10 or so, in the original boards.

His chief miscellaneous works outside the *Essays* are scarce. In *Selected Sonnets* (Bristol, 1796; privately printed) he collaborated with Bowles and

Coleridge—the volume is too rare to have a normal price—and he was associated with Coleridge in Cottle's Bristol edition (also 1796, but earlier than the *Sonnets*) of *Poems on Various Subjects*; with Coleridge and Lloyd in the "second edition" of this work, published in 1797; with the same authors in *Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer* (Biggs, Bristol, 1796—to be had, if at all, for £40 or £50); and with Lloyd alone in *Blank Verse* (Bensley, for J. & A. Arch, 1798—worth another £40 or thereabouts), in which *Familiar Faces* appeared—a singular anticipation of Tennyson's use of blank verse for lyrical as opposed to dramatic or narrative expression. It was early in life to look back on lost companions, for Lamb was only twenty-three when the volume appeared; but he had already abandoned his proposed marriage in order to give unremitting care to "my Cousin Bridget"—his sister Mary, who had killed their mother, and was to survive Charles, in spite of her intermittent insanity, by thirteen years.

His earliest book of any length was *A Tale of Rosamund Gray* (Pearson, Birmingham, 1798). This and the London issue of the same year (Lee & Hurst) are high in rarity even for Lamb: they change hands, on very infrequent occasions, for whatever a collector can afford over £80 or so. The two plays —the farce, *Mr H.*, and the tragedy, *John Woodvil*— are uncommon: *Mr H.*, indeed, is known only by

a handful of copies, if so many as that. Lamb was meant for a critic of the stage rather than a writer for it; and both plays were failures. *John Woodvil* (T. Plummer for G. and J. Robinson, 1802) can be obtained, perhaps. It will cost from £30 upwards. The sub-title of *Mr H.—Beware a Bad Name*— betrays its subject, which is also its weakness, for Hogsflesh as a surname, though not attractive, could really disgust no hearers outside a world of wholly artificial elegance and archness. It appears to have been first published in separate form in America (Philadelphia, 1813), a dozen years or more after its stage failure in London. A celebrated actress appeared in it, and it forms a curious link with a notable publisher, a great author, and a noble book-collection dispersed only a few years since. Harriot Mellon, who married first Coutts the banker and afterwards the Duke of St Albans, was the actress; and the Burdett-Coutts Library, the possession of the famous Baroness, was sold in 1922; some of its treasures have already been recorded in these pages. When Godwin went bankrupt in 1822 Lamb sought Mrs Coutts' help for him; and on the same occasion he thought of enlisting Sir Walter Scott's aid.

Godwin himself is another milestone in Lamb's literary career, and another landmark on the populous climb to Parnassus by Lamb and his friends. His companion, and afterwards wife, Mary Wollstonecraft, first vindicator of the *Rights of*

Women (1792), had the honour of having her *Original Stories* (for children—1791) illustrated by Blake. Godwin himself wrote that sometimes tedious but often powerful novel, *Caleb Williams* (1794), and other works of fiction now not greatly read, to say nothing of his far from negligible *Political Justice* (1793). As a publisher, usually under his manager's name so as to avoid obloquy for his publications, he befriended not only Lamb, but Blake and Mulready. His second marriage (to Mrs Clairmont) brought him within range of Byron's semi-matrimonial affairs; while from his first union, that with Mary Wollstonecraft, sprang Shelley's second wife, the creator of *Frankenstein* (1818) and the monster made by him for purposes of misquotation in the twentieth-century Press.

It was therefore into a sort of private or subordinate republic of letters, peopled on the surface by great writers and beneath it by rather erratic human beings, that Lamb was introduced when he began his series of children's books, with some of which we deal in the following chapter. These, in their many separate or combined appearances, are on the average the most expensive of Eliana. The two volumes of *Poetry for Children* (M. J. Godwin, 1809), in which, as in most of the other works of the kind, Mary Lamb had a considerable share, are mentioned later; *Tales from Shakespear* (1807-1811, in separate issues) is also noticed among "Nursery

Treasures," and so is the complete two-volume issue ("T. Hodgkins," 1807); both are scarce, but the separate issues are the more valuable.

One other production deserves to be recorded. It bears the strange title of *Satan in Search of a Wife* (Moxon, 1831). The devil, it appears, resembled the vicar of Enfield, where (and at Edmonton) Lamb lived after he left the India House, in that he married a tailor's daughter. Lamb wrote this uninspired ballad on the odd circumstance, but did not suffer it to be reprinted; still, least felicitous of his works though it is, the volume, in its original figured wrapper, cannot easily be procured under £15 to £20.

If one could but contrive an impossibility, it would be mighty pretty to be present at a meeting between Lamb and Jane Austen. Very likely Miss Austen's amazing reticence would have rendered such an interview barren, and Lamb's personal habits and occasional extravagance of wit might have seemed indelicate to her. We do not seem to have any evidence of either being familiar with the other's writings; but there is something subtly akin in the humour of each, a sort of inscrutable Gioconda smile, a suppressed little laughter hidden behind the visible eyes through which the eyes of the mind look so keenly, which gives them almost a common insight into the pathetic weakness of mankind, even though Lamb shared the weaknesses and Jane Austen only looked on at them.

Miss Austen—she is, but for a few honorary "Mrs," almost the only writer from whom the label of social estate can scarcely be separated—Miss Austen has also, like Lamb, the singular distinction of almost passionate admiration from her ever more numerous readers. She went to and fro in a few secluded and self-satisfied counties of the England which left war and turmoil to those intended by nature or nature's God for rough excesses. Sometimes, to the dismay of a placid baronet, a rough soldier or sailor or even a tradesman who found the money for Mr Pitt might intrude upon the calm of Kellynch Hall or Mansfield Park. But it was unusual, undesirable: let us rather plan to throw out a new bow on our elegant house, let us discuss the small eggs of our discreet hen, let us all have a little gruel with Mr Woodhouse.

Nothing but sheer genius could give those remote faint littlenesses the permanence which the demure vivacity of Jane Austen conferred upon them: a permanence which has impressed itself upon the book-collector. Here are some sums paid at the MacGeorge sale in 1924: *Sense and Sensibility* (C. Roworth for T. Egerton, 3 vols., 1811; in boards, label), £151—over treble the amount given seventeen years before: *Pride and Prejudice* (T. Egerton, 3 vols., 1813), £130; *Mansfield Park* (same publisher, 3 vols., 1814), £70. Six novels and a few fragments (some of them only recently

SENSE

AND

SENSIBILITY:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY A LADY.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By C. Roworth, Bell-yard, Temple-bar,

AND PUBLISHED BY T. EGERTON WHITEHALL.

1811.

published); anonymity during a life of forty years; the unbounded, even ecstatic, praise of men so various as Scott, FitzGerald, Southey, Coleridge, Tennyson, Palgrave, Sydney Smith, and the late Mr A. B. Walkley—these seem to give but a slight hold on posterity.

Only a small portion of her many manuscripts survive, but Miss Austen is as secure of her fame as her illustrious admirers—as secure in the intimacy of her appeal as Lamb himself; and that she is secure in the hearts and estimation of the collector is shown by the fact that, a few days before the MacGeorge sale above referred to, a fine copy of *Sense and Sensibility* in boards was obtained from a prominent London dealer for £90; he had purchased it for £70 from a colleague who had bought it from another, a country bookseller this time, for £55. The sequel is instructive as history in the making —which was the correct value, £55, £70, £90, or the open market-value of £151? Neither. Fine copies in perfect state are of such rare occurrence that when the first-mentioned dealer recently showed us another copy, neither better nor worse than the MacGeorge, and told us it had cost him £250, we could but congratulate him on possessing it. Such episodes have been of constant occurrence during the past decade, and the signs and portents are that they will be of greater frequency in the next.

Pride and Prejudice, boards, uncut, will now cost

a new owner not much less than this, and *Mansfield Park* probably £120 to £150 *when* obtainable. *Emma*, 3 vols. (1816) and *Northanger Abbey and Persuasion*, 4 vols. (1818) are more easy to find at about one half of the cost of her more popular novels. Half-titles are a great point to observe. A complete set of first editions in morocco bindings, containing the half-titles to *Sense and Sensibility*, but not to all the remaining volumes, was offered in a London catalogue (1926) for £250.

Hardly a hundred yards away from her cottage at Lyme Regis, in the secluded " Retreat " behind which still stand a notable arbour and nut-trees, in front of which is all that remains of the house where Mr Pitt stayed, not much farther away from the shop where Mary Anning sold dragons (the first great prehistoric fossils), and the Cobb, where Louisa Musgrove in *Persuasion* " fell lifeless," dwelt for a time Mary Russell Mitford as a girl. *Our Village* (1824-1832) was a great help to her spendthrift father; its author was of Jane Austen's temperament, but circumstances pressed her into a sterner life, in books as well as fact: she was, also, the precursor of Mrs Gaskell. Of the same tribe, perhaps less securely sealed, is John Galt, Byron's acquaintance and fellow-traveller. His two chief works, *The Ayrshire Legatees* (1820) and *Annals of the Parish* (1821), may not have the more general appeal of *Our Village* and *Cranford*, still less the wide humanity

in restraint of Jane Austen, but they are fine local works, and have passed a century of life. Neither they nor *Our Village* or *Cranford* (1853) have yet stirred the auction-rooms mightily; but their time is fairly certain to come, as bibliography slowly sifts the representative books from the ephemeral or the merely scarce. No one to-day, it may be, can guess at the number of extant first editions of either, and there has been little attempt to discover the stigmata of value. But the books themselves have long outlived their authors.

There is an illuminating passage in the writings of a critic not sufficiently read to-day, and certainly not yet appreciated to the full by the book-collector, whose devotion, of a practical kind, is more readily given to the next generation of the family—to William Carew Hazlitt the bibliographer. William Hazlitt, senior, like Coleridge, leant towards Unitarianism in his beliefs, but, also like Coleridge, he was very strongly turned towards literature—and, at that, by his first meeting with Coleridge himself. It took place at Nether Stowey in 1798, and Hazlitt there heard portions of *Lyrical Ballads* read aloud from the then unpublished MSS. by their authors. A few sentences from his vivid account of his three weeks' stay in the Quantocks (that adorable region where "the map of the country lay at my feet") show contemporary literature in what we have suggested is its "family" aspect. Wordsworth,

who was addicted to Cheshire cheese, " had been to see *The Castle Spectre*, by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol. . . . He said 'it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove,' . . . Coleridge spoke with contempt of Gray, and with intolerance of Pope . . . it was not till some time after that I knew his friends, Lamb and Southey. The last always appears to me (as I first saw him) with a commonplace-book under his arm, and the first with a *bon-mot* in his mouth. It was at Godwin's that I met him with Holcroft and Coleridge."

It may be that this fortuitous concourse of writers lived by taking in one another's washing. But it was fine linen that they exhibited to the public, in spite of the fact that the matrimonial experiments of one of them—Hazlitt—were in inverse ratio to his strong critical sanity. As a critic, indeed, Hazlitt provides the wisest rejoinder to Coleridge's opinion of Pope, for " the question whether Pope was a poet," said he, " has hardly yet been settled, and is hardly worth settling; for if he was not a great poet, he must have been a great prose-writer—that is, he was a great writer of some sort."

On the other hand, Coleridge gave Hazlitt a very good glimpse of the Wordsworth who had not yet declined into " Ecclesiatical Sonnets "—" his genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or

unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang."

Nevertheless, in spite of his finely judicial mind and his intimacy with those who created rather than appraised the new wonder of romance, Hazlitt is not yet a collector's author. A very few pounds will secure his three sets of *Lectures*, his *Winterslow* and *The Spirit of the Age*. Those writings are as important for knowledge of his period as are the less severe comments of Munday, Meres and Greene for Shakespeare's. To acquire his books in their earliest form is to win a personal acquaintance with the private side of more costly volumes, and to be sure, in the acquisition, of good value from any point of view.

The half-contemptuous reference by Wordsworth to "Monk" Lewis recalls what has already been said of the Misses Jane and Anna Porter. It is worth while interpolating here an aside on some chance continuities of literature, and especially of dramatic literature. "Our modern repugnance to rant," as Sir Edmund Gosse lately called one of our weaknesses, has never yet, whether it be an ancient or modern quality, really killed turgidity. *The Campden Wonder*, a famous "murder" mystery, has lived from the seventeenth century to the day of Mr John Masefield, kept alive partly by students of legal history and partly by barnstormers (one of the present writers has seen both it and *Maria in the*

Red Barn acted *in* a barn by strolling players). A critic of a village theatre in Hazlitt's own day found it impossible to describe the " sublimities of Lewis's *Castle Spectre*," which was played about that date on the very stage where Oliver Goldsmith half-a-century before had acted the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green* was a ballad generations before it became a printed play under Richard Cromwell, and centuries before East End children in 1909 acted an operetta based upon it by a contributor to *Punch*. Dryden had a predecessor as antique as Sophocles when he dramatized the tragedy of *Œdipus*. *Friar Bacon* is older than Greene's " honourable History " of his adventures, and he still lives in story-books. So chance allusions like that reported by Wordsworth bring us back to the realities of literature—that is to say, to the fact that fashions are profounder things than mere fancy.

Hazlitt, if he is imperfectly loved at present, fares a good deal worse in the competitive esteem of collectors than some of his more affectionately read friends. But even they do not make large holes in rich pockets. De Quincey—who showed by his essay on " The knocking on the door in *Macbeth* " that he was alive to the difference between true terror and to what Dickens called the " Elevated or Goblin School " —is a prey for collectors so far as the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (Taylor & Hessey, 1822) go. A good copy in the original boards was offered a

few years ago for £27, and is now worth about £60. The book is not frequent enough in its appearance to make that an outside cost. Quincey (the "De," like some of the White Knight's paraphernalia, was his own invention) is not to be considered as solely a chronicler of his own failings, and his rich vehement English is a possession in itself. The chief of his works outside the *Opium Eater—The English Mail Coach* (1849) and *Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts* (1827)—will probably rise in monetary value above the few pounds or so which they cost now. He, too, of course, was one of the "family."

A famous anecdote records the ineffable and joyous impertinence of Brummell after the Prince Regent had, by no means unreasonably, abandoned the Beau to squalor and starvation. Brummell, being cut, asked Lord Alvanley, who was in the Regent's company, "Who's your fat friend?" Leigh Hunt paid (or rather went to prison) for much the same offence; he called George IV., with most veracious impoliteness, "a fat Adonis of fifty." However, with the aid of Byron and Lamb he managed to render his iron bars not too irksome a cage. He was an indefatigable writer, and it would be improper (whatever the temptation) to consider a fribble like the Harold Skimpole of *Bleak House* his entire prototype. Dickens, in spite of judicious denials, undoubtedly used *some* characteristics of people he knew—and loved: his own

Micawber-father is the supreme example. Hunt-Skimpole wrote voluminously, skimming life with a thousand touches—strings and gentlenesses and mere records alike—that were much more than acute frivolity.

Most of his books, as books, can be procured for four or five pounds apiece, and it is hard to prefer one to another in so varied an output. His *Old Court Suburb* (1855) and *The Town* (1848), both works of his maturer years, unite the charm of fluid grace to the amenities of pretty sound human history. A bare handful of short poems, a loosely strung sequence of essays—there is the man who enjoyed the society of " Coavinses " and had a piano conveyed into his prison. Everyone knows a Leigh Hunt in his own life ; everyone is captivated by his charm—even a book-collector. But let no one fall into the error of calling him a butterfly : remember Alice's bread-and-butter-fly.

The author who stands by the side of Hunt, De Quincey and Hazlitt (if perforce we leave Elia *hors concours*) as a master of the very difficult art of turning " occasional " work into literature is Walter Savage Landor. *The Dun Cow*, a scarce dialogue, was published by W(illiam) and T(homas) Darton in 1808. It seems to have no normal standard of value, partly owing to its very infrequent appearance, partly through the bewildering number of Landor's small pieces, of which many are known

only by single copies. The minor works of this kind which have changed hands by open sale usually cost from £2 to £5 each. But the attention paid by collectors to Landor is at present limited, though both minute and intensive. A wider appreciation of the quarrelsome and rather spasmodic author of *Imaginary Conversations* may bring a greater supply of first editions to light, but is not likely to depreciate their value.

The proper pronunciation of Landor's name (in his own day) was "Larndor." The word is several times spelt Larnder in the holograph diaries of Mrs Sherwood. The boy Landor impressed the strictly nurtured Martha Mary Butt (Mrs Sherwood) as uncouth and violent ; and that reputation was his throughout his long life, though the mellifluousness and dignity of *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836 ; 2 vols., worth about £3) would belie it at first sight. He made early trouble for himself during his residence in Italy, from 1815 onwards, and as late as 1858 met with it again in England, over *Dry Sticks Fagoted* (Nisbet, 1858 ; also worth about £3). *Mr Landor Threatened* (n.d., 1857) was a suitable title : the chief copy of this recorded for sale cost $150.

The best known and larger works (*Pericles and Aspasia* has already been mentioned) are both scarce and expensive. *Poems* (Cadell & Davies, 1795) is worth £20 or so ; *Gebir* (Rivington, 1798) about the same, though it remains to be seen whether a

page of errata will ultimately affect this value by its appearance in or absence from the volume. *Imaginary Conversations* (1824, 2 vols.; vols. iii. and iv., 1828; vol. v., 1829) is not so expensive, but appears to be uncommon in a completely perfect state. *Poems from the Arabic and Persian* (1800), published at Warwick, may be purchased for £18 to £20. Mr Quinn's copy of *Imaginary Conversation of King Carlo-Alberto and the Duchess Belgioioso* (n.d., but 1848) sold for $145.

Landor enjoyed the acquaintance of Southey. He addressed poems and presented volumes to Mr and Mrs Browning, a letter to Emerson, wrote of the politics of Kossuth, Garibaldi, Fox, Lord Liverpool, and of popery in general; to say nothing of his acute interest in Shakespeare in *The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare touching Deer-Stealing* (Saunders & Otley, 1834). He was always ready with a quill or quills, standing on end like those upon the fretful porpentine.

Last of the "family" comes another writer, Shelley's friend, Thomas Love Peacock, whose novels are for the enjoyment of few, but to them very precious. To those who do not appreciate his wayward erudition and amazing dexterity of wit, *Headlong Hall* (1816), *Crotchet Castle* (1831) and *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), will appear suitable titles. They will, in their choice of fiction, follow the custom of the ferocious Dinas Vawr:

" The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter.
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter. "

Peacock, who wrote that joyous ballad, is, to discerning tastes, by way of being a mountain sheep. However, though his six novels are often reprinted, no one as yet has made a stir by collecting his first editions, which will reward a wise book-lover's mind without harming his economics or his conscience.

It is time to leave this band of brothers, among whom so many are pre-eminent in literary history independently of dates, so few notable mainly for their lives and times. The curious things about the writers of this fecund age in English letters are the contradictions between actual life and its expression in words. We can know both the men and women, and what they wrote, more closely than those of any other time or tongue. The debt of them one to another is amazing; but not less amazing is the difference between the moneys they used. Opium, drink, mismarriage, breadwinning—" there came out this calf " from the haphazard molten gold they all seemed to possess; but it was no false gold or god. He who loves books may have well-nigh exhausted, so far as Fortunatus' purse can reproduce its supply, the great storehouse of the Tudors and the Stuarts, even if chance often brings the largest

possible rabbit out of a hat. But here in the Palæo-Georgians (a word coined to avoid discourtesy to-day) is still an unplumbed depth. Porpoises drive mackerel into near waters, mackerel nearer in flicker away the sprats, and the sprats force to shore the " bait," the tiniest fish of a great sea. Porpoises, like *Lyrical Ballads*, *Original Poetry*, by " Victor and Cazire," and *Poetry for Children* at £650, we know. The " bait " will grow into good fish ; let us learn to identify at sight their first iridescence.

CHAPTER IV

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

ALICE'S

ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

BY

LEWIS CARROLL.

WITH FORTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOHN TENNIEL.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1865.

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CHAPTER IV

NURSERY TREASURES

JUST as the early Victorian age was to be one in which the country gentleman burgeoned and proliferated, and so to make the work of Surtees, Leech, Alken, and other robust authors and artists scarce and valuable through popularity, as well as typical of social history, so, three-quarters of a century before, the moral age of the blue-stockings (Dr Johnson's godchildren) produced its unique and rare literature for the nursery. That literature, in a few famous examples, can stir the auction-room : in its more general aspect, it is a byway of social study and literary rarity along which an increasing number of travellers will be wont to journey. It has also a more compact continuity of development than most other limited branches of book-lore.

That development proceeded in a more or less normal way from barbarism to civilization. The earliest children's books were not children's books, in our sense, at all. They were guides to the good manners of a knight's squire, to the docility of a maid, or else to the godliness of a monastic novice. If they are to be acquired for a collection they will have to

be bought as incunabula, at the appropriate price. The late Dr Furnivall edited the chief of them, under the general title of *The Babees Book*, and their history can best be studied in his vivacious, scholarly introduction. Children grew into adults very quickly in the Middle Ages. Most of the "books" for them now survive—if at all—as costly MSS.

With the Reformation, morality got the upper hand of manners, and hell yawned for naughty little boys and girls. The flames were superheated under the Puritans, and Janeway, Keach and others, starting with the original sin of all human beings, seemed to think that children could display even more than normal originality. The books of such writers, however, are interesting only as minor social documents: two pages of almost any one of them will tell the reader all the rest. They are not easy to find, but the chase is at least as expensive as the quarry.

When, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we reach real children's books—books *for* children, not *at* them—the interest is different.

Some notorious prizes apart, all such books published before 1800 or so are rare, and often unique; their devastating little owners have secured that eminence for them. It may also be added at once that (for the same reason) perfect copies are in some cases almost unknown. What proper-minded nursery ever thought a book a material treasure? A mental

treasure—yes; full of fairies and wonders and human frailty, so far as one's young thoughts can go; but to be kept carefully as a creation of print and paper —never. One of the present writers was brought up on a first edition of *Alice*; it was shared by three children year after year, turn after turn, always fresh, until it fell to pieces. So the collector of to-day must often be content to possess only faded, worn, and once much-loved copies of *Alice's* numberless predecessors, very far different in state from the "pretty gilt toys" as issued by John Newbery to his "Little Masters and Misses," or those put forth by the various Temples of the Muses and Juvenile Repositories.

Many of the first editions of famous books for children are either unknown to exist or so scarce as to be almost unique. One of the earliest, Bunyan's *Book for Boys and Girls*, has been mentioned (Vol. I., p. 182). Osborne's *Advice to a Son* (1656) is rare. Keach's *Instructions for Children* (4th edition, 1696, T. Mead for Eliz. Hart) has apparently not been found in an earlier form than that mentioned. *Goody Two-Shoes* (1766, possibly 1765), which Goldsmith may have written, is perhaps known by one copy only of the first edition: later editions of it (up to about 1800) are almost equally scarce, and an early book of nursery rhymes—*The Top Book of All*—seems to exist only in a unique copy of one of two volumes. Maria Edgeworth's *Parents' Assistant*

(according to Austin Dobson) is not known at all in its first edition; nor is the first translation (said to be by Samber, but identifiable only by an advertisement) of Perrault's *Tales of Mother Goose* (*Contes de ma Mère l'Oie*); in it Cinderella first sat in her pumpkin coach in an English dress. The first edition of Lear's *Book of Nonsense* is not in the British Museum, and you can ask almost what you like (within reason [1]) for *Alice in Wonderland*, 1865, red cloth—that book written for a little girl by a reverend Oxford professor of mathematics whose pseudonym, "Lewis Carroll," has become better known than his own name—Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. The suppressed first edition was printed in 1865 for Macmillan, but only a very few copies were actually sold before the author, it is said, objected to the poor manner in which the illustrations had been reproduced (later, what was left of the first printing was shipped to America, to Messrs Appleton & Co., who issued them in New York, with their title page bearing the date 1866). The book was reprinted and issued in November 1865, but dated 1866 on the title page, and this issue is generally accepted as the first edition. In original cloth, fine, it will realize £70 to £100; shabby and repaired copies will cost £50 to £60. It was popular, it is popular, and it will be popular, but it is doubtful whether

[1] Reason has stretched to £395 for a copy recently, but only a few copies of this issue are known. The 1866 issue is generally known as the first edition, but it is worth only about a fifth of that sum.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

BY

LEWIS CARROLL.

WITH FORTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

BY JOHN TENNIEL.

London.

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1866.

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any more of the 1866 edition will be "thumbed" out of existence. Many presentation copies of various editions are known, for Lewis Carroll was a generous, kindly man. For over sixty years *Alice* has been adventuring in divers languages in many lands; her companions are by no means all children, in years. We have heard that Queen Victoria, after reading *Alice*, desired that Mr Carroll's other works should be obtained for her, and duly received from her bookseller a parcel of mathematical works by C. L. Dodgson. Even queens suffer grievous disappointments at the hands of authors! In 1872 *Alice* was followed by the sequel, *Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There*. Sir John Tenniel again supplied the illustrations, and, sad to say, no variations appear to have been found; so, condition being equal, one copy is as good as another, and a good example may be had for £10. Carroll's other books for children are also important, but not yet so expensive. A few pounds apiece will still buy, in their first editions, *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, *The Hunting of the Snark*, *Phantasmagoria*, *Rhyme? or Reason?*, *Sylvie and Bruno*, and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded*.[1]

Cruikshank's *Grimm* (German Popular Series, 2 vols., 1823-1826), in the original boards, with "marchen" thus (not "märchen"), is worth anything

[1] Mr Sidney H. Williams has recently compiled an excellent bibliography which is indispensable to a collector.

from £100 up to £350, according to condition; but that is because of the illustrations. And Isaac Watts, with his *Divine Songs* (1715), is not merely immortal through quotations, but a profitable commercial investment—if he can be found: only a few copies are known to exist. Most books of the kind, however, have no cost-price to be recorded, because they seldom appear for public or private sale, and the reapers of the harvest are generally specialists.

These are famous works, known and acclaimed in auction-rooms, not merely as nursery treasures, but by reason of their authors and illustrators. Not so famous, but equally scarce, are the many publications of John Newbery, Goldsmith's friend and benefactor from 1744 to 1767. In their original gay-flowered Dutch paper binding, or the more prim half-leather or paper boards, they are in a few public and private collections; but most of the editions vary. To give a list of them would be to write the first chapter of the true history of children's books in England, as well as a chapter of real history. They may sometimes be bought for a few shillings, sometimes for a pound or two, sometimes by chance from a gutter-merchant for a penny or so. A remarkable set—from two collections—was exhibited at the Book Trade Exhibition at Leipzig in 1914. It is as features in a comprehensive collection rather than as individual volumes that they are at present valuable; but many of them will perhaps be prized

some day as single works—for instance, *The Lilliputian Magazine* (1758), *The Twelfth Day Gift* (1767), (Charles Lamb's "Fable for Twelfth Day," in Mr Lucas's fine edition of *Elia*, is worth comparing with this curious work), and *Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master*. They cannot but remain scarce.

Newbery was as remarkable as his business. He kept Goldsmith going with hack-work before that frail genius could afford to buy the plum-coloured velvet suit that was never paid for. Goldsmith called Newbery (the friend of most of the literary men of Johnson's day) "the friend of all mankind." But this literary tradesman from Reading was more than benevolent. The firm he founded in 1744 lasted, under names familiar to many nurseries—John Harris, Griffith & Farran—until well into the twentieth century. He was in his day the inventor of advertising himself in the text of his own books. ("Yes, Henry, we will go to Mr Newbery's and get it for you, since you have been a good boy.") And he advertised thus not only his books, but another property of his—the celebrated Dr James's Fever Powders. Johnson and Goldsmith both were Jacobites in respect of those Powders.

Miss Edgeworth has been mentioned. Scott, Austin Dobson, and many others have dwelt on the ease and lovable simplicity of her style, which disguises her purpose of translating Rousseau's educational theories into fiction. She and her amazing

father were notable figures. But Richard Lovell Edgeworth was not so amazing as his friend Thomas Day, who, also on Rousseau's principles, educated some girls with a view to making one of them a suitable wife for himself. The experiment was not so successful as his *Sandford and Merton* (3 parts, 1783-1786-1789), whose tutor, Mr Barlow, will still live when the book is dead. The first edition is very rare.

A pair of moralists of almost equal eminence, the authors of *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, can be discovered in later editions of their chief works, but seldom in their first, *Original Poems for Infant Minds* (1805), and *Rhymes for the Nursery* (1807); the authors were Anne and Jane Taylor (and others of the family; who, with Bernard Barton and Adelaide O'Keeffe—daughter of the dramatist—contributed a few items). Their first appearance in print furnishes a good example of the capricious rarity of these little books. It was in a strange periodical, called *The Minor's Pocket Book*. A collector tried for twenty years to trace this work, and offered £50 for a copy: in vain. His son picked up a copy on a barrow for 2s.; it is now in America and the book is apparently not represented in any English public collection.

There are plenty of rarities of this peculiar kind in the period which ends (roughly) with the death of George III. They are rare in the strictest sense, but with some exceptions they are not yet costly

from a collector's point of view, because there are few collectors of them. The institution of the John Newbery Medal in the United States—first won by a "best seller," Mr Van Loon—may encourage research in this very interesting and human bypath.

It is when we reach the period of Charles Lamb (and Lamb himself) that the problems and prices become exciting. Lamb and his sister wrote at least seven books for children, which are all now exceedingly scarce. The rarest is perhaps *The King and Queen of Hearts*, with the plates plain or coloured. It was first published in 1805, but the body of the book (printed from copperplates—by Mulready ?—and sometimes coloured) was issued later with wrappers of varying dates. One of the present writers luckily acquired the 1805 copy in a Devonshire township for a few shillings. It was, and is, the earliest known copy. Mary Lamb had written a final verse in her own delicate writing on the *verso* of the last plate. Mr E. V. Lucas's facsimile of 1901, detached from its introduction and outer wrapper, may easily be mistaken for the real thing. The copy he followed had an 1809 yellow wrapper and an 1805 body. A copy of it (the facsimile) has been offered for sale as the original by an English provincial bookseller. The original is a prize worth seeking. Up to £500 may be obtained for another 1805 issue, and £300 for later issues up to 1809.

And this—before we pursue our Lamb farther through these infantile meadows—brings before us a bibliographical complex which has not yet been completely resolved. Almost all Lamb's children's books were published either by T. Hodgkins or Godwin (*i.e.* Mrs Godwin; but of course her husband was cognizant of the business). Now Godwin and Hodgkins were closely associated: Hodgkins was really Godwin's manager. In 1805 Hodgkins published Godwin's very scarce *Fables Ancient and Modern* (2 vols., the second apparently only in the British Museum, and the first only in a private collection). This book went into eighteen editions, but Godwin, fearing unpopularity because of his political opinions, styled himself "Edward Baldwin" as author. The volume was later (by 1808) transferred to his wife's firm. Godwin in 1805 wrote (under yet another pseudonym, "Theophilus Marcliffe") the rare *Looking Glass*, which is virtually an account of Mulready's life; and Mulready, early befriended by the enthusiastic Godwin, in that same year illustrated not only "Edward Baldwin's" *Fables*, but also Lamb's *King and Queen of Hearts*. The plates have been attributed to Blake, but with the possible exception of the frontispiece they seem almost certainly Mulready's, as they have the exact idiosyncrasies of the plates of the *Fables*. This, however, is again not certain, for in another volume, *The King and Queen of Clubs*, published in the same

year, very similar illustrations are contributed by A. Watté.

We reach, therefore, two of the greatest names in English literature—Charles Lamb and William Blake—revolving round little books for children published (almost surreptitiously) by the wife of a Radical born out of due time. Rarity apart, such works are romantic possessions. And rarity is added. In the *Tales from Shakespear* (Hodgkins, 1807), the first issue, the imprint "T. Davison, Printer, Whitefriars," is placed on the *verso* of p. 235 of vol. i., and there are no advertisements; in original boards (uncut) it is worth £150 to £250; in contemporary calf, £80 or so; in the second issue the *verso* of p. 235 is blank, and the text is followed by two leaves of advertisements. *Poetry for Children* (2 vols., M. J. Godwin, 1809) is more expensive; it has cost as much as $3300. *Beauty and the Beast* (possibly 1811, and possibly not even by Lamb) is very scarce, and its value is uncertain; probably not less than £150. *Prince Dorus* seems to exist in a unique proof copy. The first edition, of 1811, should be in blue or yellow rough paper wrappers, with a woodcut and no advertisements; the second edition (1818) has advertisements on the back wrapper and no woodcut. The first edition may fetch anything from £80 or £120 upwards; an 1818 copy was sold in 1922 for £46. *Mrs Leicester's School* (1809) also varies in its advertisements, and is worth

TALES

FROM

SHAKESPEAR.

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

By CHARLES LAMB.

EMBELLISHED WITH COPPER-PLATES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS HODGKINS, AT THE JUVENILE LIBRARY, HANWAY-STREET (OPPOSITE SOHO-SQUARE), OXFORD-STREET; AND TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1807.

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL:

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES,

RELATED BY THEMSELVES.

London:

PRINTED FOR M. J. GODWIN, AT THE JUVENILE LIBRARY, NO. 41, SKINNER-STREET.

1809.

TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "MRS LEICESTER'S SCHOOL." BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

up to £50. But *The Adventures of Ulysses* costs distinctly less. T. Davison published *Ulysses* in 1808, which brings us back to the *Shakespear* of 1807. Between 1807 and 1811 some separate "Tales" were published; Mr Wise says that "mystery still enshrouds the origin of these separate *Tales from Shakespear*. So far as it has been possible to ascertain, eight in all were published—i.e. *Timon of Athens*, 1807; *Othello*, probably 1807; *King Lear*, 1808; *The Merchant of Venice*, 1808; *The Winter's Tale*, 1809; *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1811; *Cymbeline*, 1811; and *Romeo and Juliet*, the date of which is unknown." Of the eight "Tales" four were written by Charles and four by Mary: each tale is *embellished* with three copperplates, which may occur either plain or coloured. They are very rare. Mr Wise, in the beautiful catalogue of the Ashley Library, gives reproductions of the first six.

Finally, there is the most recent of these "Lambkin's Remains" (to borrow a title from Mr Hilaire Belloc). Lamb in 1810 (2nd January) announced in a letter to his friend Manning—the earliest authentic English explorer of Lhassa (a far call from Mackery End)—"I have published a little book on titles of honour." It is a book that cuts right across this kaleidoscopic period, because Tabart, *not* Hodgkins *nor* M. J. Godwin, published in 1805 a "Book explaining the Ranks and Dignities of British Society," which is said to be the work in question. It contained

some exceedingly good uncoloured and hand-coloured illustrations; they look like lithographs, but are probably stipple engravings. They are in the pompously gracious manner of the theatrical portraits of the late eighteenth century.

Another edition was published in 1809 (also by Tabart). "I have published . . ." When? If in 1805, why did Lamb not tell Manning till 1810? It may be argued that Manning was a long way off, and that Lamb was not very proud of an anonymous piece of hack-work, the style of which has little of his personality in it—though style can only be a complementary piece of evidence in such a case, and anonymous hack-work, written probably to order, does not help an anxious and comparatively new author, as Lamb then was, to develop style or personality.

Whether Lamb wrote it or not is uncertain. It is urged that Elia could not have curbed himself into such prosaic formality of style. That is only an accessory, not a final, argument; and up to that date his experiments had brought him neither money nor reputation. Lamb and his sister were very poor in 1805; "it has been sad and heavy times with us lately," writes Mary in that year, and in the same year Lamb, as Canon Ainger tells us, was very anxious to "raise a few pounds." Between 1800 and 1806 Lamb wrote three letters to Manning but he did not mention his children's books till

1808 [1]; silence, however, is not necessarily a final argument, and a correspondent half the world away, travelling almost at a peradventure into a country not really known to Englishmen until they entered it by force a century later, was not likely to be wildly excited over a pseudonymous piece of flunkey literature. Lamb might very well have given the information as an afterthought. Mr Newham, who first discovered the volume and justified an opinion previously formed by searching Lamb's letters for verification, remains convinced that this is the book to which Lamb refers. In writing to Manning he used the past tense; no other "little book on titles of honour" can be traced as having been published about that time, and is it so unlikely that Lamb, pleased to see the new edition of 1809, should tell his friend of the book on the second day of 1810?

On the other hand, whatever he *did* write, he must have been amused by the task, because, as none of the commentators, on the discovery of this volume, took the pains to find out by reference to Mr E. V. Lucas's fresh collation of the original letter, he expressed his feelings in a unique irreverence. He did not write, after styling himself Pope Innocent, "higher than which is nothing," as the passage is

[1] The correspondence between Lamb and Manning has been published, so far as it is known to exist. Lamb wrote at least once in 1805, twice in 1806, then apparently not until 1808 (once) and 1809 (once), before the letter of 1810.

usually quoted. The commentators, relying upon older and more devout transcripts of Eliana, did not know or did not disclose that Lamb really wrote "higher than which is nothing but the Lamb of God." *That* is Lamb himself: but in spite of the contrary opinion held by a few competent critics we think Lamb collectors must seek for *A Book explaining the Ranks and Dignities of British Society*, Tabart, 1805, until further notice—or until added to their shelves.

Charles Lamb is *sui generis*, and there is not enough of him to go round among those who desire him as the original Lamb. The same statement is as true of Blake, whose self-executed, self-printed, self-published works are the supreme piece of evidence in behalf of the first-edition collector's virtue; but he is dealt with elsewhere (see p. 75). With those two great names (and Bunyan's and Goldsmith's) we can get a glimpse at a sort of classification of the art or craft of collection, which after subdividing itself carefully, at once blurs the dividing lines by overlapping. Children's books really fall into only one subdivision, in the main. They are interesting in themselves. Yet there are the great names—often originally extramural, so far as the nursery was concerned, as are Swift and Defoe.[1] They

[1] The "Crusoe" books are fourfold: (1) the original text; (2) abridgments or simplifications, often in chap-book form; (3) imitations, like *The Adventures of Philip Quarlles*; (4) the "Swiss" variety, attributed variously to Campe (Humboldt's tutor) and Wyss.

have their value outside the subdivision "children's books." There are the great illustrations, like those of Blake, Cruikshank, Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Tenniel, and these also are at least in part outside the strict subdivision. There is, too, the specialist interest in methods of production, especially the production of illustrations, like the wood-block, the lithograph, the Baxter process, hand-colouring, and "Griffiths' Patent" (a little-known steel process very like lithography). And finally there is the overlap from the nursery shelf to the chapman's pack, which has already been dealt with.

But it remains true that the chief, most human, and most easily justified interest in the collection of children's books is that with which we started—the historical and social interest.

Consider in what way the heirs of all the ages have come into their legacy. *Cinderella*—a *citoyenne* of the world, if the anthropologists are right, for her life is told in all civil and most savage tongues —*Cinderella* came to *us* from a Brittany peasant, because the fine ladies of Louis XIV.'s Court saw in Mother Goose's tales a simplicity which they could dress up as "Nature." Grimm's *Märchen*, a German present, were the result of diligent scientific work by great scholars. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Martineau had ulterior motives, already mentioned. Even all through the Napoleonic period, when country folk trembled lest they should wake to find

the Corsican in their midst, eating their babies in the manner of Blunderbore, English and French nursery-books were being peacefully exchanged—and sold—in translations. The age of the Great Exhibition of 1851 cast upon the young mind the spell of facts and work and prosperity — though since the days of Whittington himself goodness had always been said to lead to wealth. And throughout there runs the propaganda of religion and educational science. Only thrice, until the grotesques of to-day upset all calculations, did the anarchy of levity disturb the decency of purposefulness—when Roscoe's *Butterfly's Ball* appeared in 1807, Lear's *Nonsense* in 1840, and *Alice* in 1865. They had no ulterior motive whatever.

To *Alice* we need not return. It is perhaps the happiest combination of author and artist ever achieved—certainly the happiest for child-readers. No modern artist can oust the Victorian *Alice*,[1] whether she is carrying a flamingo under her arm, or creeping precariously through the looking-glass into Chess-board Land, or whether Father William is balancing an eel on the end of his nose. Nor need Lear detain us beyond an exclamation at the courage that dared to publish a work called *Nonsense* in the very birth day of a serious age, and a note that the

[1] Tenniel's pictures are not yet out of copyright, though the National Book Council has the temerity, in its bibliographies, to give "various publishers" for *Alice*. The *text* is out of copyright. For the rest—well, what happened to Shakespeare?

"limerick" metre is first found in a semi-nursery book of about 1810—*The History of Seven Wonderful Old Women*, one of Ruskin's retrospective favourites.

Resume the tale of evolution with Roscoe's *Butterfly's Ball*:

> "Come away, little Robert, away let us haste
> To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast."

That tripping rhyme, together with its first and best imitation, Mrs Dorset's *The Peacock "at Home,"* sold to a total of 40,000 copies in the first year of publication. The almost innumerable imitations, like *The Lion's Masquerade*, enjoyed no small share of this spontaneous and fashionable success. The boom did not endure long—in fact, little over a year—but it was of high-tension quality while it lasted. And it certainly encouraged the production of children's books with illustrations coloured by hand.

But the "moral tale" was also at its apogee simultaneously, and in the days of Bucks and Corinthians, of Tom and Jerry and Dr Syntax, there was for it at least the excuse of reasonable reaction. In some ways the most remarkable figure after Miss Edgeworth was Mrs Sherwood, who stands for a very singular unity of contradictions in English social life.

One of the present writers has read and edited (and curtailed) her three-million-word diary, and the shorter but still voluminous journals of her

husband. Mrs Sherwood was the woman who won the war against Napoleon. Every word of her diary is in the very spirit of the English upper middle class of the time—uncomplaining, busy, cheerful, infinitely courageous, doing the day's duty without for a moment (except in prayers) realizing how great that duty then was even in its smallest effects. Mrs Sherwood went round the Cape to India (under convoy) with her soldier-husband under conditions that would appeal to a voyager used to the discomforts of a modern troopship. They sighted an enemy vessel once, and they heard in India, without excitement—indeed with only a casual remark—the news of Waterloo. That, and regimental life, with a minor war in Nepal, are all the traces of Boney's earthquake observed by Mrs Sherwood. She was much more interested in the wickedness of nabobs. Her husband, on the other hand, before they were married, had been one of the Republic's prisoners, and suffered severely.

This seems like biography, not bibliography. But Mrs Sherwood's circumstances illustrate in full detail what has been so often insisted upon in this work: the interdependence of life and literature, of printed books and their writers and their times. Mrs Sherwood, as a child, saw Dr Johnson; she was a friend of the "Swan of Lichfield," of Dr Valpy of Reading, of the Lytteltons and Winningtons of Shropshire, and late in life she saw an M.P.

(Huskisson) killed in the first railway accident. Her books were published in America, by the well-known firm of Harper. She wrote either to order (often to fit "stock" illustrations) or as the spirit moved her. Three hundred or more productions can be traced to her. Anthony Munday, Greene, John Taylor, Defoe, Goldsmith—she is not an unworthy companion to them in industry and vigour.

Her first, and perhaps rarest, publication was a novel, *The Traditions*, the only copy of which known to the writers has a curious history. The book was written when Miss Butt (as she then was; she was a collateral descendant of Henry VIII.'s physician) was a young girl, in order to aid her friends, M. and Madame St Quentin, French refugees, in setting up a small girls' school. It was successful enough to allow the project to be carried out, and Mary Russell Mitford was a pupil at the school so founded.

Three others of her books deserve special mention. The most famous of them all was *The History of the Fairchild Family* (first part, 1817: all three parts seem to be rare). The *History* has been in print continuously since its first appearance. It is used with finely relevant force in Mr Stanley Weyman's admirable Reform Act (1831) novel, *Chippinge* (1906).

The History of Little Henry and His Bearer (1832) is probably the most famous Anglo-Indian story designed specially for children. It was written for and about the author's first son, who was born and

died in India. It went into at least forty editions in about thirty years.

The Governess, or Little Female Academy (1820), the other work to be mentioned here, was, in a sense, not by Mrs Sherwood at all. It was by Sarah Fielding, the sister of the novelist, and was first published in 1749. It was largely a collection of fairy tales and little romances. The original edition is rare.

A change came over the ethics of the juvenile library with George Cruikshank's *Grimm*, already mentioned. The fairies were no longer like mice behind the wainscot. They came out, welcome, untrapped. But Cruikshank himself tried to get them into prison later in life. His views on social conduct had altered, and in 1853-1864, in the *Fairy Library* (D. Bogue, 4 vols. in green wrappers), he desired *Hop o' my Thumb*, *Puss in Boots*, and their goodly fellowship, to preach teetotalism even in the nursery. Dickens fell out with him over his zeal to reform crapulous giants, or at any rate to get a moral out of them.[1]

There were other significant signs of the non-Gallic European influence on English childhood. Cruikshank illustrated Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl* (not wholly meant for children, but long since familiar to them under the title of *The Shadowless Man*) in 1823. His pictures for it are among his

[1] *Hop o' my Thumb*, 6 etchings ; *The History of Jack and the Beanstalk*, 6 etchings ; *Cinderella and the Glass Slipper*, 10 etchings ; and *Puss in Boots*, 12 etchings on 6 plates. The set was recently offered for £60.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S

FAIRY LIBRARY

HOP O MY THUMB AND THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

PUBLISHED BY D. BOGUE 86 FLEET St.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

happiest efforts. A good copy of the first edition may cost £7 or so, or in the original boards twice as much. The versatile and charming Mary Howitt had conferred upon England a set of fantasies *hors concours*—the first translation of Hans Christian Andersen's *Wonderful Stories for Children* (Chapman & Hall; n.d., 1841). It is in a gay cover of paper boards, with a pretty frontispiece, and the type and printer's ornaments are both grave and graceful, suitable to the author who could write with ineffable tenderness of the Little Mermaid and of the Snow Queen, with almost primitive humour of the Tin Soldier and the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels, and of Ole Luk Oie, with the seriousness of a grown-up child. We have no Danish, but Mary Howitt's English is good enough for anyone. As for the value or cost of the book, there is no criterion save that of a buyer. The present writers have seen but two copies of the first edition, one in the British Museum and one in a collection which has passed to America.

The names of three great men may be interpolated here, before the really tendencious work of one of Prince Albert's chief organizers emerges: Dickens, who knew and loved and wrote in the cause of *poor* children (his works are fully dealt with in a later chapter); Thackeray, whose *Rose and the Ring* is a Pumpernickel or Weimar romance, with chamberlains and flunkeys, pomps and ceremonies, in the true manner of those little courts which Mr Titmarsh

knew so well, and the excellent illustrations—those noses and stomachs!—are in keeping; and Ruskin, whose *King of the Golden River* (1851), in its green boards and with Dicky Doyle's charming illustrations, is a very pleasant possession. The tale itself seems to-day a little like some of the heaviness which Ruskin attacked in *Fors Clavigera*, but Doyle gives it life. It may be said, in a brief digression, that Richard Doyle has as yet by no means come into his own as an illustrator.

There has been little recognition as yet by collectors, nor even by historians of children's literature, of what is almost the Prince Consort's own invasion of the general nursery (he knew much of one large nursery). He may or may not have inspired *Felix Summerly's Home Treasury* (1846), and *Gammer Gurton's Story Books* (? 1845), but the enterprise was conceived and executed in his authentic spirit. Old legends (*Märchen*), good literature, were to be given to children in simple language, with good pictures, good bindings, good print, and a general format worthy of the trustees of posterity. Sir Henry Cole (himself "Felix Summerly") co-operated with a wise publisher—Cundall—in producing these series, of which we have handled no less than fourteen volumes.

So much for elves and suchlike folk from lands "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," a tale Dicky Doyle illustrated adorably. It is proper

here to insist that the really legitimate parent of the tale that is not fancy nor fact nor morals was Catherine Sinclair, whose *Holiday House* (? 1847 ; already mentioned) was just a story-book ; which description is the conclusion of the whole matter.

But though Mary Howitt had translated Hans Andersen, and wrote with her accomplished brother William some excellent verses for children, she and William had a joint encyclopædic mind, like their friends the Cowden Clarkes. *Every Boy's Book* appeared, in one form or another, in every boy's book for at least two generations. But the versatility of the brother and sister paled before that of the duplicate or triplicate Parleys.

Peter Parley is a good pseudonym. It sounds genuine. Not until you remember that Peter was not invariably truthful and that Parley suggests talkativeness do you realize how easily was infancy beguiled by the transparent artifice ; and not infancy alone, but its cousins and aunts, and even its publishers. For there were certainly three, and possibly four or five, Peter Parleys. They are an intriguing mystery, for it must be remembered that the publishing trade custom, on these petty occasions, was to employ one who nowadays would make a fortune as a syndicating journalist or a " London Letter " writer, and to cause to appear, under his real or false name, old letterpress and new blocks, or new letterpress fitted by him to old blocks. Often the old blocks

were the prentice work of men like Charles Keene, John Gilbert, Sam Williams and George Cruikshank, as the style and the initials under them sometimes disclose. But it was not they but the magical Peter Parley who sold the book, whose *Annuals* or *Magazines*, in rivalry from 1840 to 1860 or thereabouts, reboiled the *crambe repetita* of the eighteenth, the seventeenth, the sixteenth, of all literate centuries, and served it up with *sauce à la Grande Exposition, 1851.*

A pure and complete set of Parleys in the original red bindings is probably unobtainable, and mighty pretty to look at, with its gilt scrolls and whorls, and it should, if obtained, be supplemented by the green Little Peters—extracts from the *Annuals* (or maybe their virgin ore recast) grouped in volumes under subject headings—*Parley's Wonders of Asia, Parley's Tales of Africa*, and so on. But which Parley's voice speaks? The chief were William Martin, Samuel Clark and S. T. Goodrich—the last an American, who claimed, probably rightly, to be the authentic Peter. He was a native of Boston, Mass., and after he had planned "a series of books," by request, for an English publisher, he found, to his annoyance, and "contrary to good morals," another Parley in the field (William Martin, no doubt); but in spite of the grievance the impartial publisher took work from either loud-speaker, and the third Parley was a partner in his firm. At least

one volume published in 1842 (*Wit Bought; or the Life and Adventures of Robert Merry*) has a pasted-in protest by Goodrich against these imitations.

"If the cook is more serious than the footman, the cook will be expected to improve the footman." The serious juvenile library of the 'sixties would have suited, on the one hand, Nicholas Nickleby's Labour Exchange, and on the other, the fireside of the Cheeryble Brothers. It was more serious than the Parleys, because it dealt with morals as well as facts; but it was also more cheerful than the Parleys, because it was filled with good solid fiction. The *Annual* grew or dwindled (as you like it) into a monthly, to be reborn later in a fat volume. *Good Words*; *Good Words for the Young*; *The Boy's Own Paper* and its sister; *Little Folks*; *Chatterbox*; in America, *St Nicholas* and *Atalanta*—these and a hundred later ventures brought children's literature nearer to journalism. There are good names in these magazines to stimulate the curious: George Macdonald (now coming into recognition), Mrs Ewing (perhaps the greatest mistress of simplicity for children since Miss Edgeworth), Jules Verne, R. M. Ballantyne, Manville Fenn, G. A. Henty, and after them R. L. Stevenson, whose Long John Silver went to Treasure Island in print first as *The Sea Cook* in *Young Folks*, 1881-1882.[1]

[1] Stevenson's *opuscula* for Lloyd Osbourne's benefit are dealt with in a later chapter. *The Black Arrow* (Cassell, 1888), his next venture

The mention of those names, not less loved than illustrious — for a child's memory is longer and deeper than a man's—shows what had happened to children's books, and what makes the collection of their later examples either a futility or an antiquarian foible: they are no longer the vivid firstlings of a new branch of literature; they are a definite activity of the book trade. You might as well collect all the daily newspapers in England. There are naturally a few exceptions, most of them already mentioned, and some others, like *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, the first *Golliwogg* book, *The Young Visiters* (for grown-up children), the first rag book issued by the venerable firm of Dean—and a dozen more according to taste and fancy. But the output of such works has become largely mechanical, and the collection of them is a mixture of preference, speculation and investment. You can buy modern "juveniles," if you like, to carry on the succession of their mellowed predecessors, but it will be not for your grandson, nor for his grandson, and many generations of birthdays must pass before they are in the valued file.

for boys, was less fortunate than *Treasure Island*, though a first edition to-day may cost £5 or so. *A Child's Garden of Verses* (Longmans, 1885), which contains the great and often misquoted couplet,

> "The world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,"

is worth much more, and is scarcer. It has sold at auction for £50, but is generally obtainable for half that sum.

But yet—is that the end of the story? Surely here is the wraith of an usher, with a birch rod for that physical excrescence the lack of which in cherubs Charles Lamb's schoolmaster lamented. Does not the schoolmaster live in the very type we use—in the ampussy or ampersand, that curly-wiggly sign, that addition to the alpha-betas of Rome and Tyre and Sidon and Bagdad, which we write "&"?

Did not Dekker make a horn-book for gulls, to obtain which a baby gull must to-day rifle the money-box for £200, or thereabouts? Did not the first English comedy proceed from the foremost of all schools? To buy those works you must balance correctly two and two so that they make four, by the incomparable art of arithmetic, as displayed in 1678 by Edward Cocker, an usher who was also "a pleasant companion." You can buy a multiplication table for a penny or two (the old chap-book wood-cuts continued on their brick-red paper covers until within living memory); but you cannot buy (you may barely acquire) Cocker's *Arithmetick, being a plain and familiar method* . . . (licensed 1677; published, 1678, for *T. Passinger* at the three Bibles on *London-Bridge*, and *T. Lacy* . . . and sold by *C. Passinger* at the 7 *Stars* in the New Buildings upon *London-Bridge*) for less than £30 to £50. It has cost more, with its advertisement leaf at the end—£68 in 1912.

Kennedy's *Latin Grammar*; Bennett's *Second*

Latin Writer; Todhunter; Hall and Knight on the Arabic science, and a hundred others of to-day and yesterday—will they live to preciousness after the manner of Cocker? School books last longer than mere trivial literary tastes; they have almost the sempiternity of those chapmen's wares of which we have spoken. Can you put a period to their life, or an exact date to their birth in print? Not often. They share the timelessness and lack of known ancestors with the children of folklore and fairies, who, as Hobbes observed, do not have intercourse with flesh and blood.

But the fairies are more enduring. They did not all perish with the noddle of William Churne of Staffordshire, as Bishop Corbet of Oxford declared in *Farewell rewards and fairies*, three hundred years before Mr Kipling rediscovered his lordship. They did not perish with the coming of the friars, as Chaucer had supposed even earlier. No Bunyan, no Trimmer, no Keach, no Sherwood drove their little, tired, dusty (too often mud-stained) figures from the people's chap-books. "Do you believe?" asked Tinker Bell. As we write, Titania is in residence, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and so is Bottom, and so is Helena. We do believe. All is still "according to Cocker" in the world of fantasy, as surely as in a rightly tuned wireless set. The analyses of books published in Great Britain each year show that while Fiction is an easy first, so far

as numbers are concerned, Juvenile and Religious works almost tie for second place. Is it not worth a collector's while to find out why? He will discover more than a specialist's ardour in the attempt.

CHAPTER V

A passion for books illustrated, or adorned with numerous prints . . . is a very general and violent symptom of the Bibliomania.

THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN.

Stultifera Nauis,

qua omnium mortalium narratur ſtultitia, admodum vtilis & neceſſaria ab omnibus ad ſuam ſalutem perlegenda, è Latino ſermone in noſtrum vulgarem verſa, & iam diligenter impreſſa. An. Do. 1570.

The Ship of Fooles, wherin is ſhewed the folly of all States, with diuers other worthes adioyned vnto the ſame, very profitable and fruitfull for all men.

Translated out of Latin into Engliſhe by Alexander Barclay Preſt.

CHAPTER V

THE GRAPHIC ARTS

THE collecting of books containing illustrations is a fascinating hobby, and so many of such books are also great in a more general sense. They possess the same qualities of rarity as other books, with the problems of pictorial design and reproduction added to those of typography and publication. There are variations in plates and blocks as well as in the printed page.

This branch of collecting lends itself to infinite subdivision, into the peculiar features of which we cannot enter here. For convenience, we have adopted but one broad division—between illustrated books in general (the subject of the present chapter) and those more particular books, beloved by all Englishmen and desired by many types of collector, which deal almost solely with life in the open air. The distinction is roughly between our common daily life and that part of it which, if we are fortunate, we spend close to nature.

Now, in respect of these "illustrated books in general," the collector must get his mind, as Dr Johnson said, clear of cant. Take for a moment one of the incunabula of the Graphic Arts as well as of

typography, one of the earliest English illustrated books, *The Myrrour of the World*, by Vincent de Beauvais, printed by Caxton about 1481. It is "illustrated"; and that brings us to the always difficult question of what we are really after—pictures or text? It is easy to decide when books and illustrations were both infants. The *Myrrour* and similar early works are undoubtedly valued for other reasons than their possession of woodcuts. The woodcuts are an increment: the *book* is the treasure. But what we now want is the *book with pictures inseparable from it.* We shall not therefore deal at full length with works which have appeared with only a frontispiece or an engraved title page or an occasional portrait: though the greatest of them all—the First Folio—furnishes an excellent example of variation in the portrait. Nor is it pertinent to treat maps or music or technical diagrams as illustrations. They often appear in "printed books," but in such cases it is the territories, the notes, or the designs which are the important feature, and these are not so much adornments as matters for specialists, the books being really text-books of the several families.

We may well start, however, by describing one of the greatest and rarest of all early printed books, because in its various forms it gives a perfect example of the difference between pure illustration and an illustrative frontispiece. Sebastian Brandt's *Narrenschiff*

(*Stultifera Navis, The Ship of Fools* — all three titles were used) was first printed in Basle in 1494, when the author was a Professor of Law in the University of that city. This original edition had both a frontispiece and woodcuts in the text. The work was of enormous importance in the history of the Reformation on the Continent—for Brandt [1] was a sincere and eloquent Reformer. When that movement spread rapidly to England, his remarkable poem was translated by Alexander Barclay, about whom not much is known except that he was a scholar who travelled abroad, knew several languages, took Holy Orders, and became a Benedictine monk: he was obviously an interesting man, even now underrated as a writer. This first English translation of Brandt was printed by Pynson in 1509, and is therefore in the illustrious little company of the earliest English books. The colophon to the later edition of 1570 (John Cawood) states that it was "Translated out of Latin, French and Duch (*sic*), into Englishe, by Alexander Barclay Priest, at that time Chaplen in the Colledge of S. Mary Otery in the Countie of Devon. Anno Domini. 1508." A recent sale contained a very imperfect copy which realized £72. The Pynson edition is very rare indeed.

There is another translation—a translation *not*

[1] The name is sometimes spelt "Brant." Collectors should note that bibliographical practice hesitates between Brandt, Brant and Barclay for catalogue purposes. See Volume I., p. 59.

Barclay's, but Thomas Watson's—one of the rarest of all books. The only known copy of the first edition of this (1509, Wynkyn de Worde) is in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and is printed on vellum. It was translated from the French. Nothing to speak of is known about Watson, but Fr. Pompen says " the greater part of this work was written in London." It would be pleasant to think that Watson's own copy of the second edition is that now in the British Museum—" imprinted at Londod (*sic*) by Wynkyn de Worde in the year of our Lord, 1517, the ninth year of the reign of our sovereign Lord King Henry the VIII. The XX day of June." But that is pure fancy. There is another specimen in the Bodleian. No copy seems to have changed hands publicly for many years past, and if one ever does it will, no doubt, cause some excitement.

The 1570 edition of Barclay is not infrequently procurable. Practically every year in the last twenty saw a copy for sale, at prices ranging from £50 to £60 or so. It contains *The Mirrour of good Manners* and *Certayne Egloges* (both Barclay's original work) as well. There seem to be some occasional slight differences in minute details, but no close collation of all known copies appears to have been made.

The interest from our point of view—expense, bibliography, and the eminence of the various printers apart—lies in the fact that all these editions are " adorned " in a way which makes clear, as we

have said, the essential difference between a frontispiece and pictures in the text. The frontispieces in all of them show the ship, or ships, of fools—sometimes one ship, sometimes more—jolly, cheerful, symbolic things in the manner which survived into the latest of our English chap-books; but not directly related to the text, as a modern illustration is related, by what printers call a "motto" or "lettering." They are summaries, pictorial prefaces, signposts to the raree-show within. The "cuts" in the text, on the other hand, have close connexion with the passages near which they are placed [1]; they *illustrate*, almost in the way in which a modern film, instead of leaving an idea to the imagination, interpolates a definite picture of it. And that second conception of "illustration" has survived to this day in books, so that when the artist draws real people or scenes in such a way that he is indissoluble from the author (as Tenniel from Lewis Carroll or Leech from Surtees) we get a happy marriage between two fine arts — the printer, binder and publisher being the not always too wise godparents of their children.

Nevertheless, the frontispiece or the decorated title page, even when it is companionless in the text, may be a real illustration—that is, a lively comment on the whole written work, not on particular

[1] They differ in subject in the editions quoted; but they are many and vigorous, chiefly in what now would be taken for a German or Dutch manner.

passages—and before we turn to the books that are veritably illustrated at suitable intervals all through their pages we may as well speak briefly of this branch of decoration. Books suitably so adorned are often precious for their very embellishments, and in some ways fill gaps in the history of imaginative "adornment." A fine example can be found in the works of the great French writer (as universal as his fellow-countryman Rabelais), Michel de Montaigne.

The Ship of Fools was a translation, but England readily adapted the idea to her own productions, and many fine sound English works contain these pictorial premonitions—for instance, in an age of virulent controversy, when the emphasis of an engraving might give "bite" to a book, Hobbes' *Leviathan* (Andrew Crooke, 1651). This is not a volume that will cost more than five pounds or so, but it is worth possessing (even if it were not a great piece of literature) for the perfect summary in its frontispiece of its argument: "the generation of that great Leviathan, or mortal god." Hardly less typical is the title page of *The Rump: or an exact Collection of the Choicest Poems* (H. Browne and H. Marsh, 1660), which contains some of the scarce poems of Alexander Brome, who is said to have edited it. A copy of this might cost £50.

The symbolic frontispiece or title page, as the art of book-production grew up, took two main forms.

The first was the plain woodcut or engraved portrait. We have mentioned the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare; but greater artists than Droeshout (who did other work) made portrait-frontispieces, and their work enhances an author's value for a collector's acquisitiveness. Among his contemporaries who must pass with little more than the mere mention of their names were Wenceslaus Hollar, Vaughan, and Marshall. Their work usually consisted in decorations on a title page, or in an emblematical frontispiece. Hollar, of course, has a repute far outsoaring that of a book-illustrator. He was great as a portrait engraver—especially in respect of costume—an architectural engraver, and a map-maker. But, like so many artists, as well as authors, he died in grievous poverty.

Probably, however, the best of all the engravers who regularly did portraits for books came a little later. This was William Faithorne, or Faythorne (1616-1691), who was responsible for many fine portrait-frontispieces and also interpolated portraits.

Faithorne was a popular figure as well as an artist. Pepys bought many " heads " (portraits) of his, and was often in his shop. Indeed, certain incidents in the life of that amazing diarist show how close the illustrated book may be to the atmosphere of contemporary society. Here is a passage from Pepys: the time is just after the Great Fire: " Called at Faythorne's, to buy some prints for my

wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemaine's picture, done by him from Lilly's (Lely's), in red chalke and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think ; and did desire to buy it ; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copperplate by, and when that is done he will sell it to me."

You can see the eager, versatile diarist indulging happily in the *beaux arts* with the nicest discrimination, and visiting often—both as a collector wise enough to form and bequeath the Pepysian Library, and in order to placate his wife (" poor wretch ")—the best craftsman of his day.[1] You can see also another reason for his frequenting the engraver ; for before going to Faithorne's, Pepys had been at the Rose Tavern with Doll Lane, and " drank and played with her a good while " ; at which entertainment, to his dismay, the Secretary of the Admiralty was seen by people " I had no mind to have been seen by." He had come to a " convention " with Mrs Pepys, that whenever he made a present to a lady, he should give his wife another of the same worth. He was often at Faithorne's shop buying " heads " for her.

The portrait engravers did not necessarily confine

[1] But it was the opposition diarist, John Evelyn, who discovered Grinling Gibbons, the best craftsman of his day in a different but exquisite medium. It may be noted in passing that, according to Mr Wheatley, one of Pepys' bookplates—that which displays an anchor so " foul " as to be unworthy of the name—was probably by Faithorne.

themselves to portraits. They were decorators as well. The most eminent of the early professors of this art—whose medium of translation was copper-engraving, or, later, mezzotint-engraving — was William Marshall. He was a most industrious producer of frontispieces, title pages and other adornments. He did fifteen of the seventy-eight pictures, for instance, for Quarles' *Emblems* (1635 : printed by G. M. and sold by John Marriott—worth £100 or more). His portrait of Herrick has already been mentioned. His engravings are intricate semi-Gallic productions in the Arcadian manner, as a rule : fat cupids, chubby angels, garlanded busts, curly scrolls abound. Marshall drew for the taste of fine madams and gentlemen of fashion, rather than for the man in the street.[1] We have quoted Milton's opinion of him (see I., p. 188). It was a just opinion on the whole, though the best of Marshall's numerous works are both pleasing and finely executed.

Before we go back to the truer illustration, a few words must be said about the mezzotint, through which the print-collector creeps and intrudes and climbs into the book-collector's fold—or vice versa. It was Pepys' century which saw the discovery of that soft and generous mode of engraving, in which, to-day and yesterday, in plain or in colour,

[1] One of his best pieces is the frontispiece to *The Arcadian Princess* (1635 ; T. Harper for R. Bostocke—worth from £15 to £25) of Richard Brathwait or Braithwaite—a translation from the Italian of Silesio. Other works by Brathwait were similarly adorned.

English artists have always seemed to excel. It may be that it is ill-adapted for the strictest form of "illustration," but for the purposes of the portrait-frontispiece it was and is superb. By a gracious chance, the first and standard book on it is also the work of a fine gentleman whose books collectors desire—Evelyn's *Sculptura, or the History and Art of Chalcography* (J. C. for G. Beedle, 1662). This work —valued by collectors at £40 to £50, and by students of the fine arts at a price not to be computed in terms of money—contains a folded mezzotint by the great Cavalier who is said to have invented that form of engraving — Prince Rupert himself. Here is the very marrow of history—the serious, dignified, gardening John Evelyn chronicling the youth of an art which has given almost as much pleasure to mankind as painting itself, an art of peace created by the most famous cavalryman of all time ; and collectors two hundred and fifty years later vying with one another to put it into the peace of a library.

Thus far of frontispieces and highly adorned title pages. There is a link between them and true illustration in the single woodcuts which were often planted on (or on the back of) title pages, or, in unbound books, on the wrapper, or on the last leaf. These are not uncommon in the Tudor period, and are often both amusing and valuable. They may be crude and childish, but they deserve the title of

"illustration," and earn the respect due to simple ideals and honest execution. One of the earliest and most striking, as well as rarest, is William Horman's *Antibossicon*, printed by Pynson in 1521. There are only five or six known copies: one was recently offered for sale at £172. It contains a vigorous picture of six dogs baiting a bear; either the dogs are very large or the bear is very small, he stands no chance. The baited bear block appears (in the British Museum copy) twice in the first part of the pamphlet and twice in the second, which has a floriated title page. A copy of what is evidently the second part only, sold at Sotheby's, 1924, for £80, is described as having this block "repeated three times." The first part contains 23 leaves, the second 36.

At the same sale appeared (and disappeared for £390) Horman's other relic—the very rare *Vulgaria* "(apud inclytan Londini urbem). M.D.XIX."—"with the privilege of the most serene King Henry eighth of that name." It has a floriated title page with two well-nourished cupids plucking flowers, and dedicatory verses to Lily and Aldrich. It is a collection of "sentences" (aphorisms) in Latin and English, in the manner of the *Confabulatiunculæ* and *Sententiæ* of the late Middle Ages—a sort of Ollendorf of conduct, often very shrewd and amusing. It contains in Pynson's colophon an early copyright warning—"let no-one print these things, nor sell

THE

Life and Death of the merry *Deuill of Edmonton.*

With the pleaſant prancks of *Smug* the Smith, Sir *Iohn*, and mine Hoſt of the George, about the ſtealing of Veniſon.

By T. B.

Mine Hoſt of the George.
Sir Iohn.
Smug.
Smug purſude by the keepers for ſtealing of veniſon,
Got vpon the white horſe to eſcape his catching.

Printed by *T. P.* for *Francis Faulkner* dwellir ouer againſt St. *Margarets hill* in *Southwarke*. 1631.

within the Kingdom of England imported copies printed abroad." The last page carries a fine decorative design with Pynson's monogram. The original agreement between Horman and Pynson is in the State Papers; eight hundred copies of *Vulgaria* were to be printed.

The Shakespeareana carry on the practice. The third edition of *Arden of Feversham* (1633, Eliz. Allde: worth between £200 and £300), for instance, is a good example of this union of the adult craft of printing with the baby art of illustration. It has on the *verso* of its title page a rude but vividly drawn picture of Arden's murder by the suggestively named Black Will and Shakebag. The 1592 and 1599 editions (both published by Edward White, and too scarce to be given a nominal value in money) do not contain this. Brewer's *Merry Devill of Edmonton* (1608 and other dates; very few copies are known) is in the like case; the editions up to and including 1628 apparently do not contain what is in the 1631 edition (T. P. for Francis Falkner: the H. V. Jones example was sold for $975 in 1919)—a drawing on the title page, which in character is like the name of a person in the play—Smug: and, like Smug, it is also not good.

This kind of "illustration" is a very human thing, and it often brings an otherwise dull book to a vivid personal life. The scarce pamphlets of the Stuart epoch, for instance, are dreary reading, but

FROM THE THIRD EDITION OF "ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM," 1633

strange and obscure woodcuts like those on the title pages of *The Counter Scuffle* (1693—first edition apparently 1637) and *Fragmenta Carceris : or, The Kings-Bench Scuffle* (1675—first edition apparently 1674) are sudden flashlights on what was happening in ordinary daily life while the momentous doctrine of the divine right of kings was being put to a painfully practical test. There is good reason for treating such booklets as " illustrated," and for the collector's appreciation of that quality.

The real " illustration," however, was concurrent with these single Man Friday efforts. It can be seen in a very early book, *Mary of Nemeguen* (conjecturally dated 1518-1519), an English book printed at Antwerp. One of the eleven woodcuts reproduced shows a horned devil in mediæval dress approaching an apparently coy or frightened lady who was destined to be his " paramour by the space of seven years long." A copy was recently offered at £900.

This is the infancy of illustration. But it was a legitimate childhood. We may bridge the wide gap between this simple nursling and the later well-grown illustrated book by one work which has a fairly continuous and not too plebeian pedigree, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, done into English. In its chief English forms it is a kind of historical museum. The first translation into our language was of course (to a fanciful mind) one of the innumerable attempts

Here begynneth a lytell boke that was of a trwethe done in the lande of Gelders of a mayde that was named Mary of Nemegen & was the duels paramoure by the space of. vij. yere longe.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WOODCUT FROM "MARY OF NEMEGUEN"

to get rid of the evil effects of what happened at the Tower of Babel. But it was probably inspired by other motives. At any rate, its author, Sir John Harington, was banished from Court by his godmother for translating the more improper passages first, and circulating them among exalted ladies-in-waiting. The godmother happened to be Queen Elizabeth, who had been imprisoned with his father. She bade him do into English the more decent parts, and he then dedicated the translation to her, which may or may not have been discreet. He also described her last illness, and wrote some epigrams not inconsistent in taste with the displeasing extracts from Ariosto. Elizabeth's anger was probably revived by the fact that Essex knighted Harington in Ireland for services in the field — an honour permissible under the old code of chivalry, but a stretch of privilege under the Virgin Queen.

However, there the translation is, an interesting reminder of personal politics, and a valuable addition to the Anglo-Italian commerce of ideas which influenced Elizabethan literature so strongly. It was issued in 1591, in folio, by Richard Field, Shakespeare's acquaintance and fellow-townsman, the first publisher of Shakespeare's first published work. It was put forth " in the Blackfriars by Ludgate," hard by one of the theatres in which Shakespeare himself was interested.

All those details would make this translation

peculiar as well as rare. Ordinary copies of it, indeed, would cost from £50 to £100: they are uncommon. But in addition to the personal associations, it contains an engraved title page showing the author and his dog, and forty-six fine engraved plates resembling those in the 1584 Italian edition. These plates, according to the note [1] in Sotheby's catalogue description of the Arundel copy (11th June 1923), were so popular that "in 1593 there was a project for an edition in colours," and the project found its way into the Stationers' Register:

> "23 Aprilis, 1593. Tobie Cooke, Robert Roswell. The matter in controversie betwene the said parties ys by their consentes, referred to the hearinge and determination of Mr John Harrison the elder, and Mr Watkins. And the said parties have agreed to stand by their order. Memorand. that controversie is about an Ariosto in Englishe in colours."

Nothing more is known except that two copies exist with the plates "throughout coloured by a contemporary hand." Of these, the Arundel copy was sold in 1923 for £350. Perhaps these two copies (there may, of course, be more unfound) were specially done for the arbitrators as specimens: but their verdict has perished. Evidently, at any rate, the idea of brightening illustrations by hand-

[1] Based upon Payne Collier, and quoted also in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 21st June 1923.

colouring did not die with the cessation of manuscript illumination. Dame Berners was the Eve of coloured illustration in the Eden of English illustrated books, but Elizabeth is perhaps not a bad successor to her first parent.

From this Ariosto the generations of illustrated books bring us to a fine edition which succeeded it nearly two centuries later—Baskerville's presentation of Hoole's translation, with plates by Bartolozzi and others after Cipriani, Eisen, Moreau, and other Continental artists. This was published in 1773 (Birmingham, 4 vols.; worth £25 to £45 to-day). It contains forty-six plates, and is a masterpiece of the revival of English typography. Baskerville restored an old grace to our native print. He had an eye for ems, and p's and q's, and those curlicues and serifs. He did not foresee that certain books of his, such, for instance, as his texts of Virgil, Horace and Terence, would be prized in the twentieth century merely because of that fact, nor that a Cambridge bibliographical club would bear his name as an honour. He but did his excellent best.

There was, in fact, a renaissance in the production of illustrated books in the last decades of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth. The mechanical processes were increased by new inventions, or improvements of old ones, and there were artists ready to develop these crafts. But before we deal with the innovations, the evolution of the oldest

method must be traced shortly. Woodcuts under George III. became something very different from the heavy crude slabs of black and white that had sufficed hitherto. The advance was in the main due to a great engraver whose three main departures from precedent were so simple that only their results show how wide was the distance between the old and the new methods.

Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was originally apprenticed to a copperplate engraver, but he began early to work on wood. He used box-wood instead of the softer material of the old blocks. This gave him at once a much finer line, with little tendency to blur or become woolly. He used a graver instead of a knife, and this (worked away from the cutter instead of towards him, and so making evenness of pressure more certain) refined his line still more, and (as he seldom "cross-hatched") obviated to some extent the coagulation of ink at the angles of intersecting strokes. Finally, he invented the "white line" method of producing contrasts—white being cut on a black ground, instead of vice versa. But, more than that, he was a good draughtsman and an imaginative artist.

He was a voluminous worker, and most of the books illustrated by him and his brother John are not really scarce; indeed, one commentator seems to believe they are numerous enough to exhaust a collector's patience. The chief works are most

valuable if on large paper. *The History of British Birds* (2 vols., 1797-1804; *Supplement*, 1821—with the cut on p. 285 not tampered with after printing) and *Select Fables* (1820) are the most expensive: really fine copies would cost from £15 to £30. With these, and the *General History of Quadrupeds* (1790, not common on large paper), may be compared the contemporary first edition of Gilbert White's *Selborne* (1789, T. Bensley for B. White), which, with the illustrations in good condition, is worth £20 or, uncut, £50.

The wood block at its best produced very beautiful effects, and the work of the Bewicks, and of Thomas's chief pupils — Luke Clennell, William Harvey and Orwin Smith—is excellent. But it is not particularly scarce, and collectors have not yet been greatly drawn to it. Nor has the period of fine woodcut illustration which is conveniently called "the 'sixties" yet aroused the cupidity its artistic worth deserves. It is not rare enough. In that later epoch the artist and the engraver were not one, as a rule.

It is necessary next to consider other methods, almost coeval with Bewick's, and their results, particularly in the direction of colour-printing. But there is one lonely figure who stands out in most of the branches of illustration, and yet is not typical of nor bound to any one of them: William Blake, working in obscurity and poverty with his devoted wife, seeing visions, dreaming dreams, putting them

into pictures and words that even now not the most sympathetic and patient student can always be sure of comprehending.

Some drawings, of course, have been attributed to Blake upon little evidence other than a possessor's clutch at possibilities. Very possibly he worked for Godwin, though the drawings which a casual scribbled note on a flyleaf sometimes ascribes to Blake are at least as likely to be by the young Mulready. We have mentioned the authentic and glorious *Songs of Innocence*, and his original poetry, the text of which has recently been exhaustively scrutinized and edited by Mr Geoffrey Keynes. Everything demonstrably from his own hand is infinitely costly, and the method of production and publication was such as to create the greatest rarity, not lessened by occasional differences between the few extant copies of the same work. It is impossible to give a full list or description here. The great *Milton* has been mentioned already (see p. 76), with some of its illustrious companions. The *Milton*, in a sense, held Blake's inmost convictions : Milton was his inspiration as well as his obsession. It is also, as a piece of book-production, typical of the bibliographical difficulties inherent in Blake's publications. Two of the four known copies are identical ; the other two differ. For that reason, if for no other, the cost of acquiring one of the greater works is beyond a guess, even if untraced copies exist

and eventually appear. Most of the known specimens are already in their last home. *All Religions are one*, for instance, the unique copy, is in the Huntington Collection; so is the almost unique *French Revolution* (1791), the first of five contemplated "books"—the other four having apparently never been written.[1]

The books are not all books in the ordinary sense of the word. They are nearly all engraved throughout, letterpress as well as designs. Single proofs, or sets of proofs, exist of several works, and a Blake Collection is as much for the print-collector as the book-collector. The title and twenty-one proofs on India paper of *Illustrations of the Book of Job* (published by the author, 1825) are a good example of the double life. They were recently offered for sale, each mounted separately, for £60. But the "book" in its normal form costs very little less.

It was revealed to the poet in his sleep that he could produce the illustrations to *Songs of Innocence* in a manner which could be employed either for black-and-white or for colour work. The majority of the books he published himself have the illustrations coloured. *America: A Prophecy* ("printed by

[1] Some of the prices realized at the MacGeorge sale in 1924 were: *The Book of Thel* (1789), £290; *Songs of Innocence* (1789) and *Songs of Experience* (1794), uncut, two volumes sold together, £760; *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (1793), £385; *America: A Prophecy* (1793), £215; *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790), £660; *Europe: A Prophecy* (1794), £500; *The First Book of Urizen* (1794), £580. These are of course Blake's masterpieces, printed and published by himself, and they were in perfect condition. They are all worth much more now than they were in 1924.

W. Blake," 1793) is known both plain and coloured. *For Children : The Gates of Paradise* (1793) was done only in a plain state, and in four copies only, and so also was *For the Sexes : The Gates of Paradise* (1805-1810 ?), which has in all twenty-one plates, though copies with less have appeared. Full details are given by Mr Geoffrey Keynes in his indispensable bibliography.

Blake unites the artist and the author as does no other Englishman, though Bewick also had the double gift in a less degree. The partners in the enterprise of creating an illustrated book are almost always separate, and it is often hard to say which is the predominant partner. George Cruikshank and "Phiz" are good examples of this difficulty. Both were associated with the work of great writers, to whose fame the illustrations are not essential; but, on the other hand, both artists conferred a longer permanence of fame on writers less secure of life. Dickens was greater than "Phiz," but Cruikshank was greater than many writers whom he illustrated.

Cruikshank had, so to speak, a more independent existence than most book-illustrators—certainly than most of his own day. He was a necessity to publishers; he utilized most of the newer means of reproduction, and he drew for publications which were either the creations of his own brain or a vehicle deliberately meant to convey his genius.

He was industrious and versatile, working throughout a long life of eighty-six years.

Apart from his illustrations to Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, and to the fairy tales (see p. 136) which in his later years he turned into temperance tracts, his most individual works are eagerly collected for their own sake, though not all of them are scarce. No one, it is probable, would want the ephemeral *Meteor* (1813-1814, 2 vols.) without his thirty-two pictures (thirty coloured)—a good copy may cost £80 or more—or W. H. Ireland's *Life of Napoleon* (4 vols., 1823 to 1828), with twenty-seven plates, of which twenty-four are coloured, two plain, and one tinted. Fairburn's imprint should be on the titles and on the plates in the first three volumes. Cumberland published the fourth volume and reissued the first three. The work first appeared in sixty-four monthly parts ; Mr MacGeorge's copy in that state fetched £500. Finely bound copies of the first issue with the six starred substituted leaves in volume three are priced around £200. The *Humourist* (1819-1820, 4 vols.), with its forty coloured plates, in original pink boards, is worth rather more than half this sum ; the *Comic Almanack*, which ran for nineteen years, beginning with 1835, about £60 if fine. The letterpress includes contributions by well-established writers, but it lives because of Cruikshank, though it does not seem so very comic now. Twenty pounds, more or less, is the value of a good many

volumes which had long since perished but for his name. They fluctuate, however. Captain R. J. H. Douglas (1903) and Mr A. M. Cohn (1924) give full details of Cruikshank's work, and their books are essential to a discriminating collector of the kindly, touchy, bearded patriarch's productions, which are too numerous for further description here.

Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz," father of the popular illustrator of recent years, Mr Gordon Browne) enjoyed, and enjoys, a similar vogue to Cruikshank's. He was employed in much the same kind of work. He likewise lives for ever with Dickens. We need give in this chapter no further details. Most of his drawings were associated with books which are independently permanent.

Copperplate engraving had become cheaper, and the publishers and engravers seized their chances. It was at its height under George III. Here should be mentioned the earlier productions of Boydell, Alderman and Lord Mayor of the City of London, specially authorized by Act of Parliament to hold a lottery when his lavish expenditure on Shakespeare had rendered him bankrupt. His *Shakespeare*, in nine volumes (Boydell & Nicol, 1802), was based on his *Collection of Prints* (1802-1803) ". . . for the purpose of illustrating Shakespeare." The *Collection* has fluctuated in value. Before the Great War it was worth about £20. During the war Scandinavia took a sudden fancy for Shakespeare, and the cost

of a set went much higher: it has now found its old level.[1]

Boydell produced other illustrated works, and, though some of them are really sets of plates rather than books, the book-collector is apt to desire them, especially as they are usually included in book-sales, are bound as books, and contain the work of book-illustrators. That does not, however, make them "books" in the truest sense: they are collections of plates issued in bound-volume form, with little more letterpress than an engraving ordinarily displays. They overlap at this point, and their importance lies in this very point of methods of production.

One of the finest is John Chamberlaine's *Imitations of Original Drawings by Hans Holbein of Persons of the Court of Henry VIII.* (1792-1800). It was originally published, in fourteen "numbers," at £37 16s. According to Lowndes there were seventy-two portraits, but this is probably a misprint for ninety-two. Others hold that a complete copy should include eighty-four portraits. It is essential, at any rate, that a good copy should contain portraits of Holbein, and his wife, and miniatures of the Dukes of Suffolk.

[1] The first illustrated Shakespeare may be mentioned here in a stage aside—that edited, with considerable practical insight and a knowledge of stage traditions, by Nicholas Rowe (Tonson, 1709, 7 vols.). The illustrations are imaginative and vigorous. A set costs from £30 to £70, according to condition, and whether on large or small paper.

The figures can be reconciled if one knows that Chamberlaine projected a sequel—*Portraits of the Court of Francis II. of France*, Henry's *vis-à-vis* at the Field of the Cloth of Gold—and got so far as to publish eight. These are often bound up with the Holbein volume, and the collection then makes ninety-two portraits on ninety-one plates. A complete bound set cost £144 in 1921, and might cost more now. The plates were engraved by Bartolozzi and other engravers, and tinted by hand.

Other "books" of the kind which may be recorded here—as a symptom, not as the essence, of the collector's appetite—are Bunbury's *Prints illustrative . . . of Shakespeare* (1792-1793; there are later issues of 1792-1795 and 1796). They were engraved by Bartolozzi, so that here the two masters, the creator and the executant, found appropriate expression in common. The volumes are worth from £7 to £15, coloured. They were also published without colour: here, too, the method is at least as interesting as the book.

There are other costly works in this category—as *The Houghton Gallery* (2 vols., 1788). If the finest plates—the two flower pieces, "The Fish Market" and "The Flower Market"—are in the best condition a copy will be worth from £70 to £100. *The Stafford Gallery*, with the plates plain and printed on quarto paper, may be bought for £5, but with the plates coloured and mounted on cardboard (folio) it will

cost £70 or more. The *Views in England and Wales* (1790) is worth from £10 to £20.

Because the furniture of the Georgian era was good, we may interpolate here—against the principles we have laid down, in a certain sense—some specialized text-books, such as John Ferne's *The Blazon of Gentrie* (J. for A. Maunsell, 1586); W. Gedde's *Book of Sundry Draughtes* (Walter Dight, 1615, a manual for glaziers); and the three great furniture books—Chippendale's *The Gentleman and Cabinet-maker's Director* (1762; with 200 plates worth £45 — the earlier 1754 edition has not so many plates, and costs less), Alice Hepplewhite's *The Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Guide* (the best edition is that of 1794, worth perhaps £25), and Thomas Sheraton's *The Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Drawing Book* (1794-1796)—of about the same value.

These, we admit, are works which are primarily technical. But it so happens that as books they are very desirable also to the general collector, which must excuse our departure from our strict conception of an illustrated book. Such works lie always in a battle-ground between the print-room, the workshop, and the library. So a brief mention must also be made of a few of the great painters who have appeared between covers as well as within a frame. We have already mentioned that unrelated phenomenon, William Blake; Hogarth and Reynolds in

the eighteenth century also supply examples of the hybrid book. Boydell himself reproduced Hogarth in book-form, in *The Genuine Works* (1790), first issued with 103 plates, reissued thirty-two years later with 119 plates, covering 155 subjects. *The Engravings of the Entire Works* of Sir Joshua appeared later, in 1864 and subsequent years, and the collection in nine volumes is worth about a hundred guineas or more. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in what may be called his birthday state—*i.e.* in the original painting—has of late startled the auction-rooms by the price of over £77,000 for his "Pinkie." *Engravings from the Choicest Works* by him, with biographical notes on the portraits (Henry Graves & Co., n.d.—*c.* 1840), will cost £20 or more according to the state of the plates. Proof impressions are esteemed. The volume is generally made up of both proof and ordinary impressions of the plates.

J. W. M. Turner's *Liber Studiorum* (1812-1819) is very rare in a really complete state. It has been worth hundreds of pounds in its earliest and finest condition. Other volumes, with his illustrations engraved on steel, are less scarce and of little value, and it does not seem likely that they will become more popular with book-collectors. Blagdon's authentic *Memoirs of George Morland* (Orme, 1806) may also be mentioned here. The *Memoirs* contain reproductions in colour of Morland's sketches

and paintings. A good copy is worth £60 or more.

Constable is equally appreciated. There are two chief collections of his work. The first is *Landscape characteristic of English Scenery* (1830), with twenty-two mezzotints by David Lucas : a set of proofs is worth about £40. The other, *English Landscape Scenery* (1855), has forty plates, and is worth half as much if in proof state.

To give up this excursion over the borders of art as such, let us turn to the pure book-illustrators again. Seymour and Buss survive chiefly through their association with Dickens. Even masters so great as Rowlandson and Leech are esteemed by collectors chiefly for their coloured work, though both did line work as well. Not till the 'nineties does pure line again become a desirable prey. The work of the artists of *The Yellow Book*, *The Savoy*, *The Butterfly*, and other dead but once vivid magazines, attracts many collectors, and will probably attract more during the present artistic revival and appreciation of modern work generally. Aubrey Beardsley's line work was so delicate, his life so short, his output, comparatively, so limited, that early impressions of *The Rape of the Lock* (1896; Smithers, quarto), *Morte d'Arthur* (1893; Dent, 3 vols. quarto), *Volpone* (1898; Lane, quarto) and *Salome* (1894), are becoming rare as well as valuable. They have the characteristic merit of first

editions: Beardsley's line was so extraordinarily fine that even the most skilful and faithful reproduction could seldom do full justice to it.

Thus far of black-and-white. The artists in that medium are the obvious descendants of the original designers of the earliest wood blocks. With the invention of lithography, and of steel engraving—the earliest drawing engraved on steel occurs in Peter Coxe's *The Social Day* (Moyes, 1823—to be obtained for half-a-sovereign or so)—and the popularizing of copper plates, the artists became a very numerous band, and we cannot treat them more fully here. It is with colour work that the real difficulties of the collector of illustrated books begin, and the attractions become lively and provoking. For a wide general survey of the subject and much sane advice there is no better book than Mr Martin Hardie's *English Coloured Books*, the mere bulk of which shows how large and intricate the subject is.

The landmarks in the evolution of colour-printing (after the original one-colour block and the first hand-colouring) are: (i) the use of more than one block on the same subject, which appears to go back to the sixteenth century; (ii) the introduction of colour-printing (in various forms) from metal, which began in the seventeenth century, but was first made popular by the work of Le Blon (1667-1741); (iii) the "industrial" organization of hand-colouring,

which was at its height in the first quarter of the nineteenth century; (iv) the invention of lithography by Senefelder, made public in 1819; (v) the application of colour to aquatint printing, in England due to Paul Sandby; (vi) "nature-printing" — the method of facsimile reproduction invented by Auer (1853); (vii) Baxter's invention of his oil-colour process; and perhaps (viii) the modern three-colour process, which employs photography to produce a blend of primary colours.

Colouring by hand, in supplement of a printed impression, continued and continues, and has never quite grown out of its very old ancestry. It was long, however, an uneconomic process. But, whether it was used for commercial reasons or for æsthetic pleasure, it was not necessarily associated with the first edition of a book.

An interesting example of, so to speak, post-natal colouring is the 1797 folio edition of Dryden's *Fables* (T. Bensley), with plates and vignettes by Bartolozzi. It appears in three states. In ordinary condition, with the nine plates uncoloured, it is in its earliest state, because it was first issued without colours. Some copies were coloured at a later date, though not much later—they may be first editions, but they are not in the first state. A third variant is found in one or possibly two copies, which were printed on vellum, with the plates (uncoloured) on satin. One such copy was offered in a catalogue in

1815 for £40, and another—or, possibly, the same—was sold in 1884 for £65. "Fancy" volumes like this, nearly unique as they are, appear so seldom that no true estimate of cost can be made.

A sumptuous edition of Thomson's *Seasons* may be mentioned here. It was published in 1797 for P. W. Tomkins—nearly fifty years after the plump, lazy poet's death. It contains twenty-one illustrations, engraved by Bartolozzi and the publisher after drawings by W. Hamilton. Most of the recorded copies have the plates plain, uncoloured, and the volume in that state in contemporary morocco bindings may cause £10 to change owners. The plates are really good engravings. But some volumes—apparently only five—have the plates *printed* in colour, not hand-coloured, and are on larger paper. It is known that the recorded copies were presented to the King, Queen, and three princesses; and it is a reasonable conjecture that they were special copies, done for that purpose only: though possibly an extra copy or two *may* have been printed in colour by the engraver or the publisher for personal use. At any rate, most of the known coloured copies belonged to one or other of the Royal Family, and the highest recorded cost of a copy is £600.

The illustrations to the *Seasons* are examples of the finest colour-printing, and that is a rare method of illustration so far as books are concerned. It

is important to remember that the works issued by Ackermann, McLean, and others—those colour-plate books which light up the golden age of the illustrated book—were only in part *printed* in colour.[1] They are really lightly drawn aquatint etchings coloured by hand. If, therefore, you can organize labour to do this subsequent colouring cheaply, and in faithful subservience to a given model, you have a method economically superior to the arduous and expensive mode of printing in colour.

Rudolph Ackermann, the prophet or mouthpiece of great illustrators, was born in Saxony. He was originally a coach-builder by trade, and, soon after coming to London in the 'eighties of the eighteenth century, he acquired a drawing school and set up as a printseller. There were few philanthropic enterprises which he did not undertake—in the business way, it is true, but he was an honest man, not one who used charity for advertisement; and one of them was the relief of the French and Spanish *émigrés* who earned a living by colouring his prints.

He was fortunate in securing almost a monopoly of the work of Rowlandson, Pugin, and Alken, of the early output of George Cruikshank, and of the facile writings of that mercurial sermon-writer and incorrigible debtor, the Rev. William Combe; and among the large important works which he ushered into the world probably those most sought after by

[1] Usually a faint blue or brown.

collectors are his splendid books on Westminster Abbey, Oxford, Cambridge and the Public Schools. The legitimate desire of " old boys " to frame these exquisite coloured views of the seats of learning in England has contributed to the present rarity of the volumes.

In 1810 Ackermann, doubtless encouraged by the success of the *Microcosm* (see p. 189), immediately commissioned Combe to write the book which, with 83 coloured aquatints after Pugin, Huett, etc., was issued in 2 vols. in 1812 as *A History of the Abbey Church of St Peter's, Westminster*. A finely bound copy which includes the original drawings was recently presented to the Abbey by the Royal Family ; ordinary copies may be obtained for £20 or so. *The History of the University of Oxford : its Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings*, 2 vols., followed in 1814, and when complete contains 84 coloured aquatints after Nash, Pyne, Pugin, and others, 34 portraits of the Founders after drawings by George Perfect Harding (the originals are now in the collection of Mr C. M. Harmsworth) and 17 plates of costume after Unwins : a fine copy is usually valued at £50. Combe was also responsible for the text of this and of its rather scarcer and more valuable companion—*A History of the University of Cambridge*, 2 vols., 1815, which should have 81 coloured aquatints, 16 portraits of the Founders and 14 plates of costume. It is not unusual to see both these works

minus the portraits, which appeared separately. These monumental works were followed in 1816 by the *History of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton and Westminster; with the Charterhouse and the Schools of St Paul's, Merchant Taylors, Harrow, Rugby and Christ's Hospital*, also by Combe — except Eton, Harrow and Winchester, which were by W. H. Pyne; there are 48 plates including the costumes, and nice copies may sell for £70. Each "School" was also issued separately in thin volumes.

Ackermann's *Repository of Arts* (40 vols., 1809-1827) had among its other commendable features 76 delicate coloured views of London with descriptive text by J. B. Papworth; these were reissued as *Select Views in London* (1 vol., 1816), which is still one of the best collections, copies fetching from £60 to £80 according to condition.

From the year of Waterloo to 1829 many topographical books containing aquatints appeared, among them *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video*, by E. E. Vidal, with 20 large plates (1820), and *Scenery, Costumes and Architecture chiefly on the Western Side of India*, by Captain R. M. Grindlay, 36 plates, two parts of which were issued by Ackermann (1826) and the work completed by Smith Elder in 1830. This followed many volumes on India, notably Daniell's *Picturesque Voyage to India by Way of China*, 50 plates (1810), a work of small importance. The name of William Daniell,

A.R.A., is for ever associated with the English coast through his long series (308) of coloured aquatints illustrating *A Voyage round Great Britain*, by Richard Ayton, a work which, published 1814-1825 in 8 vols., folio, is a joyous possession, though few people to-day would recognize the watering-places. The Duchesse de Berry's set realized £110 in 1924, which is £40 or £50 *less* than to-day's value. Daniell had been engaged to accompany Captain Flinders on his voyage of Australian discovery, but he retired when he contracted another engagement of a matrimonial nature with the sister of William and Richard Westall (the latter took his place with the Flinders expedition), both admirable illustrators of English scenery, as may be seen from *Picturesque Views of the River Thames*, 24 plates (1829), which with Gerning's *Picturesque Tour along the Rhine*, 24 plates (1820) and Sauvan's *Picturesque Tour of the Seine*, 24 plates (1821), form a trilogy of outstanding works on these great rivers of Europe ; their values range from £25 to £35.

Other notable topographical colour-books are those published by Samuel Ireland between 1790 and 1800, especially *Picturesque Views on the Rivers Thames and Medway*, and John Claude Natte's *Bath, Illustrated by a series of Views* (Miller, London—and Sheppard, Bristol ; folio ; 1806), which contains 28 brilliant aquatints and two vignettes ; fine copies are worth £50, and the same artist supplied 40 equally

beautiful mezzotints to *Versailles, Paris, and Saint Denis* (folio, n.d., but 1806), worth about £70. Havell, Hassell, and other skilled artists were also producing work which is desired by all collectors of coloured-plate books ; the Graphic Arts were being employed in every known process to illustrate the scenery, costumes, habits, manners, customs and eccentricities of the inhabitants of every land ; and at no other period were so many meritorious draughtsmen engaged in book-illustration.

Rowlandson has at last come into his own. A decade or two ago, with luck, you might have picked up one of his smaller original drawings for a trifling sum. Now most people know too much for the chance of such a bargain. Quite apart from the collector's appreciation of his pictures and of books illustrated by him—which appreciation, being of a competitive nature, necessarily and properly expresses itself in terms of money—Rowlandson's work is a desirable possession ; and, to argue in a circle, that is why he is now collected. He was a very great draughtsman. In mere dexterity of pure line, technically he is perhaps comparable only to Leech, Charles Keene, Caldecott, and Phil May : in the robustness of life in his drawings, only to Leech and Keene : in his adaptation of his art to a semi-mechanical process, to no one. Alken is his only real rival in that last category, and Alken was a less great draughtsman.

There was hardly anything he could not do, nor did not do. His pen-and-ink plus water-colour landscapes (with figures) are almost as delicate as Fragonard's paintings, more intimately human than Hogarth's engravings. His prints are the best in Ackermann's series, his reflection of social life the widest and yet the most representative. There was hardly anything to which he did not turn his hand. He was utterly practical, while he retained a wonderfully English insight into the humours and romance of reality. He loved the gaming-room, but in spite of its lesson he gambled away most of the well-earned money he could make so easily by his complete mastery of his art and his craft. The history of book-collecting, applied to his case, is on the whole one more chapter in the eternal chronicle of waywardness and failure in daily life, and of glory under the hammer for generations after.

Here is a very short conspectus of his infinite variety. He caricatured Dr Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides; Picturesque Beauties of Boswell* (1786). He caricatured his fellow-artists as closely and deftly as Mr Max Beerbohm to-day parodies his fellow-writers. *Imitations of Modern Drawings* (1784-1788) is a joyous as well as a rare series of prints. In the fever of war-time he showed by his drawings how the broadsword should be used: you cannot buy *Hungarian and Highland Broad Sword Exercise* (1798) for less than £20 or so, nor *Loyal*

Volunteers of London (n.d.—Ackermann, 1798) for much under £40. He drew horses and carriages: *Horse Accomplishments* (Ackermann, 1799) may cost as much, *The Rhedarium* (n.d.—*c.* 1790) little less. He painted beautiful landscapes, delicate, restrained, sure; and you must now pay £15 or more for his *Coloured Views in Cornwall* (1812), and thrice that price for Alken's plates, after Rowlandson, of *An Excursion to Brighthelmstone* (1790). He portrayed all grades of society with an equal gusto, insight and mastery. He filled in the figures for Pugin's great architectural drawings, and drew them severely in keeping with the backgrounds. A fine copy of *The Microcosm of London* (1808-1810), published in twenty-six parts at thirteen guineas, is now worth at least ten times its published price—if you can get it in parts, and at least thrice the original price if it is in three bound volumes.

It is in the class of book which can only be described broadly as a picture of social life that that very subject itself unites the creators and the created, and affords some of the finest examples of illustration. You have to picture the industrious, talented, far-seeing German employing zealously, as well as benevolently, the gambler of genius, Rowlandson, the extraordinarily versatile hack, Combe, the joyous Alken, and that sombre enthusiast, George Cruikshank; and then to look at the books themselves, and see the very life of

England under George III. and his dissolute son. " Who's your fat friend ? "—that piercing insult to the future George IV. by Brummell—is an epitome of the age. The beaux—padded, one fears, even in the hunting-field—prance through Ackermann's volumes instinct with life, bright with clean clear colour, moving as only master-draughtsmen could make them move : conventional figures, perhaps, seen with a conventional humour, but so human as to exceed all convention.

The most famous of all these spirited and usually beautiful works, perhaps—and now we have come to the full-dress human book again, not merely the print—is the joint composition of Rowlandson and Combe—*The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax*, which began in *The Poetical Magazine* (4 vols. Ackermann ; 1809-1811) under the title of *The Schoolmaster's Tour*. This is an outstanding example of unseen and undiscussed collaboration, culminating in lasting fame to the author, the artist, and the publisher, who forestalled Chapman & Hall and Dickens and Seymour by a quarter of a century.

Combe's own story, doubtless word - accurate as it is published in the " Advertisement " which prefaces the reissue of the first *Tour*, may be briefly summarized. He says, " the Poem was written under circumstances whose peculiarity may justify a communication of them—an etching or a Drawing was sent to me every month and I composed a certain

proportion of pages in verse, in which, of course, the subject of the design was included: the rest depended upon what my imagination could furnish. When the first print was sent to me, I did not know what would be the subject of the second; and in this manner, in a great measure, the artist continued designing, and I continued writing, every month for two years, till a Work, containing near ten thousand Lines was produced: The Artist and the Writer having no personal communication with, or knowledge of, each other."

The Schoolmaster's Tour of the *Poetical Magazine* became what is familiarly known as *The First Tour*. The modest rhymester in the "Advertisement" mentioned declares, "Mr Ackermann was satisfied with my Service, and I was satisfied with the remuneration of it. . . . It would have been no more thought of by me—but Mr Ackermann has his own reasons for risking a republication of it," and so, in 1812, corrected and enlarged, with the plates (they had worn badly in the Magazine) re-engraved, and increased to thirty-one, "The Tour of the Rev. Dr Syntax to the Lakes," was issued, "for his own reasons," by Ackermann under the title of *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*. Syntax became the *mode*—wigs, hats and cravats, and even a racehorse, were named after him. The volume went through four editions in the year of publication and four more by 1819. French and German

translations were published in 1821 and 1822 respectively. The second *Tour—Doctor Syntax in Search of Consolation*—was first issued in monthly parts; in this state it is extremely rare. On the completion of the parts in 1820 it was published in volume form uniform with the first *Tour*. Rowlandson supplied the twenty-four plates. The following year, 1821, saw the third and last volume, *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of a Wife*, with twenty-five plates by Rowlandson; like the second *Tour* this also had appeared in monthly parts. The true collector's state of the three *Tours* is—volume one in boards and volumes two and three in parts; apart from price the excessive rarity of the parts make this as difficult as desirable. Good bound sets in Victorian morocco or calf binding, or bound by one of the leading binders of our own time, may generally be had for £50 to £70.

The fame of Syntax naturally attracted other versifiers who thought they could do better than Combe, and artists who believed they drew at least as well as Rowlandson, and it may be admitted that some of the parodists and the illustrators compare creditably with Combe and Rowlandson—at their worst.

The Tour of Doctor Syntax through London, with twenty coloured aquatints, 1820, and *Syntax in Paris*, with seventeen coloured aquatints, 1821, are not the offsprings of the mind and pencil of Combe

and Rowlandson, but they are good value and a good investment at the fifteen pounds or so rebound copies may be obtained for, and if in boards, twice that sum. *Doctor Comicus or The Frolics of Fortune*, 1815, fifteen coloured plates, and *The Tour of Doctor Prosody*, twenty coloured plates, 1821, are other imitations, but in 1822 Combe and Rowlandson repeated their success with *The History of Johnny Quœ Genus*, one volume with twenty-four plates, as beautiful coloured aquatints as the connoisseur could desire. Between the first and second *Tours*, Combe's versified *Life of Napoleon* (1815), with twenty-nine coloured aquatints by Rowlandson, was issued by Ackermann (a second edition followed in 1817), who also published Combe and Rowlandson's happiest collaboration, the *Dance of Death* (2 vols., 1815) and *Dance of Life* (1817), a set which—at £40 or £50—enriches any general library besides the collection of the specialist in coloured-plate books.

Combe is a curious figure. Like Dickens' father, he spent a good time in prison for debt. Like Goldsmith, he wrote anything a publisher desired—sermons, verse, treatises on scenery. Like Coleridge, he joined the army, and like that same "Silas Comberback" was rescued thence mainly through his knowledge of a classical language. Like Dickens, he started his best-known work as a purveyor of letterpress for a popular artist's drawings: but unlike

Dickens, he did not outdistance the artist. And like every successful writer he was, to his annoyance, copied. He was also, as a hack more or less inevitably is, a singular link between varied types of life. He was at Eton with " Vathek " Beckford and Charles James Fox, and at the age of sixty-eight, Mr Hardie narrates, he wrote seventy-three real sermons—for hire; he knew Sterne; he was to have been the elocutionary tutor of Mrs Siddons.

The personal career and output of Henry Alken is more suitable to treatment in the next chapter, for he was of all things filled with fresh air, rather than life about town. Of Baxter, the colour-printer, little need be said. It is possible that from an æsthetic standpoint he has been too highly praised; too omnivorously collected, by amateurs who have made him their sole delight. His licence for his process passed in due time to J. C. le Blond. The chief secrets in it were his inks and the use of a steel or metal key-block, which gave his smooth colour firmness and clarity of outline. Baxter's prints, however, have a steady interest and a strong commercial value as honest interpretations of the Crystal Palace period and the years before and after. Of course, a very large number of them are for the print-collector, not the book-hunter.

Another very notable colour-book writer of the period is Pierce Egan, who was not closely associated with Ackermann, but enjoyed decoration by the

Life in London;

OR, THE

DAY AND NIGHT SCENES

OF

JERRY HAWTHORN, ESQ.

AND HIS ELEGANT FRIEND

CORINTHIAN TOM,

ACCOMPANIED BY

BOB LOGIC, THE OXONIAN,

IN THEIR

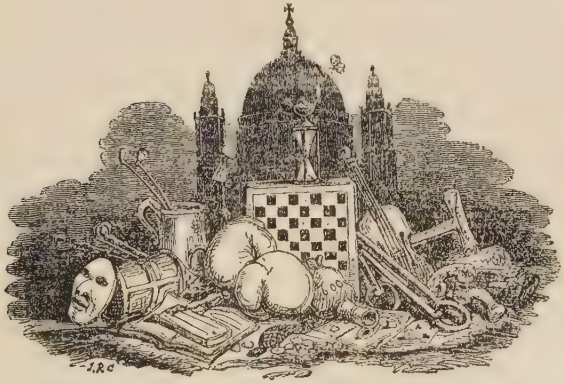
Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of Walks through Bath, Sporting Anecdotes, Picture of the Fancy, Boxiana, &c.

DEDICATED TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.



EMBELLISHED WITH THIRTY-SIX SCENES FROM REAL LIFE,
DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY I. R. & G. CRUIKSHANK;
And enriched also with numerous original Designs on Wood, by the same Artists.

London:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.

general forces of the artist. The three Cruikshanks, father and sons—Isaac, Robert and George—illustrated *Life in London*, with thirty-six colour-plates and numerous woodcuts (Sherwood, Neely & Jones, 1821), in 12 parts; it is very scarce. Care should be taken to look at page 9, as after a few copies were printed this page was reset and a footnote inserted which begins, "Second Edition." Part xi. should contain a leaf "To the Subscribers." A set is worth £150. On the completion of the parts it was issued in one volume in "pictorial boards," which will realize £70 or so. It is a favourite book in modern, fine binding, and in that style is usually obtainable at £20 to £25. There were reissues in the following years, which are not so desirable or valuable. *The Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry and Logick*, by Pierce Egan (Virtue, 1830), is much more difficult to obtain; it did not enjoy the great popularity of *Life in London*. In boards uncut, with its thirty-six coloured plates by R. Cruikshank, £120 would be a reasonable price, or in a nice binding, £60. There is again a variation in issue; the first has woodcuts on pages 40 and 42, which were afterwards omitted. *Real Life in London* (2 vols., Jones, 1821-1822) is generally ascribed to Egan; Alken and Rowlandson among others contributed to the coloured plates, which are inferior, as is the book, to the *Life* or the *Finish*. Many copies have two more plates than the list of plates calls for, and some a "Word to the

Wise." *Real Life in Ireland,* "by a real Paddy" (said to be Egan), is more common in its third edition (1829) than the first (1821). T. Greenwood collaborated with Egan in one of the best of the coloured-plate books, *The Life of an Actor* (1825); the plates are by Theodore Lane; £30 is not an unusual price for a fine copy. *Sporting Anecdotes* and *Boxiana* are mentioned later. Pierce Egan was a brave figure in his own time, but it is doubtful whether his literary work would have survived a century without the assistance of the illustrations; however, he is a remarkable witness to the close connexion between general life, attractive book-production, and what might be called the journalist's side of art.

Life in London doubtless inspired David Carey to write *Life in Paris: Comprising the Rambles, Sprees, and Amours of Dick Wildfire of Corinthian Celebrity and his Bang-up Companions Squire Jenkins and Captain O'Shuffleton*. George Cruikshank did twenty-one plates for the volume; they are exquisite in drawing and colouring. Fairburn published it in two sizes, on large and small paper, in 1822. Large-paper copies in original boards, with the rarely found leaf containing the "Directions to the Binder," are worth about £130, rebound copies about half as much.

Charles Westmacott's *The English Spy*, by "Bernard Blackmantle," is even more precious than the "Lives." Sherwood Jones & Co., obviously knowing

what suited the market, published it (in 2 vols.) in 1825-1826. A century later you could not buy it, with its plates by Robert Cruikshank, Rowlandson and others, and in its original boards, for much less than £150, though not many years ago half the money would have sufficed. Bound copies sell for £80. It is necessary to insist once more, however, that such prices are paid only for perfect copies.

Bunbury, an artist whose serious merits are perhaps not too fully appreciated, is best known in the outdoor category, in connexion with the illustrious name of "Geoffrey Gambado." Alfred Thornton also must not escape notice. *The Adventures of a Post Captain* (n.d., 1817, J. Johnston), with Williams's plates, may cost £12, and *Don Juan*, containing his *Life in London, or a True Picture of the British Metropolis*, with Atkinson's thirty-one illustrations (2 vols., T. Kelly, 1821 and 1822), were worth £47 in 1926. In the 'thirties, Seymour (the *Pickwick* artist and controversialist) did work which is valued —though probably more from interest in the artist than the general merit of the pictures. Most of his productions—*The Schoolmaster Abroad* (1832), and *Living Made Easy* (1830), and some of their companions—may cost about £10 apiece at best. As regards one of them, *An Evening's Amusement*, it is not certain whether it was originally coloured or not: the uncoloured version is not common, but will probably be obtained for £7 or so.

The host of productions of this kind prevent us giving any more than a few examples, but there is little doubt that a well-equipped collector, using his heart as well as his head, and his prophetic intuition as well as his purse, can browse in this rich field with moral and financial profit. But there are nettles.

There remain to be dealt with two special branches of illustration—extra-illustration and fore-edge illustration. Extra-illustration is often spoken of by collectors with a hint of obloquy, and the truth about the practice is that it *can* be abused to the detriment of good books and that it has perhaps, in a century and a half, killed a number of them. Probably no one to-day would extra-illustrate a First Folio Shakespeare, or mutilate even an imperfect copy to embellish a Steevens or Malone edition extended to fifty or sixty volumes. Crimes not so huge as that, but comparable in temper to it, have very likely been perpetrated in the past. But, exercised reasonably on the right subjects, the art or craft of extra-illustration is exceedingly interesting, and may be really valuable to historians and students, as well as to its devotees and book-collectors in general. There is no more suggestive survey of a man or a period than a wealth of material on the subject.

First, as to the method. An extra-illustrated book, to put it simply, is one which has inserted in it, not by the publisher, one or more pictures which were not in it in its original form of issue. The process

of insertion is usually called "Grangerizing," a word which has passed for ever into dictionaries.

The book selected for extra-illustration is usually topographical or one dealing with a social or historical epoch or a marked personality. The "Grangerizer" collects all the plates and similar matter (playbills, for instance, or advertisements, autograph letters, views, chance portraits, or even newspaper cuttings); he must have a knowledge of the subject or period, and, sooner or later, a pretty definite idea of how much he means to add to the original book; and finally he will have to decide whether or not he will keep the original pages as his standard of size.

Great care must be taken in the selection of the plates. Some of the material has only to be cut down to size, but much of it will require "inlaying" into a sheet of fine paper the size of the book—a matter of infinite skill. This inlaying is a "delicate affair." Long practice alone will give one the deft little twist of wrist necessary to bevel off just the right thickness from each edge of the print and, after cutting from the centre of the paper a space slightly smaller than the print which is to be inlaid, to cut just the exact bevel from the edges of the open mount so that the bevel of the print exactly fits the bevel in the mount. After the edges have been lightly pasted together and placed in a press for a few hours the new plate is ready for insertion. In some cases the whole of the text of the book

is inlaid to quarto or folio sizes, so that quarto and folio portraits and views can be used to extra-illustrate an octavo book, or variantly as the possessor desires. Inlaying is necessary, because, were the plates to be mounted only, the volume would be like a scrap-book, thicker in the middle. Guards, or small flaps on the interior edge of the page, are, even then, sometimes needed to obviate this.

It will be seen, therefore, that good "Grangerizing" is a matter of time, knowledge and skill. It may, as has been said, sometimes injure other books, but the worst of the damage was probably done to them generations ago; and judicious operations to-day may turn a history or a biography into a pageant.

One of the most famous of extra-illustrated books is one which now rests in the Bodleian. It consists of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* and its *Continuation* (appropriately housed a few yards away from the building its author presented to Oxford), with Burnet's *History of his Own Time.* The volumes are expanded to fifty-seven, with four in addition containing plates of "out sizes." The collection cost over £12,000. Another famous one is Cunningham's *Nell Gwyn*—always a favourite subject, with its mixture of Court, stage, scandal and history—which Mr Augustin Daly, a skilled and inveterate Grangerizer as well as a "legitimate" book-collector, swelled to four folio volumes.

The late Mr A. M. Broadley, the large and

eccentric counsel for Arabi Pasha, was one of the most recent collectors to adopt the custom on a large scale. He specialized in Napoleon and Dorset. He also made up two large folio volumes on beer.

A good nucleus for extra-illustration can be made out of most standard works—Boswell, Pepys, Pennant's *London*, Sloane's *Napoleon* (a recent fine copy of this ran to nine volumes, and was offered for sale for £400), Dibdin's works, or such a book as Lady Dilke's *French Illustrated Books*.[1] It is impossible to enumerate them all: they are each individual and peculiar, according to the taste, means, and opportunity of their elaborator.

Fore-edge decoration is another art of illustration which is often associated almost exclusively with the name of one man—Edwards, the Halifax book-dealer of the eighteenth century, noted for his fine "Etruscan" bindings. But the process was in existence a century before his day—for instance, in two volumes of the *Works* of Charles I., bound by Mearne for Charles II., which contain Tudor roses and other decorations on the fore-edge. But Edwards certainly brought the art to its highest perfection.

A fore-edge painting is done in very dry water-colour at the extreme edge of each page of a book. It does not penetrate the margin more than about one sixty-fourth of an inch, and the gilt, which is

[1] A copy of this in fifty-eight volumes, with nearly 10,000 extra illustrations, was recently offered for sale for £2000.

usually *on* the edge, completely obscures it until the leaves are curved out fan-wise ; then all the tiny pieces of paint spread out into a picture.

The effect is gay and pleasing. But the work is not usually put into books rare or intrinsically valuable, because it involves more manipulations of the page-edges than a collector would like to bestow on a precious volume. It requires great patience and a meticulous skill to execute the paintings. They are still done, however, and the work of the best practitioners of to-day is just as good as the old, and sometimes indistinguishable from it.

Pretty things, these illustrated books : pleasant to fondle, more ready than mere print to display to a bibliophile those tiny points of an exquisite technique over which it is legitimate to gloat. What is the delicate serif of a curly S beside the spot of pink adjusted on a Corinthian's cheek to a thousandth of an inch, or a black line so thin and firm that you can almost see the metal caressing it on to the honest untimbered white paper ?

But for all that we have said on that prepotent quality of perfect execution, it still is not everything. We have not spatchcocked this and a very few special subjects into a survey based chiefly upon time and time's betterment of methods without a reason. These asides (as they may seem) upon the library of poor folk and the library of the nursery, and now upon the library of the connoisseur, who

can taste truly the union of print and draughtsmanship, of words and line and colour—these digressions are not meant to placate one-sided enthusiasms. It is true that no one can know everything, and equally true that no book-collector or bookseller can possess all the minute knowledge of all the specialists, or hope to compete in every province of book-lust. That is not a consummation we should care even to suggest. Let the man who dotes only upon xylography, upon incunabula, upon pigments, or bows down to wood and stone, seek and achieve his perfection in that idolatry. Let the general collector have another aim. We suggest, by these intercalary chapters, that a book-collector's soul should have for its ultimate hope human life as it is broadly expressed within two covers. It is mankind in the nursery, in the chapman's pack, in the Repository of Fine Arts, in the tentative pseudonym or the destroyed little edition, in the hunting-field or the contemplation of a wriggling worm on a hook—it is this mankind that stirs the best and most generous emotion in the collector—with "the wind on the heath, brother," for the day, and the gay colours as we rest by the English fireside in a dark November, when the sun has gone to bed and we are on the way to it. That is why we must sometimes put reality before rarity, love before the Tenth Commandment. So now for a little simplicity and fresh air.

CHAPTER VI

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages. . . . I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting.

IZAAK WALTON: *The Compleat Angler.*

¶ Here begynnyth the treatyse of fysshynge wyth an Angle.

Salamon in his parablys sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flourynge aege; that is a fayre aege & a longe. And syth it is soo: I aske this questyon; whiche ben the meanes & the causes that enduce a man in to a mery spyryte.: Truly to my beste dyscrecōn it semeth good dysportes & honest gamys in whom a man Joyeth wythout ony repentannce after. Thenne folowyth it ẏ gode dysportes & honest games ben cause of mannys fayr aege & longe life. And therfore now woll I chose of foure good dispor tes & honeste gamys; that is to wyte: of huntynge: hawkynge: fysshynge: & soulynge. The beste to my symple dyscrecōn whyche is fysshynge: callyd Anglynge wyth a rodde: and a lyne

A PAGE OF THE SECOND EDITION OF "THE BOOK OF ST ALBANS," PRINTED BY WYNKYN DE WORDE, 1496

CHAPTER VI

THE OPEN AIR

"AMONG the innumerable publications of the present day I see no reason in the world against my appearance in print, notwithstanding the many faults that fastidious readers may find in my poem, or, as some parts may be termed, versified prose." So wrote "John Careless" in the preface to his *Old English Squire* ("a poem in ten cantos"; McLean, 1821). To add to superfluity may or may not be a virtue, but Mr Careless was certainly typical of his time in doing so, and in doing it in the haphazard method he chose. He wrote at a time when the English sporting-book had very great popularity in the market.

It is not certainly known who "John Careless" was. He is sometimes said to have been "Stephen Oliver" (a pseudonym of W. A. Chatto); but Chatto's poem of the same title was different in text, and was published in 1838 with pictures by "Phiz." His *Old English Squire*, with twenty-four aquatints coloured by hand ("by one of the family"), is in fact something of a mystery, and, for the collector, rather an expensive one: it may cost £20, or even more. The reason of such a price (though there is

also the justification of rarity) lies in two features it possesses. One is the plates, which are attributed to Thomas Rowlandson, of which all that can be said is that they are utterly unworthy of the artist who in the same year completed the illustrations to "Dr Syntax's" three *Tours*. However, these puzzles of authorship and illustration make the book interesting. And trashy though the verse is, it has yet one other great interest—that of life.

There has been no generation when, in our printed literature, the passionate English love of the open air has not flamed between two covers. One of the earliest products of the press in England was the great work attributed to Dame Juliana Berners. One of the most valuable of all English books praises, in the loveliest, gentlest words, the contemplative man's recreation of angling. *Pickwick* was started as the epic of a Cockney sportsman—and Dickens knew precious little about sport. You cannot obtain, except by the merest happiness of chance, the first few volumes of Wisden's *Cricketer's Almanack*. The aphorisms of Mr Jorrocks are part of the language. The French are reputed to have invented the typical English saying—"It is a fine day: let us go out and kill something"—but they have also taken the word "sport" into their own language. A hundred familiar things make up the real and eternal open-air England, which, perhaps, does not read books very eagerly, but provides for

books, in its slowly changing life, such stuff as collections are made of.

Let us start once more with the fathers of printing. We have already given some bibliographical details of *The Book of St Albans* (see Vol. I., p. 46). It also is a mystery. One section of it ends: "Explicit Dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of huntyng." That is why Dame Juliana Berners or Barnes is credited with the authorship; but practically nothing is known about her. The book is only in part about hunting; heraldry, in addition to fashionable sport, comes into it. It was "translatyt and compylyt" at St Albans in 1486; and because Wynkyn de Worde in another volume speaks of a book "enprinted by our sometime Schoolmaster of St Alban," various theories — not convincing — have been formulated about that nebulous person. Still, as the colophon claims, it is "a nobull werke." It is the fourth part, "of Cootarmuris"—heraldry—that contains the coloured illustrations, printed from wood blocks, with additions by hand. It is very scarce in perfect condition, and precious even in a slightly damaged state. The Carysfort copy, which was a good deal mended, was bought in 1812 for £147, in 1897 (in its amended state) for £385, and in 1923 for £2450; the more perfect Hoe copy in 1911 for a nearly equivalent price—$12,000. De Worde's reprint (1496) is nearly as rare. A 1596 edition in 1926 cost £700, and even John Helme's revised version of 1614 has recently

been offered for sale at £140. You could join quite a number of expensive golf clubs for less, and maybe not get so much true pleasure.

Dame Juliana was liberal in her outlook. But some of her sports are not very widely followed to-day. That she included heraldry merely suggests that she wrote for gentlefolk. That she included hawking is a matter of historical value. It would be hard to find that sport to-day, though we have seen a man in Harris tweed walking down the Strand with a "tassel-gentle" on his wrist—the bird as impervious to London as himself, and both taken by Londoners for granted as a common object of the wayside.

The really interesting thing would be to know if Dame Juliana herself hunted. It is a curious fact that Alken's pictures of over three hundred years later seldom show women in the hunting-field (though his *National Sports* shows a lady hawking with triumphant agility). Queen Victoria as a young girl rode (there is a famous print of her by Howard), but she does not seem to have hunted. Her long reign saw such exploits only when she no longer rode.

That is one type of the small points of social history which a good collection of "outdoor" books brings out. The other main features of such a collection are the inevitable tendency to specialization and the extreme difficulty of differentiating between bound collections of plates and genuine books. The great "general" books—the encyclo-

pædias of sports, not specialized—are few. Nearly all writers devote themselves to one subject only. But there are two or three early authors who, like Dame Juliana, must have had a varied and vivid experience of the open air. One was George Turberville, whom we have already mentioned.[1] Another was Gervase Markham.

Hack though he was, in a certain sense, Markham, in works which are often charming in themselves, gives a really valuable contemporary account of all manner of field sports and outdoor occupations. The rarest of all is *A Discource of Horsemanshippe* (1593), and as only one copy of this is said to exist the cost of any fresh copy which may be discovered cannot be estimated. His *Cavelarice, or The English Horseman* (1607; worth a few pounds); *The Horsemans Honour* (1620; ascribed to a "T. Morgan" and very rare, costing £30 or more); *How to Chuse . . . Horses* (1595; an imperfect copy of this rare book, dated 1596, sold in 1925 for £200), and *The Perfect Horseman* (1656, from £5 to £10)—all show his insatiable interest in the horse. He devoted also two books to farriery—*Markhams Faithfull Farrier*, of which an unrecorded first edition, dated 1631, appeared in 1925, though it cost its purchaser only

[1] In his *Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking* (1575) he touches the province of *The Book of St Albans*. In his *Epitaphes* (1567), sold from the Britwell Collection in 1923 for £1360, he enters early into the new literary field of which *Chrestoleros* (Vol. I., p. 2) is an example. Both these volumes by Turberville are illustrated. His *Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting* (1575) is a costly possession.

£4; and *Markhams Maister-Peece* (1610), which is not yet an expensive possession, perhaps because the copies which have lately changed hands have usually been imperfect.

Fowling was another of his preoccupations. *Hungers Prevention; or, The Whole Arte of Fowling* (1621), may cost from £10 to £21. *The Young Sportmans* (sic) *Delight and Instructor in Angling, Fowling . . .* (n.d.) is excessively rare, and here also no estimate of cost can be given. A limited reprint of 1829 is also scarce.

But he covered nearly all country interests. His *Inrichment of the Weald of Kent* (1625) is a standard book on the richest of all England's lovely agricultural counties. His works on husbandry, fruit-growing, cock-fighting and military subjects prove his versatility, and are real social documents. He was also a poorish playwright. He had given up the life of a soldier of fortune for that of a writer. To-day he would have been an expert journalist. He spoke six tongues, and is said to have introduced the Arab horse into England—and what that meant students of the immortal Eclipse's pedigree will understand. Unhappily for collectors, Markham united to his undoubted industry the qualities of laxity in respect of his editions and acquiescence in the benefits of popularity. All his works were in great demand, and were reprinted and put into "collected" editions without hesitation. His bib-

liography has not been sufficiently explored, and the real comparative rarity of his first editions has yet to be authoritatively discovered. They will almost certainly grow more expensive.

Most of Markham's books had woodcuts, and the British Museum has a large number of the known first editions.

Less well known possibly, but certainly not less interesting, was Richard Blome, whose survey, *The Gentleman's Recreation* (S. Rotcroft, 1686), ranged from horsemanship and hawking to cock-fighting and the "Nets, Traps, Engines, etc." used "for the Taking of Beasts, Fowl, and Fish." £20 will usually buy a copy.

But in this more comprehensive line there are not many difficulties or excitements for the collector. Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England* stirs few pulses or purses to the extent of more than £5 or so, though it may cost £10 in the finest condition. *Sports and Pastimes* is only its sub-title. The real title was *Glig-Gamena Angel-Deod*[1] (1801), Joseph Strutt being a Celtic scholar, as well as an engraver and antiquary.

About the same time appeared the first two volumes of the Rev. W. B. Daniel's *Rural Sports*, illustrated by John Scott (who also illustrated *The*

[1] The British Museum catalogue transliterates the archaic Celtic type of the title thus. It is a more uniform version than the *Clic Camena Angel-Deod* of *Book Prices Current*, for the three "G's" are all alike. There is a hyphen between the first two words.

Sportsman's Cabinet). An edition in three volumes came out in 1812, and a supplementary volume in 1813. The work is a useful compilation, not very original but fairly exhaustive; and it is also not very costly, being usually sold for about £3. William Barker Daniel apparently never held a benefice, but pursued his rural sports so unceasingly that his neighbours thought he wronged his profession. Perhaps it was this zeal which led to his dying within the rules of the King's Bench Prison.

His was certainly an age of enthusiastic sport. Some ten years before (in 1792, but the book is undated), William Augustus Osbaldiston (not to be confused with the famous Squire Osbaldeston, whose diaries the editor of *The Field* recently discovered and published) produced *The British Sportsman: or, Nobleman, Gentleman and Farmer's Dictionary of Recreation and Amusement.* It is not a rare book, but it should be in a good collection of outdoor books. So should Edward Orme's *Collection of British Field Sports* (1807-1808), which *is* rare in a complete state[1]: a bound copy was sold recently at auction in America for $2000. It was illustrated by Samuel Howitt, who married Rowlandson's sister.

We shall deal with what is usually called Alken's

[1] Issued in ten parts, with bluish-grey wrappers, on which are pasted vignettes on white paper. Only one set in this state is definitely known to have survived.

National Sports of Great Britain later. Alken was responsible only for the drawings; the anonymous text was by John Lawrence, a passionate advocate in a brutal age of kindness to animals, who also put forth (among other works) a general treatise, *British Field Sports* (1818), under the pseudonym of W. H. Scott. It is a strange reflection that this and most of the other comprehensive works mentioned were published at a time when England was at bay against Napoleon, or just afterwards, when the greatest economic depression known thitherto was making more history than any war.

The collection of sporting-books is almost entirely a matter of specialization, even when the Late Georgian and Early Victorian eras are reached. And yet it is not possible to call the noblest and almost the rarest of all English open-air books a specialist's treasure.

It is a curious thing that this other "nobull werke" should live and be loved for its form rather than its substance. The complete angler fished mostly with a rod and bait, not with the supreme skill of to-day's dry-fly fisher, whose scorn of the chub or chavender, the carp, the bullhead, and the creatures of the mud who will not rise but have to be dragged out, knows no bounds. There is not much delicate flicking of the water here: just a crane and a pulley and a bit of meat. There are a great number of Angling Societies in Britain, and every Sunday the

Being a Diſcourſe of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a fiſhing: and they ſaid, We alſo will go with thee.* John 21 3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey* for RICH. MARRIOT, in S. *Dunſtans* Church-yard Fleetſtreet, 1653.

TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER"

ritual of sitting in a punt or on a river bank is copiously observed. But these silent men, Walton's followers in what is to-day the lower branch of fish-catching, are not the readers nor the purchasers of first editions nor of reprints of *The Compleat Angler*, even though, as the title page of the first two editions records, the book is " not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers."

No : the book is literature, the pure serene charm of the open air. Collectors buy the first edition for that quality in its rarity, not for its value as a technical treatise. And, very rightly, they have to pay for the privilege of acquisition.

The first edition (T. Maxey for Rich. Marriot, 1653) contains six engravings of fish, and has several identification marks. In its first issue page 71 is wrongly numbered 81, and on that page the engraving is at the foot of the page instead of in the text. On page 245, in the poem by the Dean of St Paul's, whose life Walton wrote, is the word " contention " instead of the correct " contentment " which appeared in later issues ; and pages 69 to 80 are chaotically numbered—they end with 77, 88, 89, 80, after starting with 69, 80, 81, 72. A copy with those anomalies was sold in 1924 for £925 ; another, in the original binding, for £1290, in 1907. A complete set of the first five editions of the book (1653, 1655, 1661, 1664, 1668) is a fine possession, not easily obtained for less than £1000. After the first, the

second, " much enlarged," is the rarest. The later " standard " editions—those by Hawkins and Major —will cost double figures, as a rule.

" Simon Peter said, I go a fishing " (the title page quotes) : " and they said, We also wil go with thee." Most of us would like to go a-fishing with Walton, and taste a cup of ale with him on the road to Ware : " we anglers all love one another," and book-collectors will go a long way to be in the company of his first printed words.

The *Lives* (which are very various in their corporate and separate editions) are also scarce, though they do not approach *The Compleat Angler* in costliness. Walton's own copy, long in the possession of the Cotton family, contains a few small textual corrections in his careful handwriting : he was particular about his English, as the many differences in early *Anglers* prove.

Let us continue for a moment in the vein of Dame Juliana, and consider in brief the sports she (if she existed) and Walton knew best : the chase and fishing with an angle. *The Experienc'd Fowler ; or, the Gentleman, Citizen, and Country-man's Pleasant and Profitable Recreation*, by J. S. Gent. (Jo. Sprint & G. Conyers, 1697), is a most engaging and scarce work, which tells you how to go bat-fowling and low-belling, how to cure the pip in hens, how to make birds sing in autumn and winter, how to kill " weasles " (or to " gather them," or to drive them

away, or to prevent their sucking eggs), and many other things most curious and profitable. This is the real secret England. A copy of the book cost £38 in 1925. J. S., though, whoever he was, was "a brother of the angler," thus near akin to Walton; and his little work on the *True Art of Angling* (same publishers; 1696) upholds Walton's faith that "Angling, of all other Recreations, is the most Innocent, Contemplative, and least Chargeable." It cost 6d. when it was published. It would cost at least £50 now, on its rare appearances. Both these very charming small volumes have woodcuts, and are seldom reported for sale: they would be pleasant acquisitions, for there seems to be something about the contemplative man's recreation that gives grace to anything he writes.

It is not clear whether this J. S. was the same as he who, "for S. Lee at the *Feathers* in Lombard-street, and Andr. Thorncome, at the *Golden Leg*, on London-Bridge," produced in 1684 a work on *Profit and Pleasure United.* This writer, with diagrams, described the diseases and treatment of farm beasts, the culture of land, of hops, hemp, flax, saffron and liquorice; the keeping of bees, the "princly (*sic*) recreation of hawking," hunting with "begles," coursing, angling, bell-ringing, and the making of "artificial fire-works for recreation." He must have lived a full life; and how happy a one, if the union of authorship and the chase and

firework-making in one man did not destroy him untimely. We do not know.

"J. S." was a very prolific writer. He or she fills many columns of the British Museum catalogue. Another of the family may introduce us to a very highly specialized outdoor subject, just by the title of his book, which is a political satire and has no known interest to collectors—*Ornitho-logie, or The Speech of Birds* ("Lonon"—*sic*—1655). The speech, the flight, the beauty, the habits of birds are both a scientific and an æsthetic study.

Another mysterious "S"—T. S.—produced a curious and expensive work, for he rewrote Dame Berners, and called the book *A Iewell for Gentrie* (London, John Helme, 1614). He tells you how to hawk, to hunt, to fowl, to fish, and to wind the horn, "with all the rareste xperiments." A copy went to America in 1925 for £248. And yet another "S." —W.S.—described mulberry-trees and silk-worms in *Instructions for the Increasing of Mulberie Trees*, (1609), now worth £60. The keeping of silkworms—in 1609 only recently introduced—is hardly a sport, but, surely, sitting under a mulberry-tree is an outdoor recreation!

We can do no more than give the names of some other such books: the Duke of Newcastle's *General System of Horsemanship* (worth about £10—rather less than his plays); Nicholas Cox's *Gentleman's Recreation* (1674), which to-day costs about £20 and

should have a folding plate with the notes of the horn; Somerville's *The Chace* (1735—£10 to £15); and *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, by Gilbert White (his name is not on the title of the first edition, 1789), which is among the deservedly best known of all Open Air books, and will rise to more than the £20 to £25 good rebound copies (see p. 169) now sell for: these but for example.

There are plenty more of such rare and pleasant books. But we are not compiling an encyclopædia of all who hunted the fox or caught a trout or pursued the immemorial and still unbroken traditional life of outdoor England and wrote of it. Let us pass to the great and illustrious family of Beckford, which, in a sense, founded hunting and canonized the horse. Let us place first the classics of hunting, by Peter Beckford, M.P.[1] His very popular *Thoughts on Hunting* (1781) and *Essays on Hunting* (also 1781) are simply astonishing. He could, as a critic said long ago, "bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in exquisite French." His *Thoughts*, with the Bartolozzi frontispiece, ought not to cost more than £20 or so, but it should be in every country gentleman's library.

[1] He was cousin of a famous Lord Mayor of London, and so, in the next degree, to that Lord Mayor's strange son, William Beckford, the author of *Vathek* (the original title is *An Arabian Tale*). This was published in the original French in 1787, but in a piratical English translation from the MS. in 1786. Either will cost from £15 to £20.

THOUGHTS

ON

HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF

FAMILIAR LETTERS

TO A FRIEND.

——— SI QUID NOVISTI RECTIUS ISTIS,
CANDIDUS IMPERTI: SI NON, HIS UTERE MECUM.—
Hor.

SARUM: PRINTED BY E. EASTON:
SOLD BY P. ELMSLY, IN THE STRAND; J. RIDLEY, St. JAMES's STREET; LONDON.
AND W. SOLLERS, BLANDFORD.
MDCCLXXXI.

TITLE PAGE OF PETER BECKFORD'S "THOUGHTS ON HUNTING"

Beckford built his palace at Fonthill, and collected his famous library there, just before the great age of the sporting-book in England: the book followed the sport. That age came after the Napoleonic wars, when George IV. and William IV. were kings, and Victoria only a girl: but it lasted well into the great Queen's reign. It had for prophets not only such artists as Rowlandson, of whom we have already spoken, but specialists like the Alkens, Samuel Howitt, Wolstenholme—these three themselves all hunted—Leech and Seymour. And of these (though Leech was perhaps a greater artist) none was more popular than Henry Alken.

No English illustrator of sporting subjects surpasses Alken in cheerful brilliance. But his works and his career present nearly all the difficulties a bibliographer could desire to avoid. For one thing, it is to be doubted whether many of his own personal productions can properly be called "books" at all. They are really sets of plates bound in wrappers or boards, with no separate text, but with a common central idea running through them by means of the inscriptions under each. They are often seen taken out of their setting and framed, to give gaiety to sporting walls. They have been imitated and reproduced in facsimile many times, though not often well enough to deceive an expert. On the other hand, he was an illustrator—and a fine one—of real books not by himself: of some by Surtees, for instance,

and Apperley ("Nimrod"). His chief publishers were those regularly associated with sporting books and engravings—Ackermann, McLean and others.

Nor is it known beyond the reach of controversy where he was born, of what ultimate nationality, or how long he lived. Mr R. E. Graves, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, cautiously says "floruit 1816-1831." Sir Walter Gilbey, from statements by Alken's grandchildren, suggests that he was born in Suffolk in 1784. He died in London in 1851. His family name was originally Seffrien, changed to Alken when his forbears arrived in London somewhere about 1770. His father, Samuel, was an engraver, and his brother, a second Samuel, an illustrator, as well as an aquatinter. He himself did work at first under the pseudonym of "Ben Tallyho."

The best of his book-work is to be seen in *The Life of a Sportsman*, by "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), published by Ackermann in 1842. It is a rather handsome royal octavo volume, and the original idea was to mount the coloured plates to resemble the drawings Alken had done for the book; this, however, was not practicable or was, for some reason, undesirable, and after a few plates had been done in this manner the rest of the thirty-six were printed on plate paper with inscriptions beneath. It was issued first in blue cloth and later in a brick-red cloth; the "blue" copies are of great rarity, and command

£200 or thereabouts, while the "red" issue may usually be had for £70 or £80. When copies have been rebound, as scores of copies have, they are usually claimed to be of the first issue, and are priced as high as good copies of the second. The reissues of 1869 and 1871 are not esteemed by collectors; £10 or so may be a fair price for these.

Alken, it has been said, was an unequal artist. Some of the plates which bear his name are unworthy of it, but fortunately for collectors of sporting books he was a draughtsman who could "illustrate" to perfection. When his weaknesses are apparent it is in such productions as *Symptoms of being Amused*—42 plates, no printed text, but a line descriptive of the subject engraved beneath each plate. To say that Alken was "unequal" is no less than the truth, but at his best, in *The Life of a Sportsman* and *Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton, Esq.* (1835), he was never equalled.

The Squire of Halston, hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-spending Jack Mytton, who died miserably in a debtors' prison at the age of thirty-seven, had for biographer the above-mentioned Apperley, an English country gentleman of the old school, a soldier turned farmer, who took to writing, although no gentleman could do so mean a thing, to help him in keeping up appearances and—following the hounds. Fame is an accident: Apperley is known, and his memory cherished, in more countries than his

own, not because he fought in Ireland, or rode with the Quorn and Pytchley, but because, for the money he needed, he wrote *The Life of a Sportsman* and *The Life of John Mytton*. It is doubtful to-day whether the pseudonym "Nimrod" conceals his identity any more securely than "Boz" conceals the author whose *Pickwick* appeared in volume form two years later than *The Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston*, by "Nimrod," a small volume with 12 coloured plates by Alken. The late Mr Slater, in *Illustrated Sporting Books* (1899), essays a value of £10. By 1900 it was £20, by 1910 £30, in 1920 £50, and is now £80. When it reaches the centenary of its publication it will have passed the century of pounds in market-value. Ackermann issued a second edition, with 18 plates, in 1837, which in original cloth may sometimes be had for £45 to £50. What is commonly known as the "first complete" edition—the third, as the title states—was published in 1851. This edition contains a memoir of Apperley and the 18 plates as in the second. Fourth and fifth editions followed in 1869 and 1877. They are not "collectors' books," but have a place in a general library as social history of the days when to go to bed sober cast a painful reflection upon the cellars of the host.

Of *The National Sports of Great Britain* (McLean, 1821) a few copies are known dated 1820 on the engraved title. Some of the "sports" are no longer

"national," or even legal, but the set of fifty beautiful hand-coloured folio aquatints, illustrative of every sport and pastime common in England a century ago, is an enviable possession. It is rare, for many have been broken up. It is as valuable as it is desirable to a collector of either sporting books or sporting prints or colour-plate books; a nice tall copy will cause £200 to change hands. There are issues with the dates 1822 and 1823 on the title; the plates show no difference, however. In 1825 McLean issued another much inferior and smaller volume with the same title and the same number of (different) plates. It can be had for £40 to £50. It is not a reprint of the first work.

One of the last books to be illustrated by Alken is R. S. Surtees's *Analysis of the Hunting Field* (McLean, 1846). The text appeared in *Bell's Life* during the preceding year. There are three issues of the first edition; the earliest issue is in green cloth with gilt edges; the second in red cloth with gilt edges; and the third in red cloth with the edges uncut. £40 to £50 is a usual price for the first, and half that, or a little more, for the others. So long after the artist's death as 1891 his work was used to illustrate *A History of Steeplechasing*, by W. C. A. Blew, and one of the most readable "coaching" books, *Down the Road*, by Birch Reynardson (1875), owes its popularity to the Alken sketches it contains.

To "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) first, and then to

Alken, belong the honour of illustrating Robert Smith Surtees's first illustrated book, *Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities, or the Hunting, Shooting, Racing, Driving, Sailing, Eating, Eccentric, and Extravagant* exploits of that renowned sporting citizen, Mr John Jorrocks of St Botolph Lane and Great Coram Street, 1838. An octavo volume in cloth, it should contain 12 engraved (not coloured) plates by "Phiz," and is valued on its rare appearances at £130 and more, or less, according to condition—rebound, at one half that amount. The "Exploits" had appeared in the *New Sporting Magazine* between July 1831 and September 1834. A second edition appeared in 1839 (uncoloured plates), and the third edition, with Alken's 14 plates and title (all coloured), in 1843; this, if in fine state, is worth £150. There have been four reprints with Alken's plates and two with both the "Phiz" and Alken plates. "Phiz" also did the eight etchings (not coloured) for *Hawbuck Grange* (1847)—a very difficult book to obtain for less than £30 in the original red cloth. The date is on the title in the first issue; a second issue is undated.

C. J. Apperley has left us two great classics of the "Hunting Age in England." He may have, as Mr Newton suggests in the pleasant chapter on "Sporting Books" in the, at present, last volume of his "Essays,"[1] treated the country gentleman as a

[1] *The Greatest Book in the World and other Papers*, 1926.

god towering above his fellows. The gentlemen of England had that quality of birth and bearing—still not wholly lost—that raised them, drunk or sober, rich or bankrupt, above the crowd. We wonder whether Surtees, a landed gentleman and a follower of hounds, really did see any "absurdity" in the life of Mytton. Madness perhaps, but in an age when it was not unusual to be "mad"—to lose a fortune at cards or dice, or on a single match between two thoroughbred horses—to do as the grandfather of one of the present writers did—lose estate, house, horses, everything, on a race still run—the St Leger. And yet he was never called absurd or mad, only unlucky!

Leech and Surtees, if we may place the artist first for the moment, present that same happy combination of talent which is frequent through the whole century. It is not certain that the medical profession lost a good doctor when John Leech gave up the scalpel for the pencil; it is certain that art and the world of humour gained by the change, and again *Bell's Life in London* was the cradle for genius of a fresh and purer type. Twenty years had sped since Rowlandson and the Cruikshanks had illustrated *Dr Syntax* and *Life in London*; the broad humour of the Regency was no longer the *mode*, a young girl sat upon the throne of the United Kingdom. *Punch*, edited by Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon, was slaying with a rapier, the broadsword having

gone for ever out of fashion. Sporting gentlemen had not long taken to cigars, nor had they entirely altered their lives or closed their cellars; but reform was in the air—even the open air.

Leech was a contributor to *Punch* from its infancy; for upwards of twenty years his drawings for the paper brought him an average of £2000 per annum. The *Punch* publishers, Messrs Bradbury & Evans, issued Surtees's novels in monthly parts, with wrappers, designed by Leech, of brick-red colour. The order of publication and number of parts were as follows: *Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour*, 13 parts, 1853, 13 coloured plates; *Handley Cross*, 17 parts, 1854, 17 coloured plates; *Ask Mamma*, 13 parts, 1858, 13 coloured plates; *Plain or Ringlets?* 13 parts, 1860, 13 coloured plates; *Mr Facey Romford's Hounds*, 12 parts, 1865, 24 coloured plates, the dates being those on the titles, the wrappers bearing serial numbers and price.

During the issue of *Romford*, John Leech died; the remaining ten plates were done by "Phiz," who followed the style of Leech, perhaps deliberately. Fine sets of the five books with the genuine wrappers and advertisements are exceedingly difficult to obtain; one such set recently sold for £475. *Handley Cross* alone—mentioned first because it is the rarest of the series—is worth half the total sum mentioned; the other four may be obtained separately at £40 to £60 each. Simultaneously with the concluding part

HANDLEY CROSS;

OR,

MR. JORROCKS'S HUNT.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR,"
"JORROCKS'S JAUNTS," ETC. ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1854.

each novel was issued in volume form, in salmon-coloured cloth. Sets of the five in cloth may usually be bought for sums approaching £100. Separately *Handley Cross*, again, is the most valuable, it has sold for £50; there were dated and undated re-issues, and one dated 1854 bears "by the Author of *Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour*, *Ask Mamma*, etc.," on the title. As *Ask Mamma* was not published until 1858, it is evident that *Handley Cross* was reprinted after 1854 and the original date of publication for some reason retained. Another important "point" is that in the first paragraph of the one-page "Preface" the first issue reads "with the aid of the illustrious Leech," while later issues read "with the aid of the illustrations."

Hillingdon Hall, or The Cockney Squire, by the author of *Handley Cross* (none of Surtees's works, except a little legal treatise on the warranty of horses,[1] bears his name), was not illustrated in its first edition (3 vols., 1845). Neither was *Handley Cross*, which first appeared in three volumes (1843).

Nimmo—a highly respected name, now but a name in the publishing world—issued an octavo edition of *Hillingdon Hall* with coloured plates by "Wildrake" (who was George Tattersall, the editor who followed Surtees on *The New Sporting Magazine*)

[1] *The Horseman's Manual: being a Treatise on Soundness, the Law of Warranty, and Generally on the Laws Relating to Horses.* London, Henry Butterworth, 1831. It is very rare; another issue bearing the imprint of Alfred Miller was issued in the same year.

and others, in 1888. The plates are not comparable in any way with those in the other five volumes, but the work is sometimes placed with the others, and will be offered as six volumes, in fine morocco binding, at £70 or £80; cloth copies of *Hillingdon Hall* are priced at £5 or £6. There are modern editions of the five volumes, with *Hawbuck Grange* added to make a sixth, but the plates are weak and the type has lost its sharpness.

These were *novels*; William Scrope's *Art of Deer-stalking*, illustrated (with lithographs) by Landseer and the author, 1838, and *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, 1843, were *practical*. The novels have the advantage, for the years deal sadly with "practical" books even on sport, and no one now reads Scrope except as history. Twenty pounds might have been refused for them in 1900, in 1927 ten will buy them. The famous-in-its-day *Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes*, published from 1885 onwards, in forty volumes, covering indoor and outdoor recreations, was worth £80 to £100 on large paper (250 issued) in 1900, and is to-day worth very little, although many famous sportsmen contributed to its volumes. One of the scarce volumes is *Motoring*, edited by Alfred Harmsworth (afterwards Viscount Northcliffe), a pioneer in this as in aviation. Some volumes have been brought up to date and are obtainable even now, but the concern of this chapter is with the collector's side of the subject.

Other noteworthy "open air" books with the plates coloured by hand are *The Sporting Repository* (McLean, 1822; 19 coloured plates by Alken and Hunt), a rare volume which is seldom offered, worth £100 to £150 in uncut state: *Gamonia; or the Art of Preserving Game* (1837), by Lawrence Rawstorne, with 15 richly coloured plates by J. T. Rawlins and others; this is one of the few books first published in leather—a soft green morocco which has worn well, as copies in nice state are often offered at from £40 to £50. The work has doubled in value during fifteen years: and Pierce Egan's *Anecdotes . . . of the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Stage* (1827; published in 12 parts—we have never seen it in that state—with 13 coloured plates by T. Lane); bound copies sell for £20 to £30. This is not the same book as the author's *Sporting Anecdotes*, the best edition of which is that of 1825, which has but two coloured plates. *The Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette* (13 vols., 1822-1828—the last part, "June 1828," is scarcer than the rest) contains coloured plates by Alken and Cruikshank, and plain plates by Landseer, Herring and others. Uncut sets in contemporary binding command very high prices—an ordinary set may cost £150, and without the June number, £90.

With a brief mention of the greatest sporting periodical ever published or likely to be—*The Sporting Magazine*—we must take our leave of Alken and of Surtees and of Mr Jorrocks and his friends. *The*

THE

ANNALS OF SPORTING

AND

FANCY GAZETTE;

A MAGAZINE,

Entirely appropriated to

SPORTING SUBJECTS AND FANCY PURSUITS;

Containing every Thing worthy of Remark on

HUNTING,	COCKING,	CRICKET,
SHOOTING,	PUGILISM,	BILLIARDS,
COURSING,	WRESTLING,	ROWING,
RACING,	SINGLE STICK,	SAILING,
FISHING,	PEDESTRIANISM,	&c. &c.

Accompanied with

STRIKING REPRESENTATIONS OF THE VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1822.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

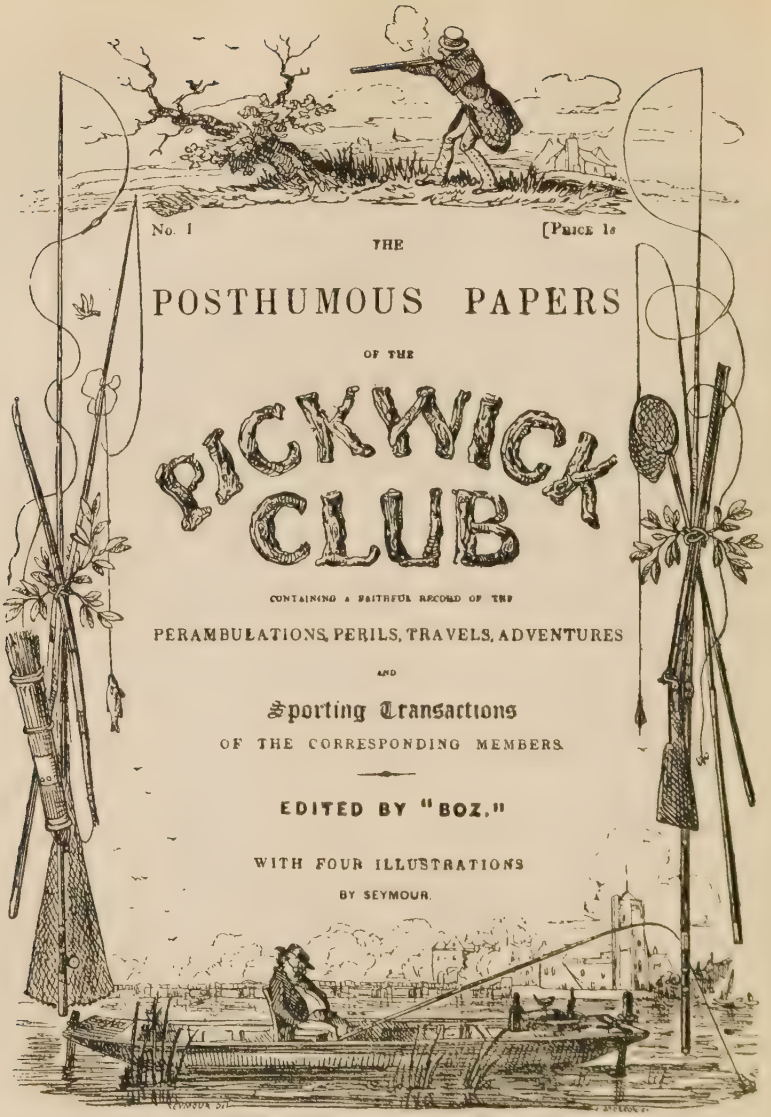
1822.

Sporting Magazine, or Monthly Calendar of the Turf, the Chase, etc., which, commencing in 1792, had an honourable career of seventy-eight years, changed its title in 1831 to *The New Sporting Magazine.* Sir Walter Gilbey compiled an Index, which should accompany all sets. Its collection naturally presents many difficulties, but to those who love the chase, the turf, the road and the ring, who have room for the 156 volumes (157 with Index), and the £400 or £500 its possession will entail, it will be a "magic carpet"; it will bring the open air from Newmarket Heath, hard fights with bare knuckles shall be fought again, great races re-run, the spectral hounds unleashed. The engravings are the best of their kind: of horses and mares who have sired or foaled the world's fastest winners; of dogs famous at the course or in following the gun; of men who lived their day, and went none too silently to rest ere it was night.

CHAPTER VII

On one occasion, after descanting on the excellences of the new number of Dickens's then current book, he [Thackeray] brought his fist down upon the table with a thump as he exclaimed, "What is the use of my trying to run before that man, or by his side? I can't touch him,—I can't get near him."

JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON: *A Book of Recollections.*



FRONT COVER OF PART I., THE RARE FIRST ISSUE

CHAPTER VII

CHARLES DICKENS

THAT enormous but useful mausoleum, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, in the process of embalming Charles Dickens as austerely as possible, states that "if literary fame could be safely measured by popularity with the half-educated, Dickens must claim the highest position among English novelists. . . . The criticism of more severe critics chiefly consists in the assertion that his merits are such as suit the half-educated." If that opinion of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, the great editor of the *Dictionary* and the writer of that article, were true, the only answer to it would be, "then Heaven preserve the English-speaking world from complete education." However, Sir Leslie Stephen, writing thus in 1888, wisely concluded that "the decision between these and more eulogistic opinions must be left to a future edition of this dictionary." The future editions of the *Dictionary* have not yet appeared, but a dozen or more editions of Dickens's works have. It seems a curious irony that Dickens should have been asked to write, for the magazine whose editorship Stephen himself relinquished to take up that of the *Dictionary*, the

fine obituary notice of his (Stephen's) editorial predecessor and father-in-law, William Makepeace Thackeray.

Dickens was not one of the English Utilitarians, and the forty years that have elapsed have served to show how intemperate was the coldness of their historian's attitude to the great novelist. It is not only the half-educated who to-day know him better, perhaps, than any other author in English literature. There can be hardly an English-speaking household unaware of the names of the Wellers, Bob Sawyer, Mrs Gamp, Mr Pecksniff, Mr Micawber, Vincent Crummles. Dickens has stood the reaction against his immense contemporary popularity, even against the " more severe critics," and has emerged triumphant. And when it comes to the book-collector's appreciation, he is not only the most eminent of all the Victorians, but, after allowance has been made for his nearness to our own time, one of the most eminent figures in all their booty. We make no apology for devoting a whole chapter to him.

Here, as elsewhere, we should try to discern why the collector's zeal is inflamed. The works of " Boz " are a very good illustration of the many qualities that bibliophiles seek. Of course none of them has the quality of absolute rarity, but nearly all of them contain what rarities do not necessarily possess—an intimate connexion with their begetter, a contact with his passage through life. We shall show this

only in respect of a few works, for to do so in detail would be almost to double Forster's *Life*.

For another thing, Dickens was that *rara avis*, a "best-seller" who has become a collector's author. Best-sellers are usually as the brutes that perish. Who now enjoys, much less tries to acquire, such popular trash as Kate Nickleby had to read aloud to the soulful Mrs Wititterly? How many, out of the wide common public which alone provides an author with bread and jam, formed queues to buy the latest volume of John Keats? They all did that for the monthly green wrappers of Charles Dickens, and yet those wrappers, in their proper state, are to-day rare treasures for a much more limited public—limited only because there are not enough copies for the demand.

There is another point which gives Dickens importance to collectors, and it may be connected with his popularity in his lifetime — with that appeal, if you like, to the half-educated. He was a man of the people, sprung from the people. So were Shakespeare, Bunyan, Defoe, Johnson; and Chaucer in the old time before them; and it is a strange reflection that almost every great writer in the English language comes from the middle classes. Horace Walpole's catalogue of *Royal and Noble Authors* makes a very meagre list of illustrious men when you have left out Bacon and a few Elizabethans. Fielding, Byron and Shelley almost alone

among the great ones sprang from the high-born classes.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in one of his engaging lectures on literature, points out that of the twelve most illustrious poets of the nineteenth century all but three (two of whom were well off) had a University education. It is true that most men with a bent for letters usually contrive to get a pretty good education by some means or other. Dickens, however, had none worth speaking of. He had to learn to write by writing, as the good man in Aristotle became good by being good. That fact is yet one more feature that collectors have constantly to remember — that, and the interdependence of Dickens's books and his life.

But Dickens was more than a man who by the circumstances of his birth knew the daily life of the English people (he certainly did not know much about the daily life of the English nobility !). His inexhaustible memory—always most vivid when it relates to his childhood and early manhood—makes him a faithful mirror of the birth of things whose end is not yet. " Mr Pickwick's world," wrote that acute critic, Mr G. M. Trevelyan, in a recent review, " was economically and socially a transition world, which still combined the old with the new economic society." As a boy, born three years before Waterloo, Dickens stood between the ruins of an old civilization and the pangs of a new world. The French Revolu-

tion was very nearly followed by an English one in the years just before *Pickwick* was written. The England of Dickens's youth was the race-course for stage-coaches, the dockyard of the wooden ship. But Dickens's death was hastened by a railway accident, and he crossed the Atlantic in a steamship. Will there be a new Dickens for the epoch of the Great War, the Russian Revolution, the aeroplane, and the submarine ?

Those, then, are some of the reasons why Dickens, of all the Victorians, is inevitably prized by collectors. We say nothing here of his genius, which is in itself the greatest of all single reasons for bibliolatry. This is not the place for long literary criticism ; though obviously, while some of the weakest of an author's books may be the rarest, and so most costly, the highest achievements (subject to all the conditions we have so often mentioned) are those most eagerly desired. *Pickwick*, at any rate, has no rival among Dickensiana for collectors.

His first appearance in print was in *The Monthly Magazine* (new series, vol. xvi., December 1833). He has told of his ecstasy as he walked in Westminster Hall and read this firstling of what was to be so numerous a brood : it was "A Dinner at Poplar Walk," afterwards, like its successors, incorporated in *Sketches by Boz*. He made other five contributions to the *Magazine*, the last (chapter ii. of "The Boarding House") appearing in August 1834. The first five

articles were anonymous; the sixth was signed "Boz." A new pseudonym had been born into the currency of English letters.

These articles were not, however, fiction in the strict sense. His first published story was *The Tuggs at Ramsgate*, a piece of pure Dickens, if we may put it paradoxically. Its associations are very interesting. Messrs Chapman & Hall issued in monthly parts (fourteen in all) a periodical called *The Library of Fiction, or Family Story-Teller; consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character.* Each part was illustrated. *The Tuggs at Ramsgate* was illustrated by Robert Seymour, so that here first the two creators of Samuel Pickwick—the literary and the graphic parents—became, so to speak, betrothed, with the publisher *tertius gaudens.* What is more, Dickens's only other contribution to the *Library* —"A Little Talk about Spring and the Sweeps"—was illustrated by R. W. Buss, Seymour's ephemeral successor on *Pickwick.* These monthly parts were published in book form in two volumes in blue figured cloth—volume one in 1836, volume two in 1837. Both parts and volumes are exceedingly rare.

The first of the two volumes was advertised on the back of the wrapper of the first part of *Pickwick*, in 1836. But before the light of day was shed on the memoirs of the immortal Club a good deal had happened. "Boz" had written a number of other sketches. Forty-seven of them first appeared in

various periodicals up to 26th October 1836, some of them in *Bell's Life*, which itself is a chart of sporting history, and of the history of Fleet Street, for it was swallowed by *The Sporting Life* in 1886, and still exists, in a way, in that robust journal. Either *Bell's* or *The Sporting Life* might, indeed, have furnished material for the cover-design of *Pickwick*, or have inspired Messrs Chapman & Hall with the idea they were soon to suggest to Dickens. But *Bell's Life* was owned by John Macrone, who must have been at least as wide-awake as the midwives of *The Pickwick Club*. He published the first bound book by Charles Dickens—*Sketches by Boz*. The *Sketches* came out in 1836, in two volumes. The first contains a preface dated from Furnival's Inn—on the site of which, in the archway of the Prudential Assurance Company's vast building, stands a bust of Dickens, by the late Percy Fitzgerald. A copy of the two volumes will cost about £100 to-day. A "Second Series"—*i.e.* a third volume—was issued in 1837—the date on the *printed* title page: the engraved title page and all the plates are dated 1836, and there should be at the end a list of Macrone's publications (26 pp.), dated December 1836. The very earliest issue of this "Second Series" contains no list of illustrations on p. viii: this was added on the reset pages, vii and viii, after a few copies had been published.

The illustrations were by George Cruikshank, and

they are some of the best work he ever did in his long life. They entail a curious piece of history which is of interest to collectors of aeronautical matter as well as to those of Dickens and Cruikshank. The author and the artist themselves are shown on the title page as going up in a balloon. Balloons were much in the public eye in 1836, for it was in that year that Green made some famous ascents in his "Great Nassau" balloon. Students of Londiniana will also appreciate the *Sketches*, because the frontispiece (repeated in some copies later in the volume) contains a lively representation of Vauxhall Gardens, whence Green ascended on 9th September 1836, and on other occasions. Dickens describes one of the ascents in *Vauxhall Gardens by Day.*

Excellent as are many of the *Sketches*, it seems hard to believe to-day that they made a very considerable impression on their first appearance. Indeed the fact is probably not realized even by admirers of everything Dickens ever wrote. But it is true and demonstrable that these early and sometimes immature productions made people who ought to know aware of a highly promising new author. America laid hands on thirty of the *Sketches*, and published them under the title of *Watkins Tottle and other Sketches by Boz* (Philadelphia : Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 2 vols., 1836). They did not take the illustrations. Lo, the poor Indian, too, had a mind sufficiently tutored to adopt the same

practice. The *New Series of Sketches by Boz—i.e.* the whole of the English *Second* Series—was issued in Calcutta in 1837 " by the Booksellers "—that is to say, it was a " trade " book, a work stable enough for corporate publication. The illustrations are reproduced by lithography. Whether the First Series had been previously issued in a similar way we do not know ; no copy of it has come under our notice.

So Dickens appeared, on his main literary birth, in three continents almost simultaneously : a very rare distinction. It was a remarkable feat for " poor Macrone," as Dickens later called his first real publisher, to " spot " Boz in advance in this way. But Dickens was not—and this is not always perceived—the mere author of the *Sketches* and the contemplated *Pickwick*. It is necessary here to interpolate some details of these teeming young years, before ever Sam Weller burst upon the world, or at any rate before Dickens had transplanted him securely from the Borough to the world.

Dickens was florid in appearance. When Victoria began to be the Great Queen you had to be florid, or severely noble, or else negligibly quiet. Dickens chose the florid mode all through life ; it suited the slightly theatrical manner which those who knew noticed. Now, while he was writing these comparatively sober *Sketches*, " Boz " was also composing plays, and possibly acting—a most ungentlemanly

profession or trade (except for the tallest poppies) even in the days of his friend Macready. They were not great plays. Who now reads, who still acts, *The Village Coquettes*? Bentley published this comic opera ("operatic burletta") in 1836: try to obtain it and see what you have to pay. "Boz" (under that name) wrote *The Strange Gentleman* (Chapman & Hall, 1837). It had been performed on 29th September 1836. It is perhaps the rarest and, for its size, the most valuable of all Dickensiana. In the first edition, in its original pink or pink-lavender wrapper, some copies have a frontispiece by "Phiz." It was written and completed before *Pickwick*, as Dickens's correspondence with Chapman & Hall shows, and it is probably Dickens's earliest separately published work. It is worth anything from £300 upwards. A reprint of 1871 is very like its predecessor, but its frontispiece is by Pailthorpe, that fine illustrator who died only in 1914; and it has a misprint corrected on p. 41, l. 17: "inoculated" is spelt with two "n's" in the true edition, being only one in the reprint.

Rarest of all, *Is She His Wife? A Comic Burletta* (1837?), is not known to exist at all: the only recorded copy was accidentally burnt in America in 1879, while only two or three copies of an English reprint of the 'seventies have been traced. There was an American reprint, which is not rare.

The fact is that Dickens's connexion with the

stage was a piece of his shallower nature. He could criticize the theatre inimitably, and he frequented the cheerful playhouse (who of us has not been so young and happy as to do that?), if *Sketches by Boz* are evidence. He also acted a great deal—maybe, at this period, to add to his income, but later for good causes, along with a host of friends like Wilkie Collins, John Forster, Frank Stone, Tenniel, Augustus Egg, Mark Lemon and others, on behalf of the Guild of Literature and Art. They performed before the Queen, Lytton's *Not So Bad As We Seem*, in 1851, at Devonshire House. That he had a natural gift for acting his "Readings" showed much later. Whether he really had an insight into stagecraft is another matter. There is a difference between a natural actor and an actor behind footlights trying to get across them; and also between a writer who can write dramatically and one who can write a play to carry across those same footlights. We may be permitted to be glad that failure or else greater demand for other work made Dickens realize part of these truths and write novels instead of plays — he is said to have been diverted from the stage by Vincent Crummles (T. D. Davenport). Thank Heaven Crummles was not a Prussian; he might have drilled "Boz" into stage routine.

It is interesting to learn from a bound MS. volume now before us that in all probability Dickens's first attempt at writing was in dramatic form. The piece,

by "C. J. H. Dickens," is called *The Stratagems of Rozanza.* The pen-and-ink illustrations (by no means ill-drawn) are dated 1828, and signed H. Knight, who may be Hablot Knight Browne, then learning and perfecting his versatile art. The date would place the play in Dickens's sixteenth year (the binding is of that period), but the handwriting is not his. It is said to be that of his mother, to whose devotion he owed such education as he got, and whose pride in a clever son might well make her copy for him this juvenile attempt. A word at the end—a headline, "Songs," followed by blank pages —is in a hand which resembles that of John Dickens, the novelist's father. The MS. has an authentic connexion with Dickens: it belonged to his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth. It may be that Dickens refers to this and similar undiscovered works when he mentions, in a later preface to *Sketches by Boz,* his "first attempts at authorship"—"Certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries."

In passing we may add here the name of two much later plays. The first, *Mr Nightingale's Diary* (1851), is excessively rare. Only three copies were known till recently, all in public collections; another has since appeared. The copy in the Forster Collection is catalogued under Mark Lemon's name, who wrote the original draft; but in the course of

THE

STRATAGEMS OF ROZANZA

A VENETIAN COMEDIETTA

BY

C. J. H. DICKENS

Room at a Hotel, table with Wine and Glasses, round which are seated Milord Rumebif the Count di Rosconero, Don Alvaro, and Monsieur le Blan who is singing a French Air the others join in chorus.

Mons.. Long live the bottle; long live mirth:
All.. Huzza.
Con.. Really, our land lord has provided us with a famous spread
Mons.. So so; but you will allow that in the art of cooking, the Italians must yeild the palm to their more fortunate neighbours.
Con.. True but we have French cooks.
Mons.. Ah yes. But when arrived in Italy how soon they lose the happy

rehearsals for a performance in aid of the Guild Dickens rewrote so much that it is usually called his work. This only recorded sold copy went for £245 in December 1926. The other, *The Lamplighter*, was published posthumously in 1879, in a limited edition, and though not common should not cost a collector many pounds. It was written for Macready years before, but not produced.

So (to go back to the main thread) Dickens possessed, in these his earliest years of writing, a wealth of ideas, which he must explore tentatively till his true bent became overwhelmingly clear. Much credit is due to Macrone for perceiving the possibilities, and for " capturing " Dickens in spite of the possibilities existing through association formed with Seymour and Chapman & Hall. But other publishers were after Dickens. *Pickwick* had been planned and started in 1836, and Bentley had secured him as editor of his magazine and author of *Oliver Twist*, with the promise of another work. When only eight parts of *Pickwick* were out it was worth Bentley's while to announce a new " novel by Boz." It is fair to Bentley to say that his terms were reasonable—£1000 for two books: not many authors to-day with only one real book to their name could get anything like that. It is not unfair to Dickens to say that he did not treat Richard Bentley well, if George Bentley the son's rare pamphlet (published in 1871, as a comment on

Forster's *Life*, in the form of a letter to *The Times*) is to be believed, and the implications of Forster's own admissions accepted. Dickens virtually promised Bentley *Barnaby Rudge*, had their agreement revised in his own favour three times by 1839, and then gave the book to Chapman & Hall, severing his connexion with the *Miscellany* at about the same time. He was reconciled with Bentley later in life. Forster says in extenuation that the "sale of brain-work" is not so easily adjusted as "that of ordinary goods and chattels." Dickens never tended to adjustment: he was always in the right, so far as he could see. Macrone, according to Forster, bought the copyright of the *Sketches* "for a conditional payment of (I think) a hundred and fifty pounds." Macrone clearly hoped for more from this "coming" man, for in his advertisement-list in the *Sketches* the following appears among "works preparing for immediate publication," in a list dated December 1836 [1]:

IV.

A NOVEL "BY BOZ."

GABRIEL VARDON.

By CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.

Author of "SKETCHES BY "BOZ," "THE PICKWICK PAPERS," &c.

Three Volumes, post 8vo.

[1] Forster spells the name Varden.

Dickens never wrote a book with that title, though the name suggests both Gabriel Grub in *Pickwick* and Gabriel Varden in *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Barnaby Rudge* was certainly in his mind.

And neither Macrone nor Bentley got *Barnaby Rudge*. The *Sketches* was Macrone's only work from Dickens's pen. In all he paid Dickens £400 for it. He himself received £4000, plus the sum of £2500 which Dickens and Chapman & Hall between them had to pay to acquire this copyright. The book was reissued by the new publishers in twenty parts, from November 1837 onwards. This edition, in pink wrappers, contains thirteen extra plates by Cruikshank, and is now (in the finest condition, with all the " points " in it) worth somewhere about £300 — more than twice as much as its authentic predecessor.

That is not quite the end of Macrone. Though he fared well out of his legitimate speculation in a new author, he did not die well off. Nor did Dickens forget him. Nor can collectors forget him when they have secured the first *Sketches by Boz*. Macrone died a few years later, and to help his widow Dickens compiled gratuitously *The Picnic Papers* (1841, 3 vols.). A collector's copy of this will cost £10 or so to-day. Mrs Macrone obtained £300 from the sales. It led to a curious quarrel, which gave a pseudo-Dickens work a kind of freak-value in America. Colburn—not long before Richard Bentley's partner

—was the English publisher, and apparently found some difficulty in getting Dickens's own contribution[1] out of him. He also refused to print a contribution by "Mr Boythorne" of *Bleak House*, Walter Savage Landor, or to return Landor's MS. Dickens declined to send his own MS. till he got Landor's back, writing angrily to Colburn, and not less angrily to his friend Forster, calling Colburn a "sneaking vagabond." By another odd coincidence Forster married Colburn's widow fifteen years later. But before she became a widow Colburn had incensed Dickens further. Colburn thought the *Picnic Papers* not long enough, and therefore added to them—"turned up in a mattress unbeknown," as Mrs Gamp said (unbeknown to the editor, Boz)—an American collection, called *The Charcoal Papers*, to make the third volume. This unwarrantable proceeding caused an American writer, Dr Mackenzie, to charge Dickens, in 1870, with spatchcocking alien matter into a work for which Boz was nominally responsible. But Dickens had, in 1842, expressed to "Harold Skimpole" (Leigh Hunt) his views on Colburn, and in a letter to his friend Edmund Yates in 1859 repudiated any share in or knowledge of this piece of impudence.

Macrone passed from Dickens's life, thus, both before and after death. Richard Bentley, as we have said, was a little more difficult. But at any

[1] A prose version of his "unfortunate little farce," *The Lamplighter*.

rate he obtained *Oliver Twist* (1838, 3 vols., illustrated by Cruikshank) and an editor for his *Miscellany*. A perfect copy of *Oliver* should contain a suppressed plate—a picture of Rose Maylie, dressed in white, by a fireside, with Oliver and others. In later issues a plate of Rose and Oliver in church was substituted. The cloth binding should be brown. Some copies have been found with a List of Illustrations pasted in, but this does not really form part of the collation, nor was it an integral feature of the book. A good specimen is worth £35 to-day. An issue in ten parts—"a new edition revised and corrected . . . Bradbury & Evans": how these publishers and authors did chop and change, to the confusion of later collectors—appeared in 1846; and, following the example of the *Sketches*, this edition is three times more costly than the volume issue.

The first of these issues in parts appeared in January 1846, the month in which Charles Dickens became the first editor of *The Daily News*, the paper being advertised on the wrapper as "a morning newspaper of liberal politics and thorough independence."

So, much before, Mr Pickwick looked out of his window in Goswell Street and started on his amazing adventures. Here, as we are beginning the regular succession of the greater novels, it is necessary to warn collectors about the phrase "twenty parts."

It means nineteen parts, the last of the series being a double one, containing Nos. XIX. and XX. If there be those who do not read the books they buy, let them not go mourning for an unobtainable twentieth wrapper. Another interesting fact is that as these parts in wrappers, for many obvious reasons, are very hard to obtain, the cloth-bound volume editions—all issued simultaneously with the completion of the monthly parts—are rising steadily in value, and are even being preferred for library purposes to the more inaccessible and costly wrapper issues. Finally, in treating the books from *Pickwick* onwards (and indeed before), collectors should possess Mr J. C. Eckel's *First Editions of Charles Dickens* (Chapman & Hall, 1913). Though there are always new discoveries in bibliography, this excellently clear and well-arranged book is essential to any Dickens collector. If it seem that biography intrudes too often upon bibliography, it is because in these special provinces of collection they overlap. There are Dickens collectors and book-collectors innumerable; to each their glory as of the moon and the sun. The man who owns a moral pocket-handkerchief or a beadle's *Boxing Day Poems* is nearly as happy and rare as he who has *A Strange Gentleman* in perfect state.

We reach then, after this gallimaufry of the translation of "Boz" into Charles Dickens, the work that put him above contemporary criticism.

The publishers of *Pickwick* were good business men—that is to say, they took no thought for the collector of the morrow, but sold their goods as rapidly as possible in response to a sudden demand which the fathers of persons still living remember as creating a crowd outside the bookshops on the day of publication. Parts imperfect, parts slightly misprinted, parts with new advertisements added as popularity waxed, plates touched and untouched, cancelled or altered, wrappers reprinted, fresh prefaces or apologies or announcements—all these were features of the first appearance of *Pickwick* in print.

The *Works* of Shakespeare *may* be better known to English-speaking people than *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (Chapman & Hall, 1836-1837); but it is a matter of opinion. The number of "perfect" copies of that great work is also a matter of opinion; but the best opinion limits them to somewhere about half-a-dozen fortunate possessors. Mr Eckel enumerates the following vital features by which the collector may be sure of an extraordinarily *good* copy—that is to say, a £600 book:—

(1) All covers of the parts must bear the date 1836.

(2) Parts I. and II. must carry on the cover the words, "with four illustrations by Seymour."

(3) Part III. the words "with illustrations by R. W. Buss."

(4) Part I. must have four plates by Seymour, unsigned, and not re-etched by "Phiz."

(5) Part II. must have three plates by Seymour, signed.

(6) Part III. must have two plates signed "Drawn and etched by R. W. Buss," and the page numbers on them.

(7) Part IV., the two plates are indistinctly signed "Nemo" and not "Phiz."

(8) Parts II., III., X. and XV. must have the addresses by the author.

(9) Parts XVII., XVIII. and XX. addresses by the publishers.

(10) Plates in Parts I. to XII. must have no captions, only numerical references to the pages where they fit; Parts XIII. to XX. have neither titles nor numerical references.

(11) On the vignette title page the name "Weller" on the signboard over the door is spelled with a "V."

These features *must* appear in any copy which is of the highest value, though many which contain an adequate number of them are worth considerable sums. Over and above these "points" there are certain variations, especially in the advertisement matter, which show copies to be of the very earliest first issue. The highest recorded price is that paid for the MacGeorge copy—£1400; it is at present

before us. To say why this and a few other copies—barely a dozen—very unlikely to be matched have soared to such values would entail several pages of the closest bibliographical detail.

The reasons for the scarcity of the fully qualified perfect copy are various. The chief was the small number of copies originally printed of the first few numbers. The work grew in scope and design as Dickens found his feet on this new and more spacious ground—on hills overlooking life, not "Our Parish" or "The Beadle." The publishers started with a restricted and conventional idea, and then discovered that they must let a genius run away with them (and win more money than any race-horse ever foaled). Sam Weller was the agent of this wild gallop, which (it is said) increased the spectators from a tentative four hundred to forty thousand. The artists, for various reasons, were changed.[1]

Of the features mentioned by Mr Eckel, the "V" in Weller is perhaps the most curious, and from a linguistic point of view, with its strange connexion with the trial scene and the Kentish dialect, the most interesting; but the "W" version is frequently found in copies which otherwise have plates of the first issue. Copies bound up, with or without the wrappers, are usually worth less shillings than the number of their pages, and there is no

[1] In the case of Seymour, through his lamentable suicide. His first sketches for his *Pickwick* plates have changed hands for £500, and many of his etchings and engravings are extremely rare.

bibliopole who is not weary of saying so to hopeful vendors.

We cannot report on all *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. It has produced more reams of comment than any other work of fiction in our language : they cease not. It need only be added that, like the *Sketches*, it went at once East to the Nabobs and John Company (as well as to the United States). It is a pity that Joseph Sedley left Boggley-wallah too early to read it ; he might have learned something from Mr Tracy Tupman to aid him in his advances to Miss Rebecca Sharp. The Indian edition was done for three publishers, by the printer of the *Sketches*, and, as before, the illustrations (even down to the wrapper design) were executed by lithography. The numbers cost one rupee a copy. Only one set (in the original wrappers) of those full rupee-worths seems to have survived.

We must leave Samuel Pickwick asleep in the punt on the wrapper design—a vessel which, unless his theory of Tittlebats involved it, he never inhabited. Or maybe he should rest in the Pound, to which (as an alternative to the devil) Captain Boldwig had him wheeled. No Boldwigs can harm him now, and very few can afford to buy his history in its original form : their days are gone.

Dickens's next ambitious work was as full of his borrowings from life as of his immense vitality. *Nicholas Nickleby* (Chapman & Hall, 1838, twenty

as nineteen parts, in green wrappers: illustrated by "Phiz") is very scarce in its first state, although it was hugely popular, and 48,000 copies were sold of the first number. It contains some interesting bibliographical points. There is no publisher's imprint on the plates after p. 45. On p. 123, in the earliest copies, the word "visiter" (not "visitor," as Mr Eckel quotes it from a letter by Dickens himself) occurs instead of the correct "sister," though the author had noticed the mistake in the proof. Some copies of Part XIII. contain an advertisement leaf, headed "Queen Victoria and the Uniform Penny Postage." It was part of a publicity campaign on behalf of that reform—a campaign that might be revived in 1928, ninety years later! The Queen, in an imaginary conference with Rowland Hill and some of her Ministers, is represented as being shocked at the news of "Mothers pawning their clothes to pay the postage of a child's letter." Part XVI. has sometimes a small slip advertising *Mary Ashby*. Fine sets of *Nickleby* are now worth £50 or so.

But the real interest, even from the restricted point of view of a stern collector, is in the fidelity to life which, as we have said, makes Dickensiana valuable in addition to Dickens's own works. Wackford Squeers was no invention, nor the Yorkshire schools a nightmare: both were deadly fact. Sir Leslie Stephen speaks of "the ridicule of Yorkshire

schools." It was grim earnest. Dickens went to Yorkshire to make sure of the state of things, and he took Hablot Browne there to see the original of Squeers — a horrible creature called Shaw, whose prospectus actually stated that (like Squeers) he set out from the "Saracen's Head," where parents could interview him. Dickens confirmed this in a letter to Mrs S. C. Hall (Pecksniff's wife), dated 29th December 1838, and in later editions of *Nickleby* he added a preface asserting his own veracity. He wrote to Mrs Hall thus concerning *Nicholas Nickleby*:

> "Depend upon it the rascalities of those Yorkshire Schoolmasters cannot easily be exaggerated and that I have kept down the strong truth and thrown as much comicality over it as I could."

He did not say, but it has been proved, that the character and manners of Vincent Crummles were an equally faithful portrait, even down to the man who blacked himself all over to play Othello.[1] He not only had his recent connexion with playwriting and the stage to draw upon; he got up his case from the authentic records of the theatre's history.

It is curious to find that for some time after the exhibition of vigour given by these two great novels, *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*, and in spite of the wide fame they gave him, Dickens wrote little on a grand scale,

[1] *Vincent Crummles, His Theatre and His Times.* By F. J. Harvey Darton, 1926.

or at least wrote without his usual speed. He was engaged in editing Bentley's *Miscellany*, but still more in quarrels with Bentley: he had also domestic sorrows. When his next long book, or rather books, appeared, they were not far off second-rate work in many passages, in spite of their popularity. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which in its three parts included *The Old Curiosity Shop* and the twice-pledged *Barnaby Rudge*, was the work in question. Chapman & Hall published this (1840-1841) in what was, for Dickens, an unusual form—weekly (in white-wrappered numbers; eighty-eight in all) and monthly (in green; twenty in all). Perhaps the popularity of *Pickwick* annoyed some anonymous contemporary highbrow; or perhaps there was one handkerchief left unsoaked by tears for Little Nell. At any rate, *The Penny Satirist* began a review (extended, however, to three long columns) with the words, "This nondescript production reminds us of a pawnbroker's shop": not too harsh a criticism of the policy of stringing together three wholly incongruous works, quite apart from any verdict on the egregious Grandfather and the sentimentality of all three books.

A good copy of the work in weekly parts recently cost £50; in monthly parts it is worth about half that price. A really interesting thing, apart from differences with publishers, is the fresh proof that *Barnaby Rudge* gives of Dickens's scrupulous accuracy. There lies before us a very rare leaflet, issued by the

Proteſtant Aſſociation.

WHEREAS no Hall in London can contain Forty Thouſand Men;

Reſolved, That this Aſſociation do meet on *Friday* next, *June* 2, in St. *George's Fields*, at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, to conſider of the moſt prudent and reſpectful Manner of attending their Petition, which will be preſented the ſame Day, to the HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Reſolved, For the Sake of good Order and Regularity, That this Aſſociation, on coming to the Ground, do ſeparate themſelves into Four diſtinct Diviſions, *viz.* The London Diviſion, the Weſtminſter Diviſion, the Southwark Diviſion, and the Scotch Diviſion.

Reſolved, That the London Diviſion do take Place upon the Right of the Ground towards Southwark, the Weſtminſter Diviſion ſecond, the Southwark Diviſion third, and the Scotch Diviſion upon the left—all wearing blue Cockades in their Hats to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the Papiſts, and thoſe who approve of the late Act in Favour of Popery.

Reſolved, That the Magiſtrates of London, Weſtminſter and Southwark are requeſted to attend, that their Preſence may overawe and controul any riotous or evil minded Perſons, who may wiſh to diſturb the legal and peaceable Deportment of his Majeſty's Proteſtant Subjects.

By Order of the Aſſociation,

G. GORDON, PRESIDENT.

LONDON, *May* 29, 1780.

unhappy Lord George Gordon as President of the Protestant Association, dated 29th May 1780. It gives directions for the marshalling of the four divisions of Anti-Papists in St George's Fields. It mentions the probable numbers, the exact divisions, the particular blue cockades to be worn. Dickens, in the novel (see pp. 145, 211, 214, 217 of the original edition, vol. iii. of *Master Humphrey's Clock*), uses this leaflet almost *verbatim*.

Nor was his fidelity to fact changed in his next and much greater novel (to many it appears his best)—*Martin Chuzzlewit* (Chapman & Hall, 1843-1844; nineteen-twenty parts, in green wrappers). This was of international importance. Dickens had visited the United States in 1842, with his wife, and the same year produced *American Notes* (Chapman & Hall, 2 vols., brown cloth, with no illustrations). The opinions given in both works provoked Emerson to write: "Charles Dickens self-sacrificingly undertook the reformation of our American manners in unspeakable particulars." Dickens justified himself in a later preface to *Chuzzlewit* and in the 1850 edition of the *Notes*. He needed little defence, and it is interesting to remember that his American popularity increased rather than diminished. In England the *Notes* were so well appreciated that 3000 copies were sold within a week of publication. An introductory chapter, justifying Dickens in advance against the criticism he clearly expected,

was omitted, which caused a peculiarity of collation: the actual pagination of the first volume in the earliest issues begins at p. xvi, which is really p. viii. This was corrected later by a new pagination. A "new tale of English Life and Manners" (presumably *Chuzzlewit*) was announced on the fly-leaf.

The *Notes* are frank enough; but *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with its almost bitter laughter, leaves them far behind. The States could tolerate criticism, with some difficulty, but not ridicule. Yet Dickens proved, by his later reference to the Brandywine ("Watertoast") Association, that he had a solid basis of fact. He was equally truthful in respect of Seth Pecksniff, who was indubitably Samuel Carter Hall, even down to his oratorical gestures. It will be remembered that Boz had written to Mrs Hall about the truth of Squeers. This is what, in 1853, he said in a letter about her husband and herself: "I, in confidence, denounce the amiable couple as the most terrific humbugs known on earth at any period of its history."

Nor does the personal element in *Chuzzlewit*—a surname which Dickens invented and corrected a score of times—end here. We have before us an unpublished manuscript of his on Emigration. In 1868 his youngest son, Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, went to New South Wales (where, eventually, he died). This tract by his father deals with emigration to that colony, to which his brother, Alfred

Tennyson Dickens (who is buried in New York), also went. The Micawbers, born, in a literary sense, in 1849, also went to Australia. But *Martin Chuzzlewit*, with its picture of the emigrants kept from despair only by Mark Tapley's rather tiresome jolliness, its description of the steerage passage in a steam "package," shows that Dickens already knew the subject by heart. In this manuscript he goes into all the practical details—the cost of chartering a 400-ton boat (little bigger than the average creeping coaster of the English seas to-day), of food, of equipment on and after the voyage. "What is the Terewth?" asked Mr Chadband in 1852. Dickens knew.

The book itself is becoming scarcer and is increasing in cost: it may now, in fine state in the original parts, be worth about £40, instead of the £20 or so of a few years ago. The genuine first issue has "100£" instead of "£100" on the signpost leaflet in the engraved title page.

It was succeeded in 1848 by *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey & Son*. Dickens had by now come to a severance from Chapman & Hall, and Bradbury & Evans published the new book, in nineteen as twenty parts, in green wrappers. Mr Eckel gives some important details as to the illustrations (etched, not lithographed): the great popularity of the book (30,000 copies were sold of the first number) caused variations in the course of the first edition. Some bound copies contain an erratum slip of twelve lines,

others one of eight; and Part XV. has a slip with reference to the non-appearance of a Christmas Book in 1847 (to succeed *The Haunted Man* of 1846). It promised one for 1848, but this promise was never strictly kept.

The mortuary features in the book have a strange interest in literary history. Pints of tears had been shed over Little Nell, quarts exuded over Paul Dombey. Thackeray—not yet estranged from his very obvious rival—succumbed to the dying child. Dashing down to Mr Punch's office with No. 5 of *Dombey* in his pocket, he threw it on the table before Mark Lemon and John Cordy Jeaffreson, exclaiming: "There is no writing against such power as this—one has no chance. Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!"

Those who condemn Dickens's English style had better go back to his next book, *David Copperfield* (Bradbury & Evans; nineteen for twenty parts as usual. The title page is dated 1850, but the monthly issue began in May 1849. A good copy will cost £35 to £40). This, as everyone knows, is semi-autobiographical, and nowhere else did Dickens achieve so gentle a purity of language. There is nothing to be added to what this book does not reveal in itself. In *Bleak House*, however (1852-1853; twenty parts, in *blue* wrappers), his habit of portraiture shifted from himself to two very eminent friends. There can be no doubt whatever that Leigh

Hunt and Walter Savage Landor are the type-bases of the characters of Harold Skimpole and Mr Boythorne. And probably—from a letter mentioned below in connexion with *Little Dorrit*—Mrs Pardiggle and her religiously educated family had a pretty definite original.

Part IX. of *Bleak House* has only one plate, Part X. three : a slip on p. 257 (Part IX.), explaining the reason, is essential to a perfect copy, which will cost from £15 to £20.

The next novel brings us back to one of the points with which we began—Dickens's close knowledge of the industrial revolution. *Hard Times* is dedicated to Carlyle, no mean student of social ferment. Dickens went to Preston to get first-hand information about strike conditions, and we have before us an unpublished MS. of very great interest by him, entitled " On the Condition of the Working Class—discussing their economic and moral advancement, the relationship between income and expenditure, and the need of thrift for ensuring future comfort." He had by now become voluntary almoner to Miss (afterwards the Baroness) Burdett-Coutts ; so that even if his boyhood had not taught him a great deal about " the working class," he had had enough contact with it to write what is perhaps the best English " economic " novel, and one of his own finest technical works of art : not, certainly, " minor," in which category bibliographers usually

put it. The tale appeared first serially in *Household Words*, and was not issued in parts, but in green cloth (Bradbury & Evans, 1854: now worth £6 or £7, though fine copies are scarce).

Little Dorrit, its successor (Bradbury & Evans, 1855-1857; twenty parts in blue wrappers [1]), is more expensive to the collector, and might cost £10 to £20. It is the least esteemed of Dickens's works as a novel, but it is rich in personal associations. He was now desperately engaged with those social inequalities which in *Hard Times* he had treated with a finer restraint; and indeed his interest amounts to something like despair. In an unpublished letter to Macready (1855) he wrote that the middle class did not exist: "Though we are perpetually bragging of it as our safety, it is nothing but a poor fringe on the mantle of the upper. . . . In No. IV. of my new book" (i.e. *Dorrit*) "I have been blowing off a little of the indignant steam which would otherwise blow me up. . . . I have no present political faith or hope—not a grain."

Another point in the book—the religious education of children—is echoed in an unpublished letter to an unknown lady who apparently asked his views on the subject. The words might be addressed to Mrs Pardiggle or Mr Chadband: "I think it monstrous to hold the source of inconceivable mercy and

[1] Perfect copies should have a slip on p. 481 (Part XVI.) correcting a misprint.

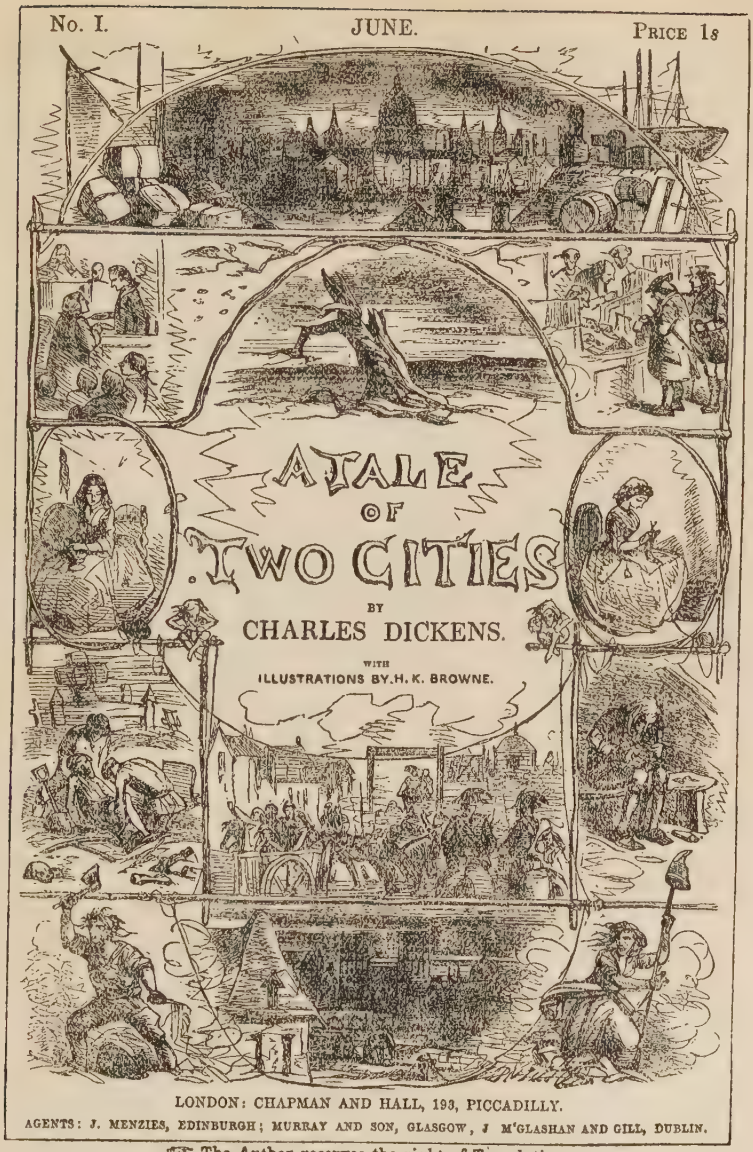
goodness perpetually up to them as an avenging and wrathful God."

Finally, the story bears on Dickens's first love affair. In 1833, then only one-and-twenty, he had been deeply in love with Miss Maria Beadnell. His correspondence with her has been published by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, in a rare limited edition. She is the tenderly drawn Dora of *David Copperfield*. In 1855 she came into his life again as Mrs Winter, and in a queer whimsy he put her into *Little Dorrit* as Flora Finching.

About now he left Messrs Bradbury & Evans, and went back to Chapman & Hall with *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1856-1857. In a perfect state this is one of the rarest and most expensive of Dickens's books, and can now hardly be obtained in original state for less than £120. It appeared in eight parts (in seven), in blue wrappers. Page 213 is mispaged 113. As the advertisement and other extraneous matter has not been very fully described, it seems desirable to give here a full collation of a perfect copy :

A / Tale of Two Cities./ By / Charles Dickens./ With Illustrations by H. K. Browne./ London : / Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly ; / And at the Office of All the Year Round, / 11, Wellington Street North./ MDCCCLIX.

First Edition, 8vo, measuring $8\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{5}{8}$ in., in the original 8 numbers in 7 monthly parts, issued in blue



☞ The Author reserves the right of Translation.

WRAPPER OF NO. 1

wrappers, design by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), June to December 1859.

In the First Issue, page 213 is erroneously numbered "113."

Collation :—16 plates, including Frontispiece and engraved title.

Five preliminary leaves, which are actually signature T2 to 6, the last (list of plates) with a false signature *b* (1), and text paged (1) to 254, with signatures B to S in eights and T (1).

Detailed Collation of the Parts.—Page (1) of the wrapper has a designed border, which includes the words "A Tale / of / Two Cities," the remainder being printed. It is headed by the serial number, the month of issue, and the price, which details vary throughout.

No. I. JUNE.

Two plates, and text paged 1 to 32, with signatures B and C.

Wrappers.—Page (1), "No. I. June. Price 1s./ A Tale / of / Two Cities / by / Charles Dickens./ With / Illustrations by H. K. Browne," within the border, below which is "London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly./ Agents: J. Menzies, Edinburgh; Murray and Son, Glasgow; J. M'Glashan and Gill, Dublin./ ☞ The Author reserves the right of Translation."

Page (2), "The War / with the Sardinians." Page

(3), "Slack's Catalogue . . ." Page (4), "Cheap Book-Stalls."

Advertisements.—Before the text: "No. I.—June, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp. "Discontinuance of Household Words," a yellow slip, reverse blank.

After the text: "Dr de Jongh's," 4 mauve pp. "The / Morisonian Monument," 4 pp., dated at end "March 18, 1859."

No. II. JULY.

Two plates, and text paged 33 to 68, with signatures D and E.

Wrappers.—Page (1), similar to No. I. within the border, below which is "London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly," in larger type, and "And 'All the Year Round' Office, 11, Wellington-Street North, Strand," in place of the names of agents. Page (2), "Family Mourning." Page (3), "Fenders, Fire-Irons and Furnishing." Page (4), "The War."

Advertisements.—Before the text: "No. II.—July, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp.

After the text: "Important Family Medicine," 4 pp. "Report of P. A. Aveilhé," below an illustration of the British College of Health, 2 pink to buff pp.

No. III. AUGUST.

Two plates, and text paged 69 to 100, with signatures G and H.

Wrappers.—Pages (1), (2) and (3), same as No. II. Page (4), " A Tale of the Two Cities."

Advertisements.—Before the text: " No. III.—August, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp.

After the text: " Dr de Jongh's," 4 yellow pp. " The Morisonian Monument," 4 pp., dated at end " March 18, 1859."

No. VI. SEPTEMBER.

Two plates, and text paged 101 to 132, with signatures I and K.

Wrappers.—Page (1), same as No. II. Page (2), " Millinery for Mourning." Page (3), same as No. II. Page (4), " To Sportsmen and Others."

Advertisements.—Before the text: " No. IV.—September, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp.

After the text: " Important Family Medicine," 4 pp.

No. V. OCTOBER.

Two plates, and text paged 133 to 164, with signatures L and M.

Wrappers.—Pages (1) to (3), same as No. IV. Page (4), " The Month of October."

Advertisements.—Before the text: " 193, Piccadilly, October 1, 1859./ New Serial," a yellow slip, reverse blank. " No. V.—October, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp.

After the text: " Dr de Jongh's," 4 yellow pp.

No. VI. NOVEMBER.

Two plates, and text paged 165 to 196, with signatures N and O.

Wrappers.—Pages (1) to (3), same as No. IV. Page (4), " Lord Brougham and the / Working Classes."

Advertisements.—Before the text: " ' The Story of our lives from Year to Year,' Shakespeare," 1 page, reverse blank. " No. VI.—November, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp.

After the text: " Thomas De la Rue & Co's.," 4 pp.

Nos. VII. & VIII. DECEMBER.

Four plates, including frontispiece and engraved title, and text paged 197 to 254, with signatures P to T (1) in eights, followed by the preliminary leaves, which are title, reverse blank, pp. (i. / ii.); dedication, reverse blank, pp. (iii. / iv.); preface, reverse blank, pp. (v. / vi.); contents, pp. (vii.) and viii.; list of plates, reverse blank, pp. (ix. / x.).

Wrappers.—Pages (1) and (2) same as No. IV. Page (3), " Slack's Nickel Electro-Plate." Page (4), " British Volunteers."

Advertisements.—Before the text: " Nos. VII. & VIII. — December, 1859./ Tale of Two Cities Advertiser," 8 pp.

After the text: " One Shilling Monthly, / with illustrations./ The / Cornhill Magazine, / edited by / W. M. Thackeray," 2 light brown pp.

With one rather dismal exception the novels henceforth were of shorter length, and show the more definite and concise artistic restraint of *Hard Times* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. *Great Expectations* (Chapman & Hall, 1861) was the first novel by Dickens to appear in the fashionable three-volume form—a fact which makes good copies scarce. It had no illustrations and was never published in parts. The chief points are in the advertisement matter (which runs to 32 pages) in vol. iii. They should have "May 1861" on the first, second and fifth pages. The end-papers should be light canary-coloured. A fine copy may cost from £100 to £125. The binding should be plum-coloured cloth, but a copy containing all the vital points has recently come into the possession of one of the writers that is bound in green cloth, with the same embossed design as that on the purple cloth. It is possibly a trial copy, bound in Dickens's favourite colour, for his approval. He was very particular about all the details of presentation. This copy was presented by the author to Arthur Smith, who was brother of Albert Smith, the entertainer, and who was managing Dickens's Readings at St James's Hall in 1861 when he died.

The rather dismal exception was *Our Mutual Friend* (Chapman & Hall, 1864-1865; nineteen as twenty green-wrappered parts). Here, with some of his finest work, is much that is indubitably tedious;

and anyone who could give a coherent account of this plot in, say, one hundred words would deserve to rank with the few people who, as Macaulay said (in a famous "howler"), were "in at the death of the Blatant Beast." The book is worth a little less than *Dombey*, but you should be sure that the copy contains after p. xiii a slip explaining the title—a common solecism which had a good two hundred years of popular usage behind it. Marcus Stone did the illustrations—a significant breath of the late Victorian atmosphere: Dickens was growing old.

There is one interesting personal association about the work. It contains Dickens's "only good Jew," 'Riah. The character arose out of a dignified remonstrance addressed to the author in 1863 by a Mrs Eliza Davis, about the hatefulness of Fagin. Mrs Davis ingeniously used that bad man—taken by so many to be a typical Jew—as a lever to ask a subscription to the Lady Montefiori Memorial Fund. She got it. Dickens hardly less ingeniously avoided the charge of racial prejudice, and threw in 'Riah by way of atonement—he must have written the passage about the time of the Fast of Yom Kippur. Mrs Davis thanked him, and in 1867 presented him (along with some criticism of the characters in detail!) with a Hebrew Bible (now with the correspondence before us), "in grateful and admiring recognition of his having exercised the noblest quality man can possess: that of atoning for an

injury as soon as conscious of having inflicted it." The correspondence (printed privately, for the first time, in 1918, the year of the conquest of Palestine by Lord Allenby, when the keys of the Holy City were handed to a Cockney corporal) proves that a popular author's time is not all taken up in writing at full speed and endorsing cheques. As a matter of fact, the multifariousness of Dickens's interests not only weakened his work but shortened his life.

The last of all the novels we will leave till later, for it furnishes a fit comment on his relations with Thackeray. It is the unfinished *Edwin Drood* (Chapman & Hall, 1870) : it is not expensive. The chief point for collectors is the slip pasted to the green wrapper of Part VI., changing the price from 1s. to 1s. 6d.

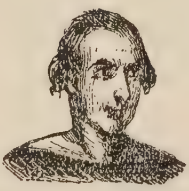
We have said that minor works may often be scarcer and more costly than their nobler brothers. Dickens wrote many such works, and they are nearly all rare, and, what is more, nearly all contain bibliographical difficulties. *Sunday under Three Heads*, by " Timothy Sparks " (Chapman & Hall, 1836), is one of the least common of them. It may cost as much as £40 in its drab paper wrapper. There are facsimile reprints, easily identified. *Sketches of Young Gentlemen* (1838) and *Sketches of Young Couples* (1840—both Chapman & Hall) are almost equally rare, and in the original boards with the back strip will prove as expensive. All these

SUNDAY

UNDER THREE HEADS.

AS IT IS;

AS SABBATH BILLS WOULD MAKE IT;



AS IT MIGHT BE MADE.

With Illustrations.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL,--186, STRAND.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

three trifles were illustrated by Phiz, as was also *Sketches of Young Ladies* (Chapman & Hall, 1838) by "Quiz"—but "Quiz" was not Boz, though he has been accused of the identity.

The most famous of the "minor" works—which perhaps it would now be fair to term "slighter" rather than "minor"—were the "Christmas Books." It is not known whether Dickens, Hans Christian Andersen or the Prince Consort resuscitated the English Christmas; but Dickens at least stabilized it.

His Christmas Books, in chronological order, were *A Christmas Carol* (1843), *The Chimes* (1845), *The Cricket on the Hearth* (1846), *The Battle of Life* (1846), and *The Haunted Man* (1848). Two are terrible problems for the collector. These two are the *Carol* and *The Battle of Life*, and it is simplest to state in a very bald manner the chief points about them.

A Christmas Carol depends on its title page, end-papers, and the opening chapter-heading—"Stave One" or "Stave I."

Trial Copy I.—Title page in red and blue: green end-papers: "Stave I." in Gothic type: 1843. (Only two copies of this are known.[1])

Trial Copy II.—Title page in red and green: is found with both yellow and green end-papers: "Stave I" in Roman type: 1844. Worth about £100. (Eight or ten copies known.)

[1] Both of these were in the collection of one of the authors of this book; Mr Pierpont Morgan now owns one.

Stave I.

MARLEY'S GHOST.

MARLEY was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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First Edition.—First issue. Title page in red and blue: green end-papers: "Stave I" in Roman type: 1843. Worth about £50.

First Edition.—Second issue. Title page in red and blue: yellow end-papers: "Stave I" in Roman type: 1843. Worth about £50. The presentation copy to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, sold in 1923 for £190, was of this issue, which is as scarce as the first issue, and there is still some difference of opinion among bibliographers as to the priority of the green or the yellow end-papers.

First Edition.—Third issue. Title page in red and blue: green end-papers: "Stave One" in Roman type: 1843. Worth £25 to £30.

There were twenty-four editions in the original form, all (after the first, which was in a brownish salmon-coloured cloth) being in red bindings: the number of the edition, after the five described, is stated on the title page. Six hundred copies were sold on the day of publication—about four days before Christmas, 1843. Dickens expected to make £1000 by it, but obtained only £726.

The title page (engraved) is also the crux of *The Battle of Life*. It has four versions of its pictorial design and sub-title—"A Love Story."

First Issue.—"A Love Story" is in type, with the publishers' imprint and date filling three lines. It is said that only five copies are known. The latest recorded price appears to be $575.

A LOVE STORY.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY BRADBURY & EVANS, WHITEFRIARS.
1846.

LONDON;
PUBLISHED BY BRADBURY & EVANS, WHITEFRIARS.
1846.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars.

THE FOUR IMPRINTS OF "THE BATTLE OF LIFE"

Second Issue.—" A Love Story " is engraved on a scroll. The imprint and date fill three lines of type. This is also very scarce and is probably worth £40 or so.

Third Issue.—" A Love Story " is engraved on a different scroll, held by a cupid. The imprint fills only one line, and there is no date.

Fourth Issue (the commonest; worth £1 or thereabouts).—" A Love Story " is on a scroll, with the same cupid. But there is no imprint and no date.

We give these four issues in the usually accepted order; but there is no certainty about it. It is permissible to point out that it is much easier to cut out an engraving and insert type than to take out type and put an engraving in its place.

When the Christmas Books ceased, their place, after an interval, was taken by the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* (1850-1858) and *All the Year Round* (1859-1867). These, however, are not all by Dickens. A complete set of the eighteen numbers in the finest condition is scarce, but should not cost more than about £25—if it can be found. Another minor rarity is *A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree* (1860), which again is not wholly by Dickens: his assistant and friend W. H. Wills had a hand in it. The first edition, with the MS., sold for £240 in 1922; of course it would be worth more now.

Three "minor" works which the general public obtains in collected editions are *Pictures from Italy* (Bradbury & Evans, 1846—not at all scarce); *A Child's History of England* (Bradbury & Evans, 3 vols., 1852-1853-1854; scarce, and worth £10), and *The Uncommercial Traveller* (Chapman & Hall, 1861), which is also scarce in its original cloth, with advertisements dated December 1860 at the end.

The unofficial illustrators of Dickens deserve mention. They are numerous and sometimes costly. In a sense they were pirates, as Stirling was when he made two plays out of *Nicholas Nickleby*, in advance of its conclusion, before even Dickens himself knew how the story was going to end. In a sense, too, they are matter for print-collectors, though most of their work appeared in book-form. By far the best was Pailthorpe, whose sets of illustrations to *Oliver Twist* and *Great Expectations* (which had had none) are masterly, and at least worthy of his teacher, George Cruikshank. This great artist, too little known, died as recently as 1914. Kenny Meadows did some *Nickleby* pictures in black-and-white: he was a versatile workaday artist and, by the testimony of one who knew him well, a pleasant sort of fellow and a good workman. He belongs to that transition age of illustration when steel overlapped wood, stone, and copper, and when half-tone and line reproduction were unknown; so also do Alfred Crowquill (Alfred Henry Forrester and his brother,

Mrs. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

A Reading.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

TITLE PAGE OF ONE OF DICKENS'S SCARCE "READINGS"
See p. 290

Charles Robert Forrester), who drew some plates for *Pickwick*, and Thomas Onwhyn, who, as " Samuel Weller " and " Peter Palette " as well as under his own name, supplemented Phiz's work on *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*. His *Pickwick* plates (Grattan, 1837) were issued, with some impudence, in monthly parts (ten) and in green wrappers: they are now very rare.

One may take that kind of thing as impertinence to Hablot K. Browne and the legitimate illustrators, or as flattery of Dickens, or just as a piece of wage-earning: it does not matter which. Its importance lies in the contemporary verdict on the author who inspired them, and who now makes them interesting and valuable. Queen Victoria's reign was rich in good book-illustrators; Dickens was rich in friends. Here is a list of those who made drawings for the Christmas Books: Maclise, Dicky Doyle, Leech, Clarkson Stanfield, Edwin Landseer, Frank Stone, John Tenniel. Here are some others, of later years as well as early: George Cruikshank, Hablot K. Browne, Marcus Stone, Charles Green, Fred Barnard, Harry Furniss, Cecil Aldin. Does that gallant company consist of the " half-educated " ?

We come, then, to the last days, with Dickens as the idol of his time. It was idolatry and his own energy that killed him. His voyages to America were sufficiently exhausting. He added to them the fury of his " Readings," which, according to his son's testimony in an unpublished address, in

the form of "Personal Reminiscences," the now ageing man rehearsed at white heat beforehand. Those "Readings" he gave publicly and then had printed privately for a few friends (probably in 1866). They are almost unknown, and very few are recorded. *Mrs Lirriper's Lodgings*; *Dr Marigold*; *Bardell* v. *Pickwick*; *Mr Crops, the Dwarf*; *Mr Bob Sawyer's Party*, and *Great Expectations* are the chief. The happy collector who obtains any of these (probably at £250 apiece) will realize that he is very near to Charles Dickens himself.

The strain of the "Readings" was immense; but Dickens increased it by his numerous speeches at public dinners, opening ceremonies, and the like. Those speeches, in separately printed form or in the *Proceedings* of various societies, are hard to obtain. So is another of his bubbling productions—*The Gad's Hill Gazette* (1864-1865), printed at his private press and edited by Henry Fielding Dickens, which is so rare that its value cannot be estimated in general terms—though the best copy known cost, at its last appearance, $1450.

In 1869, as his books had already shown, he was feeling deeply the wear and tear of so vehement a life. But he conceived, for his next book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*; and much of that work—especially the extra chapter not dovetailed into what was already in the printer's hands, and not linked up clearly with the plot—displays an extra-

ordinary return to his old vitality. A few days before his death his son Charles (about to leave the office of *Household Words* for home) saw him for the last time, writing in a state of complete unheeding absorption.[1] He died of apoplexy on 8th June 1870, leaving the mystery of Drood unsolved, and the book unfinished. Six years before he had written, of his only peer in that great robust age of Queen Victoria, "on the table before me there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story"; and he had given Thackeray, in *The Cornhill Magazine*, the splendid tribute of his sincere regret. Unfinished

[1] "On that mournful time you will not wish me to dwell. I will only tell you of the last time I was with him before he lay dying in the dining-room at Gadshill—an interview which is curiously illustrative of that reality to him of his ideal world of which I spoke to you some little while ago. He was in town for our usual Thursday meeting on the business of *All the Year Round*, and, instead of returning to Gadshill on that day, had remained overnight, and was at work again, in his room in Wellington Street, on the Friday, the 3rd of June. During the morning I had hardly seen him, except to take his instructions about some work I had to do, and at about one o'clock—I had arranged to go into the country for the afternoon—I cleared up my table and prepared to leave. The door of communication between our rooms was open, as usual, and, as I came towards him, I saw that he was writing very earnestly. After a moment I said: 'If you don't want anything more, sir, I shall be off now,' but he continued his writing with the same intensity as before, and gave no sign of being aware of my presence. Again I spoke—louder, perhaps, this time—and he raised his head and looked at me long and fixedly. But I soon found that, although his eyes were bent upon me, and he seemed to be looking at me earnestly, he did not see me, and that he was, in fact, unconscious for the moment of my very existence. He was in Dreamland, with Edwin Drood, and I left him—for the last time."—From the unpublished "Personal Reminiscences" by Dickens's eldest son, Charles, now in the collection of one of the writers of this book.

work is the fate of very many creative artists; but few can have left behind them such "Something ere the End"—stopped short before the end—as these two great contemporaries.

So ended the enormous gusto of the full life of Charles John Huffham Dickens. Vain, difficult in the business relations of life, frail in the temper of conduct, wilful and impetuous, Charles Dickens transcends his personal faults and his immediate age. He might not see with Shakespeare that our little life is rounded with a sleep, nor with Chaucer that the greatest gentleman is he who is courteous always, a very perfect gentle knight; nor even with Fielding that you should go with the uttermost fortitude and splendour of mien to die in pain in a foreign land, to have your alien grave neglected, and your name imperishable—afterwards. He was too restless for that serenity. He is not akin to Cervantes, even in his trials—for he is English: none more. While grass grows and water runs in this dear soil of England, those who speak English will read what he wrote.

CHAPTER VIII

I have tried to show you something of the extent and of the splendour of the contribution which the Victorians made to man's common and ever-growing heritage. I can only hope (but with no very robust or confident faith) that some successor of mine, fifty years hence, if he is minded to take a survey from the same outlook of post-Victorian times, may be able to say that their contribution was comparable in the things that permanently enrich and exalt mankind.

LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH: "Some Aspects of the Victorian Age" (*Romanes Lecture*, 1918).

No. 1.] JANUARY. [Price 1s.

VANITY FAIR.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "The Irish Sketch Book:" "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo:" of "Jeames's Diary" and the "Snob Papers" in "Punch:" &c. &c.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; J. M'LEOD, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.
1847.

[Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.]

CHAPTER VIII

THACKERAY AND OTHER EMINENT VICTORIANS

"THERE is a man in our own days," wrote one of three sisters who even in 1846 "did not like to declare ourselves women," "whose words are not found to tickle delicate ears: who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society, much as the son of Imlah came before the throned Kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring." Filled with that feeling of deep admiration, Currer Bell dedicated the second edition of *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray, who six months or so later, not knowing her real name or sex, sent her, "with grateful regards," a copy of *Vanity Fair*. He gave few presentation copies. His own presentation copy of *A Christmas Carol*, from Dickens himself, was bought after his death for £25 10s.—not for Queen Victoria, as misstated in the *Life* by Hotten. Miss Brontë admired Dickens's work, but not what she deemed to be his ostentation: she never met him.

That dedication is a more charming recognition than lies behind the relations between Dickens and

Thackeray. The two, it will be remembered, were estranged through a piece of waspish impertinence of Edmund Yates, which Thackeray took perhaps too seriously.[1] His action caused Yates to be removed from membership of the Garrick Club, and Dickens took the part of the young journalist against other members of the Club committee. These two out of the three greatest Victorian novelists were not on speaking terms for some time. They were reconciled in the end, and Dickens, as has been said, wrote generously of his "rival" in the *Cornhill*; though it may be doubted whether he ever appreciated Thackeray as fully as Thackeray appreciated him. Charlotte Brontë, on the other hand, not only wrote the glowing dedication from which we have quoted, but was so overawed by the greatness of "Mr Titmarsh" that she could hardly speak when eventually she met him.

Thackeray was a year older than Dickens. The work of both writers began to appear in the same year—1836; but, whereas Dickens won wide fame almost immediately, Thackeray remained for ten years—until *Vanity Fair* was published in 1847—little more than a struggling journalist. He really desired to be an artist. Clive Newcome's training in art was very much Thackeray's own. He applied to

[1] Yates's pamphlet, *Mr Thackeray, Mr Yates, and the Garrick Club*, appeared in 1859. In the rare first issue the name "Dickens" is misprinted "Dickes," on p. 14. Yates's own copy with a letter from Dickens sold for $500 in 1926.

Dickens for the succession to Seymour on *Pickwick*. Probably Dickens's preference for Phiz was wise, though books which "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" himself illustrated are to-day among those most highly prized by collectors.

He left directions that no biography of him was to be written. A work on his life *has* appeared, but the chief direct authority for it is the series of prefaces by his daughter, Lady Ritchie, to the Centenary collected edition of his works. One result of his modesty has been to make the bibliography of his many books a slow and not yet wholly complete process. It has been admirably accomplished hitherto by Mr Van Duzer's *A Thackeray Library* (1919)—based to a great extent upon his own superb collection, dispersed at Anderson's Gallery in 1923. The bibliographies by Miss Granniss and Mr Plumptre Johnson are also of assistance.

His work in general falls into three main groups —the great novels, the books prized as much for their illustrations as for their intrinsic literary merit, and the rarer small works. Of the great novels it is impossible to speak in detail here, though a few points may be noticed. *Vanity Fair* (1847-1848), twenty parts in nineteen, in yellow wrappers (a kind of opposition to Dickens's green), should have on p. 336 (Part XI.) a "portrait" of Lord Steyne, afterwards suppressed, and p. 453 (Part XV.) "Mr Pitt" for the subsequent "Sir Pitt." Like *Pickwick's* its

advertisements are essential if the copy is to reach such a high figure as did the McCutcheon copy, which sold in 1926 for $2425. The presentation copy from Thackeray to Dickens, with his autograph and a drawing, fetched $1550 in 1920 in America.

Vanity Fair is rarer than *Pickwick*, but, as collectors are not so numerous for Thackeray as for Dickens, *Vanity Fair* has not yet reached the high prices paid for very fine *Pickwicks*. But an "ordinary" *Vanity Fair* in parts is worth more than an "ordinary" *Pickwick* in parts. *Pendennis* (1848, twenty-four parts in twenty-three) is very scarce: the highest recorded values up to 1925 appear to be from about £20 to £30; but it "jumped" to £60 recently. The advertisement matter in these first editions varies, and may ultimately become the final test of priority. It does not appear to be known as yet which is the "standard" set: even firms of such high standing as Thackeray's first and second publishers were capricious in the binding up of the extraneous matter, and probably only a minute scrutiny of the dates of publication of books advertised, with a collation of many copies of *Pendennis*, would establish a final criterion. This difficulty constantly recurs in Victorian bibliography. *Esmond* (1852, 3 vols.) is scarce; it was not issued in parts, neither was *The Adventures of Philip* (1862, 3 vols.). They are worth no more than £10 10s.

at present, but are rising in value. *The Virginians* [1] (1857-1859) was issued in the familiar yellow parts (twenty-four on this occasion), with advertisements, and is worth now some £20 or so. *The Newcomes* (1853-1855; twenty-four parts in twenty-three) is of somewhat similar value.

All these longer novels (except *Philip* and *Esmond*) were issued in wrappered numbers, but also in cloth volumes: *Vanity Fair* in one volume, *Pendennis*, *The Virginians* and *The Newcomes* in two each.

The better-known illustrated books, especially the "Christmas Books," are scarce and precious in good condition and original bindings. The series of "Christmas Books," which usually covers the rare *Rebecca and Rowena* (1850; published by Dickens's firm, Chapman & Hall, illustrated in colours by Dick Doyle, and worth £10 to £15 to-day), is the most interesting. Thackeray himself illustrated *Mrs Perkins's Ball* (n.d.—1847). The true first edition has no list of illustrations, no advertisement on p. 47, and no lettering under the frontispiece: it sells for £10 to £15. *Our Street* (in colours; 1848: about £10), *Doctor Birch and his Young Friends* (1849; in colours), *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* (1850; in colours: worth from £5 to £10) and *The Rose and the Ring* (1855). The last-named should have uncoloured illustrations. A complete set in fine

[1] A certain number of the earliest issue have the misprint "actresses" for "ancestresses" on p. 207, Part VII., and Chapters XLVII. and XLVIII. wrongly numbered XLVIII. and XLIX.

condition, *as a set*, might be worth more than six volumes sold separately—probably about £100. Look for the back strip upon which the title was printed horizontally.

The *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, which Mr Van Duzer enumerates as thirteen, include not only the minor works, which this general title describes accurately enough, but *Barry Lyndon*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and *A Shabby Genteel Story*, which are minor to the great novels only in length. The most valuable volume in the set (which should be in the original yellow wrappers) is perhaps *Sketches and Travels in London* (1856), which is worth from £10 to £15; the rest sell from £5 upwards.

The *rariora* are of exceptional interest and great value. *Flore et Zephyr: Ballet Mythologique dédie à* [*Flore*] *par Théophile Wagstaff*, published by J. Mitchell, 33 Old Bond Street, 1st March 1836, is Thackeray's first separate publication. It should have nine lithographs by Edward Morton after drawings by him, one being on the wrapper. Some copies have the plates very lightly tinted by hand—the colouring is thought to have been done by the author—but the rarer state is the untinted, of which the British Museum has a specimen. Copies in the original wrappers are worth well over £200. Bound copies usually want the wrappers—such was the common practice of Victorian binders—and the value of bound copies falls to one half.

Thackeray's work, like that of Dickens, reflects his own life. *Flore et Zephyr* is a relic of his early Paris days, when, disappointed in his hope to become a painter, it occurred to him to turn his sketches to financial account. A very rare journal to which he contributed goes back even farther in his youth. It is probable that no one really knows what the first issues of *The Snob* (1829, April to June) are like, though the Cambridge Free Library has a set of the eleven numbers with no edition number on the first pages. Mr Van Duzer records the editions of his own copies—which are bound in one volume in boards—but they diverge from those in the British Museum, some being earlier, some later. The bound edition has fetched as much as $2000. *The Gownsman*, which succeeded *The Snob*, is equally puzzling. There is no "Vol. I." of it, *The Snob* being treated as the first volume. It appeared in seventeen numbers, from 1829 to February 1830. It, too, is very valuable.

Another journal connected with the novelist's early days is *The Corsair*, a New York magazine of "fashion," for which the egregious Nathaniel P. Willis secured contributions from Thackeray when he was in Europe: he and T. O. Porter were the editors. The magazine appeared in 1839 and 1840: an English issue is conjecturally dated 1841 by the British Museum.

Thackeray's connexion with the stage was less close than that of Dickens, but the works which

THE EXQUISITES:

A Farce

IN TWO ACTS.

"Whate'er they did was done with so much ease,
"In them alone 'twas natural to please:
"Their motions all accompanied with grace,
"And paradise was open'd in their face."—*Dryden.*

[For private circulation only.]

LONDON:

1839

associate him with it are of greater rarity. He illustrated, with three plates, *King Glumpus: An Interlude in one Act* ("for private circulation only"), 1837. The text was by John Barrow, who also wrote *The Exquisites*, but is more widely known as the biographer of Sir Francis Drake and other naval worthies. Mr McCutcheon's copy of *King Glumpus* realized $1300. *The Exquisites: A Farce in two Acts* ("for private circulation only"), 1839, contains four plates by Thackeray. About five copies are known to exist, three in the United States; the British Museum has no copy. Its value is certainly not less than £300. He probably illustrated also *Harlequin* and *Humpty Dumpty* (1850), by a now forgotten dramatist, Edward Ball (afterwards Fitzball). The plates are by "W. West," but the late Bertram Dobell ascribed them with some certainty to Mr Titmarsh. The only copy we find recorded fetched $275 in 1914. Possibly rarer still is *Illustrations to the Surprising Adventures of Three Men*, of which only three copies seem to be known. It contains twenty-four woodcuts by Thackeray. The work is authenticated by Lady Ritchie, and the McCutcheon copy was sold for $1100 in 1926.

It is not possible to enumerate here all the smaller works by or connected with Thackeray. One of them is of special interest—the early "letters" on *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* (1841). The cover design is by Thackeray, but not the plates, which

KING GLUMPUS.

KING GLUMPUS:

AN INTERLUDE

IN ONE ACT.

[For private circulation only.]

LONDON:

1837.

should be engraved on wood. A nearly facsimile lithographic reprint was made some forty years later: it can be distinguished by the fact that it has only three instead of six lines in the shading of Napoleon's cheek on the cover. The original edition is worth from £80 to £120.

One other work may be mentioned here: it is C. G. Addison's *Damascus and Palmyra* (1838—a slightly imperfect copy is in the British Museum). Thackeray did the coloured illustrations, and in the frontispiece to the second volume introduced his own portrait. The edition, containing eighteen plates instead of ten, is worth from £80 to £100.

There is another curious link between Thackeray and Dickens in the artist—George Cruikshank—who illustrated work by both of them. He had a mild quarrel with Dickens over the total abstinence he forced upon certain eminent fairy-tale characters. Thackeray contributed to his *Comic Almanack* (1835-1853—a full set is worth from £40 to £60 in the original bindings), and wrote an essay on his genius (1840; worth from £3 to £5). And the two novelists and the artist are all accused of having written *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman* (1839). Cruikshank certainly did the pictures, but which of the three wrote any or all of the text is occasionally still a matter of dispute.

We return to the Brontës later. The Victorian age was rich in great literature, but not much of

it is yet scarce enough, or sufficiently far enough off, to produce serious warfare among collectors. Mr Michael Sadleir, in his *Excursions in Victorian Bibliography*, implies, very rightly, that a person of moderate means can well make a satisfactory collection of books of the epoch for a small outlay. He puts first among the authors with whom he deals Anthony Trollope, the friend of Thackeray.[1] Trollope deserves that pre-eminence for more reasons than one. Twenty-five years ago, when he was rejected of the highbrow, a discerning Oxford tutor told one of his pupils to read Trollope, in preference to Dickens and Thackeray, if he wanted to gain a real knowledge of social England between 1850 and 1880. It was a true saying: the generous experience, the ease and versatility of Trollope are only now being properly appreciated, after he has passed through the periods of too common popularity and too reactionary neglect. And that literary appreciation is rapidly infecting collectors, so that some of his books are likely to strain "moderate means."

Doctor Thorne (3 vols.; 1858); *La Vendée* (3 vols.; 1850—one of his few excursions into historical romance); *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (3 vols.; 1848) and *Barchester Towers* (3 vols.; 1857) are perhaps at present the most desired works. They

[1] We omit here Herman Melville, as he was an American writer. But he is not at all omitted by British collectors. A useful bibliography of his work will be found in the last volume of the collected edition recently published by Messrs Constable.

have lately cost £32, £26, £33 and £25 respectively, but none of these copies was in really fine condition, and indeed they had serious imperfections.

But Trollope was a various and prolific writer, and only the increase of his fame and popularity can show which of his books are in reality the scarcest. A certain amount of information remains to be obtained as to the differences between the issues of his works, and the three-volume format may provide some puzzles in regard to end-papers and advertisements. Three-volume publication, of course, in itself makes perfect conditions difficult. It must not be forgotten that Trollope was also a civil servant, a traveller, and a writer on many general subjects, and his contemporary observations in these respects may one day, we think, be of even greater value than now.

Nearest to Trollope in survival, both for collectors' and for ordinary readers' libraries, is William Harrison Ainsworth, whose novels have long outlived the extinct contemporary romances of G. P. R. James—except for purposes of parody. Even now sons, fathers and grandfathers can feel a thrill over Turpin's ride to York in *Rookwood*, or the torture chamber in *The Tower of London*. These enchanting melodramas may not be wholly veracious as history (as *Esmond* very nearly was), but are they not all honest, simple minds desire history to be—ourselves against a villain, rescuing lovely maidens, with

kings and queens applauding in the background? Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he never, never felt that thrill?

It is fair to say that to a certain extent Ainsworth is sought after for the sake of his chief illustrators—George Cruikshank, Tony Johannot and Phiz (John Franklin and Sir John Gilbert, it is to be feared, do not appeal to collectors). But the novels as novels stand on their merits—and are still standing, and indeed growing taller.

An excellent bibliography by Mr Harold Locke (*A Bibliographical Catalogue*) tells nearly everything that an enthusiast need know. Ainsworth was a voluminous and popular writer, and deservedly a man of many friendships, which ranged in his long life (1805-1882) from Scott and Lamb to Dickens, Thackeray, Edmund Yates, Robert Browning, Mrs Henry Wood, and that eminent bookseller and collector, James Crossley. So far as we can discover, his sole serious experience of quarrels seems to have been the inevitable one with George Cruikshank, which also dragged in Bentley the publisher and "Father Prout" (the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahoney). On the other hand, his native city of Manchester entertained him publicly at its Town Hall in 1881. In proposing Ainsworth's health, the Mayor (Mr Thomas Baker) gave figures to show that at that time—long after the huge popularity of the novels in the 'forties—"twenty volumes of

his works are being perused in Manchester by readers of the free libraries every day all the year through." Popularity like that means scarcity.

The scarcest of his works are the earliest. The first is dedicated to Charles Lamb, who wrote to Ainsworth about the poems :

"The tales are pretty and prettily told, with language often finely poetical—early sometimes a little careless, I mean as to redundancy." It was called *The Works of Cheviot Tichburn* (London, 1822)—the author being then only seventeen. Another volume of poems, *A Summer's Evening Tale*, appeared in 1825, and a collection of other pieces, *December Tales*, in 1823. As copies of these works do not appear to have been sold publicly within our knowledge we cannot say what they might be worth, but as Ainsworth will fairly certainly remain an eminent Victorian the tide of personal collection may eventually wash them up.

There is also a work attributed to Ainsworth in the British Museum catalogue which appears to have escaped the attention of bibliographers and biographers alike—*Consideration on the Best Theory of Affording Immediate Relief to the Operative Classes in the Manufacturing Districts* (London, John Ebers, 1826). In 1873 Ainsworth wrote *The Manchester Rebels*—originally called *The Good Old Times* (London, Tinsley; worth about £5 or £10 now). Though that novel related to later industrial

troubles, there is no reason to suppose that the young solicitor's clerk (as he was in 1826: like Mr Arnold Bennett of the Five Towns, and many others, he deserted the law for letters) was not conversant with the hardships of "the operative classes." Of the better-known and famous novels, *Old St Paul's*, in the edition in twelve shilling parts (1841—after the three-volume edition of the same year: illustrated by Cruikshank, in cream wrappers), is one of the most costly: it is worth £70 or more. *The Miser's Daughter* (3 vols.; 1842) might cost £30; *Windsor Castle* (in the parts issue, 1843-1844) is worth about twice as much, and its first two book-form editions (both 1843—the first in three volumes, the second in one) are both desirable. *Jack Sheppard*, however, is the best seller of them all. The two chief editions are that of 1839—three volumes, with steel-engravings and woodcuts by Cruikshank; £20 to £25—and the issue in fifteen parts, 1840, also illustrated; £75 to £100. *The Tower of London*, in parts (1840), may be secured by a fortunate collector for £40; *Guy Fawkes* (3 vols.), £15 to £20. The minor works at present fluctuate in value: but there can be little doubt that all are becoming more expensive, and Ainsworth may well soon become a fully and vigorously collected author—which would be a healthy tribute to the age of Victoria, for his work fitted the popular taste.

It is a fair tribute to a once great popularity to

mention here the two Irish novelists who were in their lifetime nearly as highly esteemed as Ainsworth —Charles James Lever and Samuel Lover. They are not of great interest to collectors to-day, except for some of their illustrations. They were not eternal writers. The tendency of our age, moreover, is neither to dash nor to rollick in a manner formerly thought daring. We have also outgrown the Early Victorian conception of an Irishman as the supreme knockabout comedian of civilization. Readers, therefore, as well as collectors, pass over most of the works of both writers, as playgoers do the drama of the same era.

Lever—originally a doctor by profession—lived a life not unlike that of some of his own heroes, except that gambling and narrow means forced him to literary industry. His first, most popular, and, from a collector's point of view, most valuable novels were written to fill his purse—as indeed were most of their brothers. But they were poor things artistically, whereas the later works were stronger in construction and less vivacious. The first to appear was *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* (1839; in eleven parts), with illustrations by Phiz. This may cost from £15 to £20. *Arthur O'Leary* (1844; 3 vols.), which Cruikshank illustrated, may be worth about the same. A work containing a portrait of Lever, after Samuel Lover, *Our Lives* (1843-1844; in thirty-five parts, illustrated by Phiz), contains two stories

now usually printed separately—*Jack Hinton* and *Tom Burke of "Ours."* This complete original set in parts might be obtained for £40, or it might not, a remark that also applies to *Charles O'Malley* (1841; in twenty-two parts, illustrated by Phiz). The volume editions of these works, published at practically the same time, are not expensive. Few of the very numerous succeeding novels are read now and, Phiz or no Phiz, should not cost more than £10 apiece. *Pereunt et imputantur*: "so speed they, but the reckoning bideth."

Lever perforce led a wandering career, and was not often in the centre of literary life; but Thackeray knew him, and he is notable for having challenged Samuel Carter Hall, though we can hardly see "Mr Pecksniff" as a duellist. Lever also quarrelled with Dr Kenealy, leading counsel for the Tichborne claimant. These little incidents make him more real to us than his novels themselves. Lover, on the other hand, mingled more with the general world. He had much to do with *Bentley's Magazine*, knew Dickens's circle, and frequented the "gorgeous" Lady Blessington's *salon*. But he was too various to be in the first rank at anything. He was a reputable artist (a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy), a fluent song-writer (though perhaps only his ballad version of *Rory O'More* has any life left in it now), a popular entertainer, and a successful dramatist.

Rory O'More (1837) served him in three capacities —as ballad, play and novel. The novel is still remembered, and possibly read, but not collected. Of Lover's best-known novel, *Handy Andy* (1842; illustrated by himself), a good copy was sold in 1926 for £12.

There are other names which have a very different sound, and, historically, one with longer echoes.

Disraeli and Mrs Gaskell stand at two opposite poles—the poles of to-day's politics. *Sybil* (1845; 3 vols.) is the best-known exposition of Tory democracy, and in many ways, as the American gentleman in *Martin Chuzzlewit* said, "a prediction cruel smart." *Mary Barton* (1848; 2 vols.) is still the first—and in some ways the best—English novel which sees industrial life objectively. But, of the two, Disraeli alone is sought by collectors, and he not avidly: most of his first editions can be bought for £1 each, *The Revolutionary Epick* (1834; 2 vols.) being perhaps the most valuable—fetching from £5 to £10. *The Letters of Runnymede* may prove a rival to it, and it is quite possible that the glittering novels of the only English novelist Prime Minister may yet go up in value. He told us that "the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity"; but at present the trustees have not regarded his books as a safe security. Mrs Gaskell's works also have not caused any excitement at auction. The first illustrated edition of *Cranford* (1860)

is not worth much more than its original cost, a remark that applies also to the edition illustrated by Hugh Thomson, a charming and lovable artist, whose work has attracted some collectors of modern book-illustration.

Marryat and Wilkie Collins have more popularity than financial value, and so, on the whole, has Charles Reade; but *The Cloister and the Hearth* (4 vols.; 1861) is really scarce, and cannot be procured in the ordinary way for less than £25 or so. *It is Never Too Late to Mend* (3 vols.; 1856) is as well known, but is not so scarce and, for that reason probably, brings less. A nice copy in the original cloth may usually be acquired for £10 to £15. An apparently untraced *minusculum* by Reade—a dramatic version of *Peregrine Pickle*—might excite some interest if it ever emerges; only a few copies were printed.

On Whyte-Melville it is only necessary to quote Mr Sadleir—"it is impossible to regard him in the rôle of novelist as anything but absurd"—and to apply these words to his first editions at auction; though specialists in the literature of hunting will always desire to possess complete sets of his works, and the library of a conservative country-house of not too "highbrow" an order is certainly not complete without them.

There are still great names that attain not unto the second rank nor even to the third. One is that of

a famous collector, the owner of the Rowfant Library, Frederick Locker-Lampson. His *Poems* (1868) on large paper are worth £4 to £6, and the suppressed edition (1867) of *Lyra Elegantiarum* nearly as much. The two contemporary apostles, Carlyle and Ruskin, are difficult both to acquire and to classify. Mr Shepherd's *Bibliography of Carlyle* is forty years old, and the time has not yet come when the Sage of Chelsea has earned from the collector the idolatry which in his life and for a time afterwards he received as a writer. But (association copies apart) it is fairly safe to assume that his scarcer works (though it is not yet possible to estimate their degrees of scarcity) will increase in value : he was too individual and robust a writer to suffer the iniquity of oblivion, even if in some aspects his opinions are no more than those his own generation adopted. Ruskin, on the other hand, is more clearly limited to his period. But the expensive and peculiar method of publication he often adopted must always give his first editions the quality of scarceness ; and his minor works—especially the *Poems* (n.d.—1850), sold for £18 10s. in 1925—are of some value, though they may not reach any high level. Libraries which specialize in art and economics must possess *Modern Painters*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *The Stones of Venice*, and a complete set of *Fors Clavigera*.

Lytton, Kingsley, George Eliot, Tom Hughes, were once names to conjure with ; and though we

now see the rabbit coming out of the hat before we are meant to do so, we still admire the performers and their originality. George Eliot's works are fairly scarce, especially those in which she is not so consciously hampered by a set form—in her volumes of poems, for instance, even though one of them is in the very conventional sonnet form (*Brother and Sister*, 1869; privately printed; worth from £5 to £10). A fine copy of *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1858; 2 vols.) may cost from £15 to £20.

Kingsley's chief novels are on the same market-level—between £5 and £10; and it might be worth while, apart from literary considerations, to collect his brother, Henry Kingsley. Hughes, as the author of the first English public school novel and the best mouthpiece of the public school spirit, is desired by collectors, and *Tom Brown's School Days* (3 vols.; 1857) is rare and valuable: a *really* fine copy might cost £50. The sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford* (3 vols.; 1861), was lately sold for £30.

The taste of the collector, however, is rapidly becoming eclectic in regard to Victorian literature, not omnivorous, and is gradually separating what the literary critic would consider the temporary goats from the permanent sheep. Contemporary criticism gave Robert Browning the shortest and most discreditable review on record for *Bells and Pomegranates* (in eight parts, wrappers, 1841-1846): it consisted of one word: "Balderdash." A collector

now might have to pay a considerable sum for a complete copy in the original first issue in eight parts.

Some of his other books, but by no means all, are increasing in value. The rarest is *Pauline* (1833), which has fetched as much as $2560. Mr T. J. Wise's privately printed Browning pamphlets, done for friends, do not appear in the market: only a few copies of each were printed.

Mr Wise, whose bibliographies of Victorian and other authors are at once a model and, through their limited issue, a despair, also gave to Browning's wife, Elizabeth Barrett, the honour of inclusion in his private pamphlets. Nowadays it is probably true to say that Mrs Browning is declining in the esteem of literary critics, and her facile verse has not risen again with that of some of her contemporaries. But her personality will outlive her poems, and certain books are already of great rarity, and it cannot be denied that they represent contemporary feeling. The *Sonnets* of 1847, *The Battle of Marathon* (1820) and some privately printed booklets are, from a collector's point of view, the most valuable.

Privately printed and limited editions, with the publisher's habit of omitting dates deliberately, for furtive trade considerations, are the bane of Victorian bibliography. The difficulties thus caused are nowhere more apparent than in the case of Tennyson, whose "trial" editions—limited to a few copies—

are described by Mr Wise. It would take many pages to enumerate their peculiarities. Their rarity is such that no estimate of their value is possible. The prices paid for these "first editions" range from a few pounds to £200 or more. The "ordinary" first editions—those issued to the public—are not difficult to acquire, because of the very large editions that were issued. Of the better-known works, the first of all, *Poems by Two Brothers* (Louth, J. & J. Jackson, 1827)—there were of course three brothers concerned, Alfred, Charles and Frederick—*Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (London, Effingham Wilson, 1830), *The Lover's Tale* (1833), and the first version of *Enoch Arden—Idylls of the Hearth* (1864) are the rarest. The first issue of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, should have an errata leaf, an error in pagination at p. 91, and "carcanet" for "coronet" on p. 72.

To continue the Victorian poets. Swinburne has also been dealt with by Mr Wise, and genuine first editions of his earlier works—before about 1866, when *Poems and Ballads* appeared—are not often offered; of the later works, *Siena* (1868—sold for £134 in 1916, for $525 in 1922, and for £50 in 1924) is the rarest of which a sale has been lately recorded. There is a dangerous unauthorized almost facsimile issue: it can be identified, as Mr Huntington's librarian points out, by the position of a semicolon on p. 5 six lines from the bottom. In the reprint

this stop is over ' e ' in the line below.[1] But there are also a number of small privately printed booklets of which only one or two copies are known to exist, and which have not changed hands publicly. There are also a number of which very few copies were printed, and it is impossible to state their value. It is a value of scarcity : except for a few volumes, Swinburne has lost the vogue his once daring and always musical verse first enjoyed. Possibly the " Pigsbrook " (Swin-burn) pamphlets over the controversy between him and Dr Furnivall may some day be as highly prized as the ebullitions of Greene and Dekker ; but we may have to wait three hundred years for the verdict, as Greene and Dekker did. Mr Wise's private reprints of a score or more of Swinburne's letters and essays were limited to twenty copies each, and must always be scarce and valuable : a set of twenty-three fetched $620 in America in 1923. Whether the bulk of Swinburne's poetry lives or not—some of it must—there is an exotic interest about that frail little figure, so closely guarded at " The Pines," which must always keep his personality alive. Darting up to " The Green Man " on Putney Heath for his allowance of bottled beer, or breasting the sea he loved so dearly and hymned so well, the author of *Dolores* must always be a type of a vanished past which moulded the lives of many young men who, now growing grey,

[1] See *The Bookman's Journal*, June 1923.

still feel young when they hear the old swinging music.

The rest of the writers of the period whose work is scarce and valuable can only be summarized shortly. There are several works by Dante Gabriel Rossetti which are rare: such are *Sir Hugh the Heron* (1843; worth £10 to £20), *Sister Helen* (1857), *Poems* (1869 and 1870, privately printed). *The Germ* (1850), the Pre-Raphaelite organ, with certain variations, is rare in all states (there has been a facsimile reprint): a good copy is hard to obtain. Matthew Arnold—to jump from one extreme of Victorian taste to the other—is perhaps not yet fully appreciated, either in the library or under the hammer; but his reputation will most certainly not diminish, though, except for his Prize Poems (*Alaric* is the rarest: a copy with the printed wrapper sold for $350 in 1923) and *The Strayed Reveller* (1849), copies of his works are not established as scarce. It is demand alone which defines rarity and makes it valuable.

FitzGerald, the friend of many men of letters, has won among collectors the high reputation his delicate, sure, well-wrought work had already secured in literature; nor will that reputation be dimmed. He wrote comparatively little, but it is almost all good; and he was an inspired translator, or rather literary alchemist. His *Rubáiyát* in its first form has been mentioned before (see Vol. I., p. 19). That charming Platonic essay, *Euphranor* (1851), is not so

scarce, but is a desirable possession; so is *Polonius* (1852). They each cost, when they can be obtained, from £5 or so. The translations from Calderon are also scarce, and about as valuable.

Borrow is likewise, in all probability, destined to even higher appreciation than he has yet won. Most of his better-known books are valued at from £10 to £20. *Lavengro; The Scholar—The Gipsy—The Priest* (1851; Murray, 3 vols.), was to have been *Lavengro: An Autobiography*, as was shown by a cancelled title in volume two of a set sold in 1923.

Borrow, indeed, among Victorian writers, is a strange human problem for those of us who love and collect books. A many-tongued linguist who could talk unscholarly contemporary rubbish about Armenian philology, in the middle of a *picaresque* novel; an outdoor man who loved a fight like that with the Flaming Tinman, and a woman like Isopel Berners; a *colporteur* of the Word of God (in which he believed with Evangelical fervour) in Catholic and revolutionary Spain; an associate of gipsies and tramps and dirty men; a chronicler of criminal lives, melancholy, mercurial, frugal, strong—what can you do with such a man but buy and read and treasure his books—even books that make you hate books, for—

"... let a scholar all Earth's volumes carry
He will but be a walking dictionary."

You cannot buy that pilgrim's progress with *The Bible in Spain; or, The Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula,* nowadays, for less than £15 or so in its original form—more pounds than Borrow possessed in pence when he first journeyed to London in 1832; nor some of the rarer *opuscula* for less. But if you do succeed in buying them, buy them because Borrow was an Englishman. "There's the wind on the heath, brother. . . ."

Nor is a contemporary, in certain respects, a less romantic figure. R. D. Blackmore, unlike Virgil's farmers, did know his own good fortune. He loved his profession of farming (he migrated from Devon to Teddington, and, it is said, was as good a market-gardener as a writer: no mean feat!). In all his books, as in Borrow's, there is a personality purely English. They may go out of literary fashion—many of them must and will do so—but they will always have in them something which the soil of England seems to give: an indefinable intimacy which reaches its depth in Shakespeare and Hardy.

Of course Blackmore's fame rests almost entirely upon *Lorna Doone* (3 vols.; 1869), that admirable romance which was refused by countless publishers, and then, it is said, burst into popularity because its title in some vague way coincided with that of the newly married Marquis of Lorne. It is fairer

LAVENGRO;

'THE SCHOLAR—THE GYPSY—THE PRIEST.

BY GEORGE BORROW,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," AND "THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN"

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1851.

to believe in the selling capacity of a good story. A first edition in original cloth is worth £70 or more. His early poems are also sought after. A scarce work by him which does not seem to have been noticed yet is his translation of Virgil's *Georgics* (*The Farm and Fruit of Old*, "By a Market Gardener," 1862). He was not a great poet, but he was a scholar and a good farmer, and this is in many ways the best scholar-farmer translation of a work very difficult of translation.

Other Victorians — some of whom are to be classed definitely as modern—are not specially interesting to collectors. They knew their craft, and their books sold well; some continue to sell well. Henry Cockton, James Payn, G. P. R. James, Walter Besant, "Ouida," Wilkie Collins, Charlotte M. Yonge, Miss Braddon, Marion Crawford, Mrs Henry Wood, and many others, are still good reading. But they did not write "collectors' books," for they wrote too many and appeared in large editions; nor have they quite the right touch of literary distinction. And some of their predecessors —such as Frank Smedley, Samuel Warren, and Le Fanu—are in like case, though a few, such as Barham, are valuable for their illustrations.

The historians and philosophers — Freeman, J. R. Green, Stubbs, Maitland, even Macaulay, T. H. Green, Bradley (whose works are very scarce indeed), Spencer, Mill, Bosanquet—these are the

quarry of scholars, who do not necessarily desire first editions, and of specialists, who are few.

There are still a few incongruous and isolated figures whose works, not greatly sought after now, may in time be objects of desire. Thomas Love Peacock is not, strictly speaking, a Victorian, but he is near enough to the period to be included here. His books are quietly and increasingly collected by a few, and they will always be read by many lovers of a strong personality; and that means, in the long run, a place in *Book Prices Current*. Again, a "freak" production like Robert Hengist Horne's *Orion*, published at a farthing a number, may eventually be desired. Farthing-worths vanish and grow into pound-worths. Nor should the possibility of English *genre* studies in literature be overlooked. The period was rich in them. There are, too, a good many works of local interest, like "Cuthbert Bede's" *Mr Verdant Green*, which are already scarce in their first garment. But these also are as yet really matters for specialists. So, really, are the travellers like Kinglake and Burton. Burton's *Arabian Nights*, however, was not the only translation. It had been preceded by Lane (1838-1840) and by the scarce Villon Society translation, by John Payne (1882-1884) with four additions, thirteen volumes in all. This is not easily obtained for less than £15 or so. Burton's monumental version, however, is the most expensive of all. There are

many editions of it, for, besides being an amazing compendium of "curious" knowledge, and the work of a singular and romantic soldier of fortune whose life, both while it lasted and afterwards, was a storm-centre, it was privately issued, and advantage has been taken of the fact to promulgate non-copyright reprints of a book that interests so various a crowd of readers. From a careful collector's point of view there is only one edition that deserves to be acquired. It is Burton's own first edition, and the acquisition of it will not be easy, though it is not really scarce. The title says it was published at Benares in ten volumes in 1885, with six supplemental volumes in 1886-1888. They were published at £1 1s. each, and are now worth (as a set) about four times that amount. Mr N. M. Penzer has lately published a full bibliography of Burton. Few of his other works are collected so vigorously as to be costly, but some are scarce. Few are devoid of interest and personality, and they may well become the prey of devotees. So also, now that the world has shrunken to a neighbourhood, if not a brotherhood, may Kinglake's *Eöthen* (1844).

But these things seem to be unrealities, artificial stuff, beside the volcanic fire of the sisters Brontë. The three are indissoluble. How those repressed daughters of an impoverished Yorkshire parson (in spite of certain obvious limitations) came to be the earliest predecessors of Mr Hardy and modern

JANE EYRE.

An Autobiography.

EDITED BY

CURRER BELL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

1847.

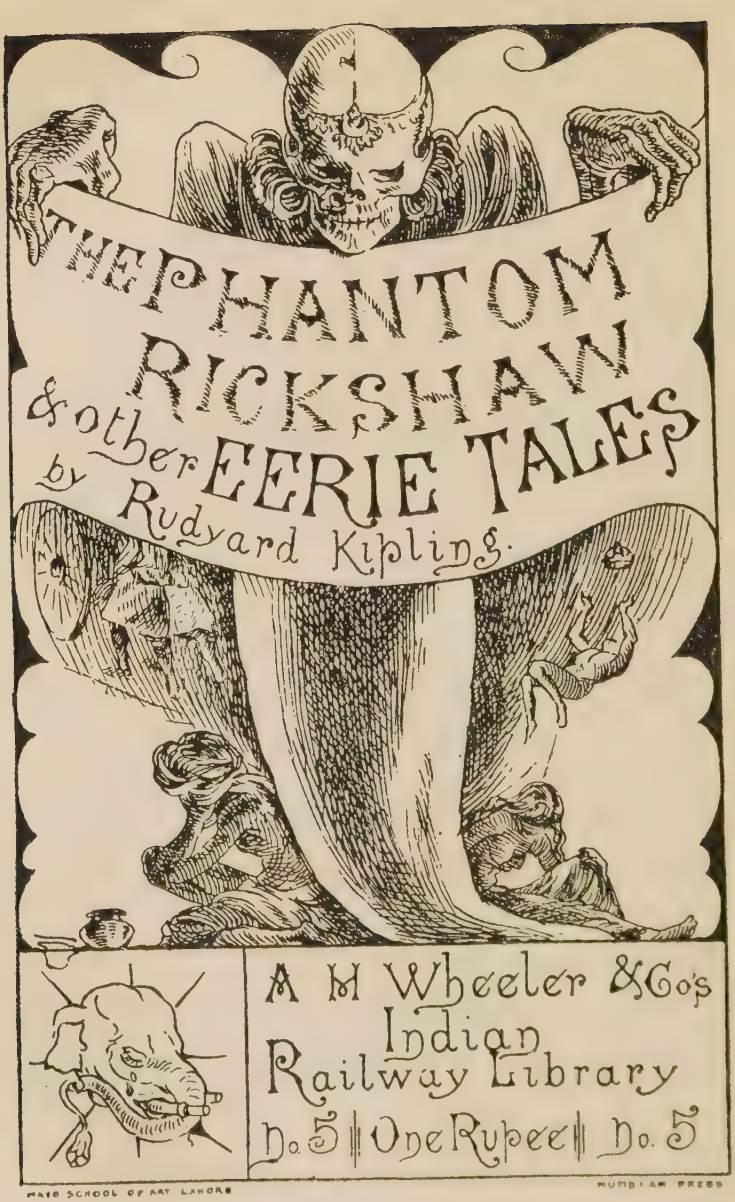
unconventional, natural fiction is a matter for the newer schools of psychology. How *Jane Eyre* (3 vols.; 1847) captured and to some extent frightened the readers of the day; how Charlotte Brontë touched and flattered Thackeray; why she and her sisters sought the Victorian modesty of a pseudonym; and how tedious her biographers have become—these are matters of common knowledge. The antidotes to tediousness are to read their books and to try to buy first editions. The *Poems* (1846; by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell—Charlotte, Emily and Anne), published by Aylott & Jones, are worth from £40 upwards; *Shirley* (3 vols.; 1849), *The Professor* (2 vols., 1857; about £10 each), and *Jane Eyre*, may cost from £80 to £100; *Wuthering Heights* (1847) is so seldom obtainable that its monetary value is at the moment uncertain. They will no more be diminished in the esteem of the collector than in that of the reader.

It is fitting to depart from this Victorian age with the writers whose work is the herald of a vaster world; a world in which men are nearer to one another, in which freedom of thought is permitted to women—and even men, to quote the preface to *Pendennis*, need not "drape a Man, and give him a certain conventional simper."

CHAPTER IX

The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: *Discourses on Art* (ii.).



WRAPPER OF THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE FIRST EDITION

CHAPTER IX

THE MODERN AUTHOR

IT is necessary to think clearly about the collection of first editions of modern authors. These works, during the last few years, have been increasingly prized by collectors, even, in some instances, to the exclusion of books of fame more anciently and securely established—though it must be remembered that Shakespeare, Defoe, Goldsmith, Dickens, and their fellows, were all once "modern."

The use of that adjective demands in this work defence or apology, because our aim is to put a period to our record at about the close of the reign of Queen Victoria. Our defence is the vogue of this branch of book-collecting, and the fact that there are a score of bibliographies of living writers obtainable to-day goes to show that that vogue is not merely transitory. Another defence is that many authors who began to write, to win a measure of fame since enlarged, and to exercise influence during the last decade of the great Queen's life, while not being able, properly speaking, to be classed as "Victorian" are most certainly "modern." Their mantle fell upon younger men, but they cannot be dissociated from the younger man's modernity. And a number of them

are still living. But, dates apart (and dates are arbitrary things), the label "modern author" is one which must be left in a rough-and-ready state, to denote work more easily recognized than defined.

Clearness of thought is essential, because the principles that govern this phase of book-collecting are apt to be confused in practice, and one coveted book alone may be desired for several different reasons, not all of which apply to books of older lineage. Some modern works have been suppressed, or have suffered the frequent accidents of destruction or change. Two good examples are Joseph Conrad's *Chance*, the real first issue of which is rare because its appearance was interrupted by a trade dispute, and Mr D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow*, which had a few weeks of circulation before it was withdrawn. Other works were privately printed, or, though published in the normal way, appeared at first in small issues, commercial success being uncertain. And there is also a further factor that must not be allowed to confuse the issue; it is found in books which are desired not as examples of the form of art which is called "Literature," but for some extraneous quality, such as beauty or eccentricity of format, or fine illustrations.

It is clear, therefore, that scarcity alone cannot be the sole criterion in collecting modern books. Such books must have in addition some intrinsic value to attract the attention of the bibliophile, and it is

here that individual judgment must come in, for we have not the advantage—always vouchsafed to posterity—of being able to view these things through a long perspective. The choice must be a mixture of guesswork and good taste, reinforced by some knowledge of various kinds of detail.

And then enters the even more perplexing question of morals. Some book-collectors, oddly enough, like to *read* good books as well as to possess them. Some like to possess them for themselves without going so far as to make an organized collection. Some buy from a kind of avarice or selfishness—a wish to say "I have THIS or THAT." Some buy them as an investment, bearing no immediate interest and variable in respect of the date of realization; others (seeing themselves as ancestors when they are dead), lay down a bin for coming families.

The question of price is also a serious one for the literary conscience as well as for the bookman's balance-sheet. You can very plausibly defend the purchase for many pieces of gold of a rare Elizabethan volume, but is it so easy to make out a case for giving £20 or so in 1927 for a booklet that was published in 1917, or thereabouts, for a modest half-crown? In nine cases out of ten the centuries-old volume or pamphlet is either great literature or its cousin german; quite possibly it has not been reprinted, and even if it has, the reprint may itself be rare; and it is tolerably certain that very few other persons

will ever be able to possess a copy such as the author himself saw. So long as books are collected the demand for the still-living souls of men long dead must always exceed the supply, even when the most gluttonous devourers have been satisfied ; and other collectors will succeed them. But do the laws of supply and demand govern in the same way the exchange of modern books—even the most sought after, and even then only the very best ?

Not always. That is where the literary conscience becomes uneasy. With *normal* first editions running from 500 to 2500 copies it is impossible to justify many of the prices paid to-day. £10 in 1927 for *Vers Libres*, by Percy Booster (The Goosey Gander Press, 1917, 7s. 6d. net), is all nonsense. A purchase like that *may* be (to treat it as a mere commercial proposition) a good short-term investment : on the other hand, it may not. It is at least perfectly clear proof that the collector-investor did not know a good thing when it was first given to the world, because if he was alive, and reasonably sapient, when it first appeared he would not have ignored it—he would have bought it at once for 7s. 6d. He would have leaped at it (as a few judicious persons sometimes do) while it was still new, and as a result (though that is an old story) the great author, Mr Percy Booster, would have lived more easily. Such a buyer's extravagant acquisitiveness may often mean that he does not care twopence about the real contents of

these books (most of which he can probably get in reprints as fair as the first edition), and that he is hypnotized by a fashion. No doubt when some of the desired authors are almost as Shakespeare is to-day, and others as Skelton or John Taylor, the expenditure will justify itself. But it is a long time to wait, even for compound interest.

At the same time, it would not be fair (and it would be very foreign to the purpose of this book) to condemn this branch of collecting without great reservations. It has positive virtues, as well as difficult limitations. In due time it stimulates and rewards writers still living. It acts as a preliminary sieve—not necessarily a final discrimination—for the best of them : it is not always the " best-sellers " who can stand the strain, though on the other hand auction records may turn an obscure author in his latter days into a best-seller. However, to discuss such possibilities would be to discuss the huge subject of the true worth of contemporary criticism, which is no part of our subject.

The vogue has also the virtue of aiding to-morrow's bibliographers ; and when we reflect that *Pickwick*, published less than a century ago, is a worse bibliographical puzzle than a Shakespeare quarto we may in the end not only condone, but praise very highly, this service to posterity, even if the present day may possibly have gone too far in such service.

Furthermore, in spite of the comparatively large

number of copies that often go to make an edition nowadays, some conditions of modern first-hand bookselling must be remembered. For one thing, a large proportion of a first edition of many books (especially, of course, novels) is taken up—if it is taken up at all—by the circulating libraries. These copies are almost certain to have library labels pasted in or on them, and so, from a collector's point of view, are rendered imperfect. A number, again—anything from twenty to a hundred—are issued as review copies, and these are usually disfigured by blind, perforated, or indelible ink stamps, and likewise rendered imperfect. Modern production, too, in many instances, does not make for permanence. Except in specially produced editions, the bindings and the paper are often short-lived, and ordinary use may soon turn a good copy into a bad one. If therefore a first edition is small, it becomes automatically smaller, even when the publishers gamble on success; and any little practical hitch —such as a question of copyright or title or terms, or a temporary shortage of paper—may still further diminish the quantity of *real* first editions.

So, all things considered, in many instances there is a fairly strong case for the values attached to first editions of the "moderns." A wise and well-read collector must, as has been said, back his own judgment, for the vital question in the long run is, who among the modern authors now "expensive" at

auction is going to last? Not even the greatest expert can undertake to prophesy with absolute certainty on such a subject; and in what follows the estimates are based partly on personal opinion as to the true literary worth of the authors mentioned and partly on that worth as it is now rated in the collector's market. There will be plenty of mistakes from either point of view, and the collector will add mistake to mistake if he does not read the books he buys, or at least learn to appreciate the authors at their human values.

It is necessary, therefore, to repeat the warning as to the difference between genuine rarities and gambles, and to apply it now to quality as well as to quantity. There is all the difference in the world between books of which only a comparatively few good copies *can* exist, and whose authors are reasonably secure of a few inches in the *Dictionary of National Biography* a hundred years hence, and books which owe their present value to a possibly ephemeral "boom." Now a boom is a mysterious thing. A chance critic, not necessarily a friend of the author, may detect hidden virtues to which others had been theretofore blind: and if he speak loudly enough, or with sufficiently numerous voices, all we like sheep may go astray—for a time, at any rate. At one time the austerest readers were enthusiastic over "the Kailyard." The kail is a poor crop for the collector to-day, but the late Mr S. R. Crockett's *Stickit*

Minister, which to a great extent planted the yard, appeared in a very small edition at first. The Heber of the day after to-morrow may covet it : it may be uninteresting to many now, but it is an early example of what became a fashion in local literature, and therefore it is by no means negligible. Popularity is as dangerous a guide—to the collector—as the esteem of severe critics. About 500 copies of the first edition of *The Stickit Minister* were printed in 1893, and in a very short time the burly, kindly Scot was a " best-seller." There are other authors about whom devotees, obeying some sort of periodic law, but otherwise well balanced, break into intermittent bursts of song without establishing its subject as a lasting cult. A cautious collector who reads the books can only exercise his own judgment when the noise is loud : a speculative collector, who does not read them, can only trust to luck or find (also by luck maybe) a good adviser.

There are, however, some " moderns " who are standing the test of time, to judge by the standards of the collector, the publisher, and the reader. One is Robert Louis Stevenson, and his works exhibit many degrees of rarity. He is not " modern " as years go ; indeed doubts have been expressed as to his survival. But in spirit he is more modern than ancient.

The three earlier complete editions—the Edinburgh, the Pentland and the Swanston—are all difficult to obtain, and probably will not depreciate

in value even when confronted with the latest and fullest collected edition—the Vailima. But complete editions of any author as a rule adorn and round off a collection rather than lay its foundations.

One slightly unusual feature among Stevensoniana is the series of trial editions which were produced of many of his books. These can never be anything but scarce. They were as a rule issued to secure copyright—a necessary precaution in the 'eighties and 'nineties, when American and English copyright laws were difficult to reconcile. *Kidnapped*, 1886,[1] *The Master of Ballantrae*, 1888 (the McCutcheon copy was bought for $330 in 1925), and *Weir of Hermiston*, 1896, are the chief of them. So few copies exist that it is hard to estimate their value, which might be anything from £60 apiece upwards.

The real first editions of the more important books in some cases are scarce. *Treasure Island*, 1883, was sold in 1923 for £15, and may cost £50 now ; it should have advertisements. The *New Arabian Nights* is worth a good deal more, if the two volumes are in a fine state and contain the advertisements—probably £80 or more. *A Child's Garden of Verses*, 1885, can be obtained for from £20 to £30 according to condition, *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881, for a little less, and the other longer books usually cost from £5 upwards a piece. Colonel Prideaux's bibliography is essential

[1] The sequel (1893) was called *Catriona* in the English edition and *David Balfour* in the American.

to every collector of these and all other works by Stevenson.

The rarest and most costly Stevensoniana are, however, the various booklets, leaflets and broadsides which were printed either for private use or for special occasions—usually for fun, in either case—at odd times in his wandering life. One of the rarest—a translation of *The Bottle Imp* into Samoan, somewhere about 1894—does not seem to have been recorded anywhere but in a newspaper facsimile of a page during the 'nineties. The Apia broadside, *I'll sing you a song of a tropical sea*, done as a dinner souvenir, must necessarily remain rare: a copy was sold in 1923 for £150—an extraordinary sum for a single sheet of paper.[1] *Padre dos Reales*, 1879, a little Monterey production, was sold at the same time for £105; *The Hanging Judge*, 1887, Edinburgh (a proof copy), for £208, *The Smuggler's Cove* (a Davos Platz woodcut) for £66: *Not I, and Other Poems*, 1881, at another sale, for £53: *Moral Emblems*, 1882, for £54; *To F. J. S.*, 1881, for £71. It is probable that the Davos Platz booklets, done by "S. L. Osbourne and Co.," in 1881-1883, will

[1] Dr Rosenbach printed thirty copies in facsimile of this leaflet: even they are rare. It is pointed out in *The Bookman's Journal* (June 1923) that the cheerful composition is probably not by Stevenson himself, but by his wife and stepson, but the personal association in any case gives it value. Mrs Stevenson and Mr Lloyd Osbourne, of course, collaborated with R.L.S. in a number of works, with the happiest results. The *Life and Letters* show how close was the co-operation.

have to be bought (if they can be bought at all) for even higher prices than these.

The list of the Davos Platz booklets might be extended. The fullest collections sold of recent years have been those of Sir William Garth (Sotheby's, 31st May 1923), Mrs Luther S. Livingston (Anderson Galleries, March 1923) and Mr McCutcheon (American Art Association, 1925). But it should not be forgotten that, apart from these gay trifles (written for his stepson, at a time when Stevenson's own life seemed likely to end), the more serious *juvenilia* are interesting and scarce. *The Pentland Rising* (1866, Edinburgh) was bought recently for £70; *An Inland Voyage* (1878) for $105, and *An Object of Pity*, with the imprint "Amsterdam" but actually published at Sydney (1892), for £40. The plays are all rare. *Admiral Guinea* and *Deacon Brodie*, both presentation copies, were sold together in 1925 for £72, and Mr John Lane's "association" copies of three of them realized £120 in the same year. Not less scarce are the two privately printed editions of *Father Damien*. The first, Sydney, 1890, has been sold for $210; the second issue, Edinburgh, 1890, costs £6 or £7.

But more startling is the value attached to two little-known works. *An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland* (Blackwood, 1875)—six leaves only and published at 3d.—was sold in 1924 for £460 and in 1925 for $3200: only three copies appear to

be known : Stevenson may have been, as his friend Henley said, "something of the Shorter Catechist," but he evidently did not then appeal to either the clergy or the laity of Scotland. At the same sale, the four-page pamphlet *To the Thompson Class Club*, from "Their Stammering Laureate" (1883), together with a fine letter (8 pp.) from W. B. Blaikie giving the history of this interesting class, changed hands for $1000 ; and scarcer still is *The Laureat Ste'enson to the Thamson Class*, another four-page leaflet (n.d., but 1885).

There is still a certain amount of MS. matter not published separately, including "the rotten play of *Monmouth*." R.L.S.'s personality, even if all his books may not really live, was too vivid to be forgotten ; the memory of his brilliant conversations with his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, and other friends, at his London club, has become a tradition there.

A contemporary, who, like Stevenson himself, had to fight against ill-health, and (less successfully for a long time) narrow means, is now at last coming into the appreciation which in his lifetime was limited to comparatively few discerning readers. George Gissing's popularity, as represented by the sale of his books, always fell short of his real reputation. His works are even now not scarce, in a strict sense, nor has the desire for them yet outrun the demand ; but they are not common in a perfect state, among

other reasons because the three-volume form in which the earlier books appeared militates powerfully against complete perfection. The first of them—*Workers in the Dawn*, 3 vols., 1880—is one of the rarest: a presentation copy was bought for £98 in 1923. *New Grub Street*, 1891, and *Demos*, 1886, as grim pictures of contemporary life, will not diminish in value for the reader or the collector. A presentation copy of the former was bought for £20 in 1923, and of *Demos* for £32: but ex-library copies of various of his novels in the same year averaged about £1 apiece, while good copies were worth from £5 to £10. Mr C. K. Shorter issued a small edition of *Letters* (25 copies) in 1915, and Gissing's *Letters to Edward Clodd* were privately printed by Mr T. J. Wise in 1914. Copies of such editions as these can be obtained only intermittently and by accident; but their mere existence is in the nature of a guide for an intelligent collector of contemporary literature.

Two very different figures are those of Whistler and Wilde, of whose vivid conversations so many good stories are told. The literary reputation of both of them has declined slightly since the 'nineties; but the remembrance of the wittiest farce of modern times and the influence of the famous portraits and nocturnes will outlast many changes in taste. *Wilde* v. *Whistler*—"an acrimonious correspondence"—1906, seldom appears for sale. The first unauthorized edition of the painter's most famous book—*The*

Gentle Art of Making Enemies, Paris, 1890, edited by Sheridan Ford—is exceedingly scarce. Another unauthorized edition appeared in New York in the same year. A fine large-paper copy of the first authorized edition (Heinemann, London, 1890), uncut and specially bound, was sold for $230 at the Livingston sale in 1923, but a presentation copy for only $82·50. There are one or two misprints in this authorized edition, on pp. 67 and 70, for instance. An ordinary copy can be bought to-day for £5 or £6. Its successor, *Eden* v. *Whistler*, Paris, 1899, exists on large paper (125 copies) as well as in ordinary quarto : a presentation copy was sold in 1923 for $110.

Wilde's less-scarce books are worth a few pounds each, while the rarer works and presentation copies are much more costly. *Vera or The Nihilists*, 1880, was sold at the Stetson sale in 1920 for $570. These two editions are both rare ; according to Mr Stuart Mason, only two copies of the first are known. A large-paper copy of *Dorian Gray* (1891) was bought in 1923 for $62·50 ; *The Duchess of Padua*, 1883, in 1907 for £41. Wilde contributed a poem to a scarce volume called *In a Good Cause*, and this apparently has not been reprinted.

The two greatest of the later Victorian novelists, Dickens and Thackeray, used habitually to be spoken of together, but now Hardy and Meredith, like their predecessors, have perhaps settled down in critical as well as in popular esteem on different planes.

Meredith, as a matter of fact, appeared in print twenty years before Hardy: real honour, from all quarters, came to both late, for the clever story-tellers who learned their craft in the 'sixties and 'seventies had found their public, and, on the other hand, the young lions of the 'eighties and 'nineties were the "official" opposition—who would now remember that Henry James and Enoch Arnold Bennett appeared together in *The Yellow Book*?—so that the more austere men of genius were to some extent obscured by the dust of contemporary battle.

It is of course, strictly speaking, incorrect to call Thomas Hardy a Victorian, since under Victoria's grandson he has happily entered upon a new youth of immense vigour. But, while his fame was established before Victoria died, his later novels are part of the forces that have moulded modern thought; and it is possible that, while the intellectual splendour of Meredith gave a more immediate stimulus to the minds of his own time, Hardy's influence may one day touch an even wider humanity. The great writer who first dared to dignify the character of "a pure woman," who ended a Napoleonic novel (*The Trumpet Major*) with a peroration worthy to rank with Thackeray's superb restraint over George Osborne at Waterloo, who went back to Shakespeare and Chaucer in his "humours" of the English peasant, who wrote one of the noblest poems of the worst of all wars and the greatest epic of the second

worst—that man, a poor man's son, long imperfectly recognized and but dimly heard, will never leave our English speech.

Mr Hardy's literary history is curious. He was an architect, as anyone who sees some of the drawings in *Wessex Poems* could guess. He took to writing, and was criticized for not putting enough plot into his first novel. He therefore put too much into some of its successors.[1] It is easy to trace a development from *genre* studies (like *Under the Greenwood Tree*) and novels of " plot " to the mastery which resulted in *Tess* and *Jude the Obscure* and the ease of his last-published novel, *The Well-Beloved* (though this is understood to have been written earlier). But when (in 1897) he gave up the novel with that admirable fantasy which reveals in its author quite a different sense of humour from that of the peasant studies, there dawned upon the world a new Hardy—who had been there all the time, as *Wessex Poems* might have shown : a poet who, using a difficult vocabulary and sometimes a no less arduous metre, could yet translate his philosophy of life into a masterly artistic form. If only all the English thinkers had done so! But perhaps only Bacon, Hobbes, Locke

[1] " Though a course of adventures which are only connected with each other by having happened to the same individual is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance-writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality." Quotation used on the title page of *Desperate Remedies*, first edition, 1871.

and Berkeley have hitherto been able to write English and philosophy at the same time.

If money did not, necessarily and properly, enter into the question of buying good books, we should say at once, in the terms of the wine-lover (so sadly wounded by war): "Lay down Hardy: get the best vintages, and mature them." Indeed, we do say it. But the collector will need to have a reasonably deep purse and a good eye if he wishes to acquire certain of the rarer works, because, apart from occasional bibliographical "sports," they were issued in forms which predestined scarcity.

Desperate Remedies (anonymous, Tinsley,[1] 1871) is very difficult to obtain. It should be in three volumes, and the quotation cited in the footnote on p. 346 should be unabridged: the second edition (1889) omitted part of this quotation: the author's name does not appear until the second edition. An uncut copy of the first edition was bought in 1923 for £51: a very fine copy would now exceed a century and a half. The name is put on the first edition of *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (Tinsley, 1873, 3 vols., in green or blue cloth). In vol. i. (p. 273) of this novel, in the genuine first edition (worth about £40), the signature letter "T" is missing. The original manuscript was in the library of the late Clement Shorter and was bequeathed by him (1927) to the National Library of Ireland in memory of his first wife, Dora Sigerson. *Under*

[1] *Not* Bradbury Evans.

the Greenwood Tree (by the author of *Desperate Remedies*, Tinsley, 2 vols., 1872) at a recent sale changed hands for £25, but higher prices have been reached—$180 in 1924 and $240 in 1926. Of *A Laodicean* (3 vols., 1881) an apparently unique copy exists. The half-title usually runs "A Laodicean, or The Castle of the De Stancys." This copy omits the "or."

The great Napoleonic novel, *The Trumpet Major* (3 vols., 1880), will probably cost £30 to £40: Trumpet Major Loveday went off to blow his bugle on the battlefields of Spain for a good deal less than that! The romantic history of Lady Charborough and her astronomer on their telescope tower, *Two on a Tower* (3 vols., 1882), is about as expensive. *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid* appeared first in England in *The Graphic* in 1883 and was reprinted thirty years later in *A Changed Man*, the eighteenth volume of the "Wessex Novels." America had produced six separate issues of her story before that, the first seeming to be that in Harpers' Franklin Square Library, No. 322 (New York, 1883), a copy of which sold not long ago for $140. Two other very scarce volumes are *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (2 vols., 1886—$200 lately), and *The Woodlanders* (3 vols., 1887—about £20). The MS. of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is in the British Museum: that of *Far from the Madding Crowd* is in the possession of Mr A. E. Newton of Philadelphia, whose admiration for what Henry

James, another born American, called "this decent and dauntless people," caused him to buy for the benefit of the Red Cross at any possible price: the possibility was very high. It was a noble tribute. First editions of the volumes themselves are worth from £20 to £25 each (3 vols., 1891, and 2 vols., 1874, respectively).

Perhaps *The Dynasts* (3 vols., 1904, 1906, 1908; but the real first issue of "1904" is dated 1903) first awoke the larger public to Hardy's peculiar eminence. It is one of the scarcest of his works, recent though it is, and it would be hard to obtain a fine set in the original binding under £25 (or with the first volume dated 1903 at less than £200). If the much-compressed acting version of that splendid epic was printed, it does not seem to have been recorded for sale. It was a strange and wonderful "Satire of Circumstance" to see it produced during the early years of the wars a century later than those it chronicled.

It may be worth while to mention here, in parenthesis, that Mr Hardy has written (as for the Oxford Press selection from William Barnes) several prefaces not reprinted in other forms, a certain number of contributions to the *Dorset Year Book* and other local and technical periodicals (apart from those to better-known magazines); and that Lionel Johnson's *The Art of Thomas Hardy* (1894, with a bibliography up to that date, by the publisher, John Lane, and a fine portrait by William Strang) is in itself a valuable

possession, to be obtained only at the cost of £2 or £3. Mr Clement Shorter during the war printed privately twelve copies of *The Song of the Soldiers* and *Letters on the War*. Some day one or two of them may be purchasable : at what price ?

Some of Meredith's early works are as rare as Hardy's. The Bibliographical Society has dealt with them in an elaborate volume (1923, for 1922) which supersedes even the admirable lists prepared by Mr Arundell Esdaile and the late Mr Luther Livingston, and Mr Lane's brief record in a book by Mr Le Gallienne. The *Poems* (n.d.—published in 1851) were bought at auction not long ago for £26, and a good copy might cost that or more at any time. Many which have been publicly sold have had presentation inscriptions or other personal associations, for Meredith, if he did not win immediate popular favour, had a wide circle of literary friends. *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *Richard Feverel* (so much, and to many minds so disastrously, altered in later editions), and most of the earlier works, can be obtained for from £5 to £10 each.

It may be worth while here to interpolate some mention of the modern author who wrote the most delicate and sensitive appreciation of Meredith on his death, Sir James Barrie. His little pamphlet *Box Hill*—originally an article in the old *Westminster Gazette*—is not easy to obtain. Still rarer is his joyous account of the cricket team of authors and

artists (like Marriott Watson, E. W.—" Raffles "—Hornung, E. V. Lucas and Bernard Partridge) which he organized—the *Allahabarries C.C.* It contains such delicious statements as " Whibley " (Mr Charles Whibley, the well-known critic) " defied the best bowling in Shere for nearly a minute." One player is described as " the worst batsman in the world. Equally at home with the ball." Sir James states that he himself was " an Incomparable Captain. . . . Once took a wicket." With the MS. and three proofs a copy was sold for £40 in 1923.

Sir James's longer works are of course not very scarce, and twenty volumes, all first editions, were bought for £26 in 1923. They furnish a good example of what a collector of modern books has to face. Barrie's elusive lightness of touch, whether in humour or in pathos, is a very personal thing, and few people, even if they appreciate it, entirely agree about it. Plenty of copies of most of his books were printed, they are scarce enough now to be in some demand ; will they become scarcer ? Is the appreciation—which is not yet so high in auction-rooms as in the heart of the general public—likely to be continued ? In short, is it real or speculative ?

There are other " moderns," living and dead, whose works may reasonably be called, from a collector's point of view, " safe." They are also, as a rule, difficult to obtain. One such author is Mr Kipling. All the early works printed in India are

scarce in their first editions; and they illustrate vividly the point which has often been emphasized in these pages—the association of the real first edition with its author's personality, and the impossibility of reproducing that association, even in later signed, limited and sumptuous editions. The tears of Charles Dickens in Westminster Hall when he first saw himself in print are only the converse of the right spirit in those who read and collect his works. Mr Kipling, perhaps at one time the unpolitical cause of more political argument than any man for generations past, and one whose literary craftsmanship excites something approaching awe even among critics, was a journalist in India when much of his earliest work appeared. It is a reasonably human desire to wish to possess, in their primitive, local, even humble form, the earliest works of the author of *Kim*, the *Recessional*, *The Village that voted the Earth was Flat*, *Sussex*, *The Jungle Book*, *If*, and the history of the Irish Guards during the Great War. We give those titles designedly. Whatever you like or dislike about (say) *The Story of the Gadsbys*, you cannot deny importance in the history of English literature to the man capable of such an extraordinary range of writing. Doubtless God could have made a better journalist: but doubtless God never did; and, as Defoe lives to prove, a great journalist may also be a great writer. Let us leave it at that, for the consideration of posterity.

Captain Martindell's bibliography gives almost all the data necessary to the collector, so far as the present knowledge goes. All that need be done here is to give instances of the cost of collecting, and to mention a few fine points in necessary editions. All the early books printed in India are rare.

The first is *Schoolboy Lyrics*, printed by his father, Lockwood Kipling, "for private circulation only" (Lahore, 1881). The author was only sixteen and at school in England when it appeared. It is found in two states—either without a cover (in blank white paper) or in a brown wrapper, the coverless issue being the earlier and more valuable: it may cost in open market not less than £400 to £500 in either form.

The family association was maintained in *Echoes* (Lahore, 1884), "by two writers"—the second being the author's sister Beatrice: a copy turns up once a year or so, and is usually sold for upwards of £200. Father, mother, sister, and Rudyard formed *Quartette*, "the Christmas annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. By Four Anglo-Indian Writers" (Lahore, 1885); it is worth fourscore pounds. It should be in grey paper, with fourteen pages of advertisements. In *My First Book* (1894), by many authors, Mr Kipling calls *Departmental Ditties* (Lahore, 1886) "my first *book*." It has a mock-official design on the wrapper, with a real flap as on

an envelope: and this document has lately cost $150. It was reprinted the same year in Calcutta, with alterations. The second issue costs from £3 to £5, and there have been many reissues.

But his real first *book*—the book that made the world aware of something new—was *Plain Tales from the Hills* (Thacker, Calcutta, 1888): it had only 24 pages of advertisements: the second had 32, and some copies of the first are known with the number of page 192 displaced. It contains forty stories, of which thirty-two, according to Captain Martindell,[1] originally appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. Most of the short-long pieces done and published in India, and now familiar to English readers in later collected editions, first appeared in Wheeler's *Indian Railway Library* (Allahabad). They are very scarce. These are their titles and approximate recent values: *Soldiers Three* (1888), £10; *The Story of the Gadsbys* (n.d., 1888), £15; *In Black and White* (n.d., 1888), £20; *Under the Deodars* (n.d., 1888), £15; *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* (with the apostrophe thus placed; n.d., 1888), £25; *Wee Willie Winkie* (n.d., 1888), £12; and *The City of Dreadful Night* (issued in 1890 without authority, and cancelled). Captain Martindell reproduces a title page of one of the three known copies, the

[1] These and many other details are due to Captain Martindell's excellent *Bibliography*, first published in 1923. Since then Mrs Flora V. Livingston's fuller—because more recent—*Bibliography* has appeared (New York, 1927).

present value of which cannot be estimated; the first general issue was in 1891, and is worth about £7, and it is said — we have no evidence — that Mr Kipling tried to suppress this also, unsuccessfully. He apparently did the same with *The Smith Administration* (Wheeler, 1891)—more successfully, for only six copies are at present known.

One scarce leaflet (a single sheet) seems until recently to have escaped the bibliographers—*The Song of the Women* (n.d.). It was written for Lady Dufferin's Women of India Fund (Lady Dufferin was then Vicereine), and is included in the later *Collected Verse*. The leaf is folded in four pages, quarto, the last three pages being blank. It contains nine stanzas, not eight as in the 1919 *Poems*. The cancelled stanza is in the nature of a personal allusion: two lines run:

> "The Consort of a ruler more than human—
> Remote, unseen, a gracious name alone,"

—and the verse is a testimony to the qualities of sympathy and tact in high office. No doubt its temporary personal application caused the later excision. A copy of this leaflet was sold in 1923 for £19 10s. *Letters of Marque* (Wheeler, Allahabad, 1891), in its earliest known form—and stamped "Issued 5 Oct. 91"—is also scarce; in 1924 it fetched £24.

In 1924 a variant of the "first" *Phantom 'Rickshaw* (n.d., Allahabad, but "Lahore" on the grey-green

wrapper) appeared, and was sold for £11 10s.; and some leaflets of 1901-1903 were bought at the same time for even higher prices. *France* (1913—a pamphlet) changed hands in 1923 for £14 10s. The well-known poem *The Vampire* first appeared in the Catalogue of the Tenth Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery (1897)—where now there are only *moving* pictures!

A few other scarce Kiplingiana deserve attention. Mr Kipling was on the staff of the already mentioned *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. Like his colleagues, he contributed " turnovers " to that journal, and they, with others, were published by the newspaper in 1888 under the title *Turnovers*. A presentation copy, with Mr Kipling's own contributions, identified by him, was bought for £70 in 1923. This was not his first nor his last appearance as a journalist. Three volumes of pasted-up newspaper cuttings of his contributions to various journals sold for £13, £23 and £16 10s. respectively at the same sale. There also appeared a copy of what is perhaps the most highly prized of all school magazines. In 1898 the boys of Horsmonden Grammar School, in Kent, wrote to the poet of their

" wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald,"

and asked him to contribute to their little paper. He sent them a letter, which they printed in No. XIII.,

and for which they gravely paid him, it is said, the sum of five shillings. They next tried the same game on Mr Max Beerbohm—not so well known then as now—and secured from him for No. XIV. a letter and a caricature of Mr Kipling. The two numbers —cyclostyled, not printed—sold together in 1923 for £13 10s., and recently for £40.

Mr Kipling's first appearance as journalist, however, was before his departure for India. It was in the *United Services College Chronicle*—the magazine of the famous school at Westward Ho ! which bred the hero of *Stalky & Co.*—General Dunsterville of Baku—Mr Kipling himself being "Beetle." A set of odd numbers (1878-1894), containing contributions by Mr Kipling, went for £60 in 1923. It is important, however, to realize that these high prices have invariably been paid only for first issues of his rarer pieces in really fine condition. Fine copies of such as *The Day's Work*, *Kim*, and *Captains Courageous* may still be bought for a few pounds and are sure to increase in value; the first and second *Jungle Books* (1894, 1895) have already mounted the ladder to £25, but they have by no means reached the top.

As Mr Max Beerbohm has already appeared in conjunction with Mr Kipling, he may perhaps be taken next among the moderns. It is still doubtful at the present time whether his works will prove a lucrative investment, but to the lover of the English language perfectly used they will be an enjoyable

possession. Nothing has exceeded the superb effrontery, the incomparably staid pose, the delightfully serious format, of the first issue of *Works* (1896). Nor have the essays contained in that edition of an author who had previously published no book at all—though it is believed he had begun one subsequently published—lost any of their delicate fragrance of wit during the passing of the years since *The Yellow Book* days.

"Max," to adopt his own useful signature, is a supreme example of an author who knows when to stop. He wrote a great deal, and drew a great deal, which has never been reprinted in book-form nor exhibited at picture galleries: the files of *The Saturday Review* and *Pick-me-up* (of all papers!) may some day, when the copyright has expired, and when Max is a "collected" author established, provide some singular reading in publishers' catalogues.

"Max" will, in our opinion, be "collected" always—for three reasons. The first is his style, which is of such quality that few experts, confronted ("unbeknown") with the glorious parodies in *A Christmas Garland*, could either fail to name the putative author or say whether or not he had written his alleged contribution. The second is the fact that Mr Beerbohm attained the wider kind of fame slowly—it may indeed be doubted whether he became a "MUST" ("must be inserted") in newspapers until he was alleged in 1923 to have passed the bounds of

possible irreverence in certain cartoons of the reigning dynasty—and that this slow development of fame was due to his own exceedingly discreet limitation of output. The third is that he excels in three arts —caricature, criticism, and literature, serious and profane (his wonderfully sympathetic article on Dan Leno in *The Saturday Review* long ago is a fine example of his breadth of outlook as well as of his wit)—and that in both he links two or three social eras. He has summarized and mocked in turn the ages from George III. to George V. Sooner or later, something stronger than fashion will make his books and drawings precious. It is amusing to recall that one of his own early cartoons (not, we believe, republished after its appearance in a defunct periodical) portrayed himself in mature age crowned with laurel.

The determining factors as regards his first editions will be small but important. The *Works* (John Lane, 1896) should have *two* spare stick-on labels for the paper outside-title: they are to be found lightly affixed at the end of the book. The little red volume does not often appear at auction: the impudent brilliance of the author of *A Defence of Cosmetics*, at that time a dandy with a strange short queue of hair which he himself caricatured, had not guaranteed large editions. A copy was sold recently in America for $85. Of *Caricatures of Twenty-five Gentlemen* (1896: with an introduction by Mr Raven-Hill—at one time thought to be in the lineal succession from

Charles Keene on *Punch*) only 500 copies were printed. It also is rare. So is *The Happy Hypocrite* (John Lane, 1897), a slim green paper-clad volume bearing the red imprint of the Bodley Head—re-issued later in a similar form. It should be dated 1897. It can be obtained for £6 or £7, instead of the original 1s. *More* (1899), that delicious sequel to *Works* (similarly produced, but in green, and with only one spare label), costs about as much at present. *The Poet's Corner* (1904) should not have its first edition confused with a later facsimile reprint : it should be in stiff grey paper boards, not limp, and will cost £2 or £3 instead of 5s. So recent a book as *Yet Again* (1909) has varied of late from £8 5s. to £3 15s. *Zuleika Dobson* (1911) was, it is said, begun while he was still at Merton, Oxford—*i.e.* about 1892—but laid aside uncompleted. It is the tribute of laughter to an author he genuinely admired—Ouida ; and as it came out in what may be called the Lending Library Period it is scarce in good condition. A presentation copy was recently bought for £10 ; an ordinary copy, with *Seven Men* (1919 ; by many critics placed among the first score of literary works of the twentieth century), for £2 5s.

Stevenson, Hardy, Kipling and Max bridge the gap in social and artistic continuity between the times of Queen Victoria and her grandson. It is hard to realize now the width of that gap. For instance, about 1900 the recipient of a presentation set of *The Yellow Book*

ruined it as a bibliophile's possession by tearing out the pages containing the work of a now " collected " modern author. He thought the contribution outrageous, but it could almost enter a girls' school today uncensored. Beardsley, Wilde, and many others, young lions or wild cats at that time (according to the collector's moral taste and literary fancy), are not very terrible now. It is a tribute to their first discoverer, hiving his swarm of young books in the " wicked " secrecies of the Albany, that his judgment has stood the test of years. Arthur Machen, W. B. Yeats, Francis Thompson, Mrs Meynell, Ernest Dowson, to name only a few, apart from those already mentioned, were some of the earliest ideas of the " Bodley Head."

John Galsworthy, whose first book, *Jocelyn* (1898), was published under the pseudonym " John Sinjohn," is a " collected " author whose first book must always be scarce; two years elapsed between that and his second novel, *Villa Rubein*, and it is probable that his dramatic works will outlast his reputation as a novelist. Important as George Bernard Shaw is in the history of modern English thought and letters, his work belongs more to a post-Victorian than to the pre-1900 era and, therefore, falls just beyond our time-limit; he is famous as a dramatist and sociologist; he has also written one or two novels, and no one can doubt his wit or his brilliance. His books, however, are not eagerly pursued, but it is

not unlikely that the next generation will pay high prices for his first editions.

It is not possible to mention many of the writers of to-day and of yesterday afternoon whose books have become more costly since they first appeared. In some instances the appreciation in value may be a hundredfold. In others it may be monstrous on Monday and deflated by Wednesday. And, in any event, there are those accidents of production, already suggested, which automatically enhance a price first created by critical approval. A mere handful must suffice here for purposes of illustration.

Two of the most highly (and, we believe, most justly) esteemed have recently died. Their names and works will outlast even the obituary frenzies of the Press. W. H. Hudson and Joseph Conrad were long occult from the observation of all but a few wise readers. Hudson wrote chiefly of nature and strange lands, in English of a beauty not often equalled. Ten years ago most of his early works could be acquired in good condition for a few shillings apiece. Now, though even in 1921 they had not yet crept into *The Book Collector's Guide*, pounds will be needed for each, and more than a few for some. *The Purple Land that England Lost* (2 vols., 1885), for instance, has changed hands at £52. Mr G. F. Wilson's *Bibliography* of its author (1922) is a useful guide to his works, which are not numerous enough to be bewildering. One of them, perhaps the scarcest,

and certainly the least known of them all, has a strange history. It is *Fan: the Story of a Young Girl's Life*, a three-volume novel—Hudson's only novel. It was published in 1892 (Chapman & Hall) under the pseudonym of "Henry Harford"; and the rarest copy of it must always be one which bears, in Hudson's own writing, the inscription "W. H. Hudson from H. H." [1]

Joseph Conrad also wrote of strange places in very fine English: which is the more remarkable in that Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski was a Polish gentleman, a seafaring wanderer, who did not speak or write English until he was "grown up": indeed, he spoke French before English. He settled down to peace near the cathedral city of Canterbury, and lived to write in *The Mirror of the Sea* (1906) one of the noblest eulogies of the British seaman, and to serve England afloat in the Great War.

He died in 1924, recognition at last won. Parts of his early African diaries have survived, and have been published (in *The Blue Peter*, October 1925, and in *Last Essays* later), with notes by his friend Mr Richard Curle which give a personal intimacy to many passages in his novels. Apart from the romantic circumstances of a life like his, and the exotic scenes which he described with such austere power, his books will resist the slow hand of neglect and remain treasures for the collector—for whom, indeed,

[1] See *The Bookman's Journal*, July 1923.

the conditions of their publication create many difficulties. His bibliography, as Mr Wise, in his privately printed and authorative *Bibliography* (1920), points out very clearly both in general and in detail, is an obscure matter, by reason of the "manipulation" to which his, like other modern books, have been subjected. There are for instance only "some fifty copies" of the real First Issue of *Chance* (1914). This should have on the *verso* of the title page, "First published in 1913," and contain publishers' advertisements dated July 1913. The production was interrupted by a trade dispute, which accounts for the small numbers.

The Second Issue has on the *verso* of the title page, "First published in 1914," the title being mounted on a stub. It has the advertisements dated July 1913 but also others for "Autumn 1913"; the publisher's name on back strip is spelt "Methven." The Third Issue has on the title-page *verso*, "First published in 1914," the title being mounted on a stub. It has also the advertisements for "Autumn 1913," and the publisher's name is spelt "Methuen." The Fourth Issue has on the *verso* of the title page, "First published in 1914"; the advertisements are dated "Autumn 1913," and the publisher's name is correctly spelt on the back. Even the second issue is usually priced at £3 or more. The first is practically unobtainable. A copy was sold in 1923 for £25.

His other works will cost some pounds apiece:

Almayer's Folly (1895), *The Black Mate* (1922) and *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (1898, first published in the United States in 1897 as *The Children of the Sea*) usually run into double figures. A set of the twenty-six privately printed pamphlets (1917-1920) was sold at Hodgson's in 1923 for the extraordinary price of £155.

An unusual Conrad "first" is a volume by his wife with a preface by him, *Simple Cooking Precepts for a Little House* (1922; 100 copies only, with the author's signature). This was published as a preface to Mrs Conrad's *Handbook of Cookery* (1923). It may or may not be relevant to quote, in this connexion, from the Congo diaries: "Great market at 9.30. Bought eggs and chickens. Feel not well to-day." Another scarce volume is the Beaumont Press Edition of the play *One Day More* (1919—worth from £5).

And another, an Irishman, not wholly unversed in the art of rarity, nor in the writing of fine English, and the inventor of a type of narrative which might have been bred between Charles Lamb, Fielding, Rabelais, Anatole France, and the most exquisite French essayist, is George Moore, whose works are precious. Most of them—of course in good condition—will cost £5 or more, though they vary curiously. Some are much more expensive. *Flowers of Passion* (1878) and *Pagan Poems* (1881) are both very rare in perfect state—many copies of the latter were

destroyed; it has sold for $670 and *Flowers* has fetched $115. A remarkable figure — £95 — was reached in 1923 by a previously unknown work—a translation of the pretty light opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, to the English version of which Mr Moore and his brother contributed the lyrics. One song is quoted in Mr Moore's *A Mummer's Wife* (1885), which itself has been bought in America for $50.

But to continue to enumerate modern authors would be to rewrite *Who's Who* and *Who Was Who*. The collector must back his judgment and take his chance when and where he finds it. John Masefield, Rupert Brooke, James Elroy Flecker, Gilbert Chesterton, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Samuel Butler, Robert Bridges, Arthur Machen, Walter de la Mare (very hard to get), Francis Thompson, Norman Douglas (an exquisite writer, whose *Alone*, in its first state—£5 or so—contains on page 140 a paragraph about wine — "Postscript" — which was excised in a second issue), and many younger men are clamouring at the library door. There is no Stud-book, no Complete Peerage, of the Moderns. Let it be as in the Abbey of Thélème: *Fay ce que vouldras*.

CHAPTER X

The several Presses which are now in England, and the great Encouragement which has been given to Learning for some Years last past, has made our own Nation as glorious upon this Account, as for the late Triumphs and Conquests.

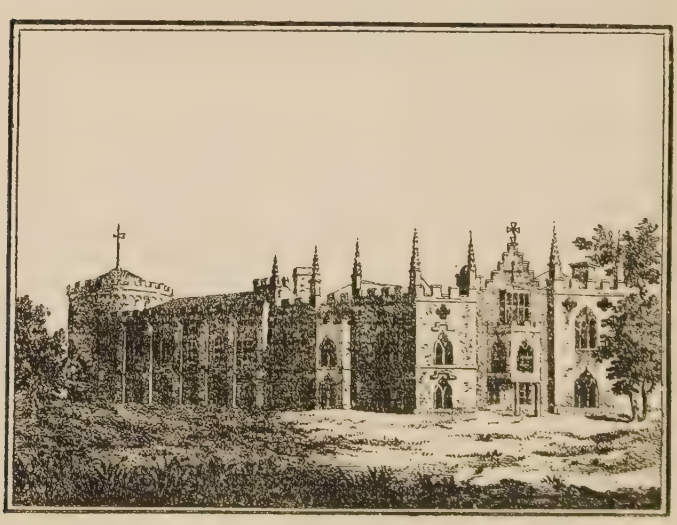
JOSEPH ADDISON: *The Spectator*, 1st May 1712.

POEMS

BY

ANNA CHAMBER

COUNTESS TEMPLE.



STRAWBERRY-HILL:

PRINTED in the YEAR MDCCLXIV.

TITLE PAGE OF A PRIVATELY PRINTED STRAWBERRY HILL PUBLICATION

CHAPTER X

THE PRIVATE PRESS

A GREAT many years ago a magnanimous private gentleman bequeathed to the University of Oxford (which has so many glorious inheritances) its most noble possession—Bodley's Library. Sir Thomas had left an honourable public life and concluded " to set up my staff at the library door in Oxon." That staff, like Urban's, blossomed ; and because Bodley was a good man of affairs his foundation was and is and always will be the only library to possess (for, as we have previously remarked, it was sold and rebought) the First Folio of Shakespeare given to it on publication.

That is, in a sense, by the way. But Bodley is the sublime example of what private persons, of their own " mere motion "—like that of the King when he grants a charter—can do and have done for literature. And his library contains now a unique private thing deposited over three hundred years after he founded it : the printing-press used by Charles Henry Olive Daniel, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, and printer, for his own solace, of many books now rare.

We use Daniel chiefly as a text, for his books—scarce and beautiful as many of them are—are

not really eminent to a collector. They are the basis for an attempt (probably vain) to decide what "a private press" and a "privately printed" book are.

We may as well abolish at once, in such an inquiry, the comparatively modern distinction between printer and publisher, though it is necessary to remember that, very often, "trade" channels are used for the distribution of privately printed books —that is to say, a private press, or a firm issuing a small number of copies for subscribers, may employ the ready-made machinery of bookselling for "uttering" such works to those members of the public whom it cannot reach directly.

The final test of "privacy" lies in the printer's intention. In a certain sense Caxton used a private press, and he did so in the right intention—to promulgate good lore in a fine form. But he also did it for profit, which is no part of the proper inspiration of a private press—at any rate at its birth, whatever happens when it grows up.

Now Daniel, who printed his first book on the obsolete Albion hand-press now in the Bodleian, started from pure enthusiasm at the age of ten (about 1845), at the delicious little town of Frome, in Somerset. The last book the machine printed (in 1922) was the memorial of his life, issued by the oldest and most august press in the world—the Clarendon Press.

In 1874 Daniel moved the engine to his College at

Oxford, and in 1881 came the real beginning of his private editions, which were done and made for his friends and himself. The earliest and rarest of the Daniel books, *Rachel's Garland*, was done in honour of his daughter's first birthday. Among those who adorned the young lady were W. E. Henley, Edmund Gosse, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, and "Lewis Carroll."

Here is the true glory of intimacy. Daniel was a public man. At the age of one he had been presented at Wareham (his birthplace) to Princess (afterwards Queen) Victoria; but perhaps 1836 is too young for publicity, and the Princess herself was only seventeen. He became Librarian of the Union Society in 1859. He was later to fill many college offices, and to be a Councillor and Alderman of Oxford City. His tall figure, with the fair, golden beard, was a familiar sight in the beautiful gardens of Worcester thirty years ago. It was his removal to Oxford in 1863 that gave him his real stimulus to serious typography — to printing something more than toys. He saw by chance among some old stock at the Clarendon Press some forgotten types which the celebrated Dr Fell had designed.

"I do not love thee, Dr Fell . . ."

But Daniel loved those types, and acquired them and put them to his good use. And now the Clarendon Press uses that fount very largely.

Daniel had in his serious work anticipated the Kelmscott Press (which started in 1891) by ten years. But sweet Thames seems always to have run smoothly for the printer's song, for on it lay not only Daniel's press and the Clarendon (with its great paper-making secrets at Wolvercote, hard by Godstow), but William Morris, at Kelmscott, on the Upper River, the Doves Press at Hammersmith, and the Ashendene Press at Chelsea. And while we have the other Press that runs in ink by the banks of the old Fleet Ditch nearly all the loveliness of printed type is still nourished by the little river which is England in all its length.

The greatest and most inspiring of all these venturers in ink was undoubtedly Morris. "I began printing books with the hope of producing some which would have a definite claim to beauty"—so he wrote in the *Note on My Aims in founding the Kelmscott Press*. No hope has been better justified by excellence of production. Including the *Note* just mentioned, fifty-three books (sixty-seven volumes) were issued between 1891 and 1898. A complete set was offered recently for £750. They cost an original subscriber rather less than £150.

How well William Morris wrought, his gloriously beautiful books will testify while they last. Type, paper, ink were all specially made. For the pictures, great artists like Burne-Jones and Crane gave of their best. It is not too much to say that during the

seven years the Kelmscott Press was in existence it did more for fine printing and good book-making than had been done by any other press in the world since the days of Caxton and Jenson, after whose types Morris frankly modelled his own.

He christened the first fount the "Golden" type, from *The Golden Legend*, for which work it was designed. This, by the way, was to have been the first publication, but an unforeseen difficulty about the size of the paper delayed the book until 1892, when it was the seventh work to come from his Press. The fount consists of eighty-one designs. The second fount was named the "Troy" type, and was first used to print *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*. In this work the "Chaucer" (the third fount) also makes its first appearance, the Table of Chapters and Glossary being printed in this fine type, which differs from the "Troy" only in size. Morris designed at least one other fount, but was not pleased with it and did not have it cut. In the *Note* mentioned it is stated that the total number of initial letters of various sizes designed for the Kelmscott Press is three hundred and eighty-four (a few were never used), and the number of engraved borders actually used was fifty-nine. Morris designed the whole of his initial letters and all but three of the borders. This was in addition to the frames for the illustrations in *The Glittering Plain* and *Chaucer*, initial words in several other books, printer's marks, etc., to the total of six

hundred and forty-four designs within seven years. It is an honourable record.

All the wood blocks for initials, ornaments and illustrations are now the property of the British nation. They cannot be reproduced, nor printed from, for a hundred years, for that was the condition upon which they passed into the British Museum. The type itself remained in the hands of Morris's trustees, to be used if, in their judgment, special editions of its designer's work are needed.

Morris may not have had a hatred for machinery akin to that felt by other Socialists of a previous age, who were opposed to its introduction and assisted in its destruction, but in a most admirable work [1] devoted to this great master-printer we learn that, while he neglected nothing that his own day could offer him, his invariable experience had been that he must go back to the days before machinery in order to find the best models. We must also bear well in mind that printing was but one of his many activities. His objection to machinery was thoroughly practical—not being to machinery in itself, but to the evil use made of it. The types for the Kelmscott Press were machine-cast, but the whole of the press-work was executed upon hand-presses.

The first book published by his Press was *The Glittering Plain*, in which the Golden type was used ;

[1] *The Kelmscott Press and William Morris, Master Craftsman*, by H. Halliday Sparling (Macmillan, 1924).

NOW it hapened on a tyme that they we
of the natyuyte of Jhesu Cryst, and a
theym vpon this montayne whiche ha
a right fayr child, and vnder his hede
crosse, which spack to thise iii kynges
hastely in to the londe of Judee, and the
the kynge that ye seche, whiche is born of a virgyne: ¶
putteth seynt Austyn, for it myght wel be that the a

KELMSCOTT "GOLDEN TYPE," FROM "THE GOLDEN LEGEND"

there ony seasyng, whan I toke that th
your due loue & sortyd to me the succese
herytages. Than whens cometh thys that
uerte and destroye that nature hath ones
gyuen me? Euery moder is bounden to h
seruacion of the ryght of her chyld; Al
wil make me bastard fro my ryght. Am

KELMSCOTT "TROY TYPE" FROM THE "RECUYELL"

THAN mote we to bokes that we finde,
Through which that olde thinges been
in minde,
And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,
Yeven credence, in every skilful wyse,
And trowen on these olde aproved stories
Of holinesse, of regnes, of victories,
Of love, of hate, of other sundry thinges,

KELMSCOTT "CHAUCER TYPE" FROM THE "CHAUCER"

200 copies were printed on paper and 6 on vellum. Mr Sparling says it "fell short of Morris's ideal." It was issued at £2 2s. on 8th May 1891, and has become scarce, and is worth up to £18 10s. It was reissued in 1894, printed from Troy type and with illustrations by Crane (250 copies on paper and 7 on vellum). The price of the ordinary copies was £5 5s., and they are now worth nearly four times that. Morris was also the author of his second publication, *Poems by the Way* (300 on paper at £2 2s. and 13 on vellum). It is not now so eagerly bought up as some productions of the Press—£7 or £8 will generally secure a copy. These *Poems* were followed by his friend Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's *Love Lyrics and Songs of Proteus*, in which the initials were printed in red by the author's wish; 300 were issued on paper, none on vellum. Five hundred copies of Ruskin's *Nature of Gothic* came next; it was an expensive little book at £1 10s., but Ruskin had not been dethroned in 1892. The printer's own *Defence of Guenevere* [1] and *Dream of John Ball* followed in the same year—300 paper copies of each, and 10 of the former and 11 of the latter were printed on vellum. They cost a purchaser *then* £2 2s. and £1 10s., and will *now* cost about five or six times those sums.

Now came the work which was to have been the firstling of the Press—a reprint of Caxton's

[1] First published otherwise in 1858.

translation of Voragine's *The Golden Legend*, in three large quarto volumes — 500 sets were printed on paper, none on vellum. The title and two woodcuts were designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Morris's old Oxford friend. It is one of the most handsome and desirable of the Kelmscott books, which for some unaccountable reason has never reached more than four times its subscription price. In our opinion it is much undervalued. The Troy type was used to print the title labels, which are glued to the canvas backs. This is the first appearance of the type from which the next work, *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, was printed on large quarto paper—300 sets of the two volumes were issued, at £9 9s. Mr Quaritch published this, and also *The Golden Legend*, *Reynard the Foxe* and the *Biblia Innocentium*.

Morris was a sturdy admirer of England's first printer. He owned "Caxtons," read Caxton, and followed Caxton's pure black plainness and clear-cut decisiveness in his Press. If we believed in re-incarnation we should hold that William Morris was William Caxton back again in London, working at the art and craft he loved so well.

In January 1893 *Reynard the Foxe* appeared, reprinted from Caxton's edition of 1481; it was limited to 300 paper and 10 vellum copies. The *Biblia Innocentium*, issued in the previous October, had been limited to 200 copies, with no vellum examples. As for prices, *The Golden Legend* may

be bought for £21, *Biblia* for £10, and *Reynard* for £20. 1893 saw eleven other works. Of Shakespeare's *Poems*, 500 were printed in Golden type on paper, and 10 on vellum. It is a charming book, and although the number is large for a Kelmscott it is one of the more difficult books to get, and costs nearly as many pounds as Morris asked shillings (twenty-five). *News from Nowhere*, *The Order of Chivalry*, and Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, a reprint of one of the greatest biographies, second perhaps only to Boswell's *Johnson*, followed. *Godefrey of Boloyne*, reprinted from Caxton's edition of 1481, was the fifth and last of the Caxtons to be reprinted by Morris. The colophon states it was " published by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press "; previous publications had been handled by Reeves & Turner, Quaritch, and Allen—300 copies were printed, from Troy type, on paper and 6 on vellum. A paper copy is usually marked about £18 18s. in dealers' catalogues; the published price was £6 6s. Five months later More's *Utopia*, a reprint of the second edition, came out " Sold by Reeves & Turner " (300 on paper at £1 10s. and 8 on vellum at £10 10s.). In September Macmillan issued Tennyson's *Maud* — 500 were printed on paper and 5 (not for sale) on vellum. This remains one of the least esteemed. Of the next book, a small one, no less than 45 were done on vellum, and 1500 on paper—unusually large numbers, which react on the prices now put on them. It was

Morris's *Gothic Architecture*—a lecture for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society; it was a 12mo—*i.e.* $5 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in. November saw two books, Meinhold's *Sidonia the Sorceress*, translated by Lady Wilde (300 on paper and 10 on vellum), and Rossetti's *Ballads and Narrative Poems* (310 on paper and 6 on vellum). Neither of these is difficult to acquire at about £10 each; their first cost was £4 4s. and £2 2s. respectively.

The last book of that year was a translation by Morris of a thirteenth-century French romance, *The Tale of King Florus & The Fair Jehane*; 350 were printed on paper and 15 on vellum. This is a scarce volume and may cost up to £5 5s. Seventy-five were purchased by an enterprising London firm of dealers in rare books, who sent them to all and every part of the world where bookbinding is practised to be bound in the "best manner." It was an interesting experiment, and made a delightful exhibition of bibliopegic craft. Queen Victoria commanded them to be shown to her. They are now in the Rylands Library, Manchester.

The second issue of *The Glittering Plain* was issued in February 1894 (250 on paper and 7 on vellum, at £5 5s. and £20). Four times these prices are fair market-values now. *On the Friendship of Amis and Amile* is another of Morris's translations from the French—500 were done at £1 10s., with 15 vellum copies. Rossetti's *Sonnets and Lyrical Poems,*

uniform in size and number with his *Ballads* by Rossetti, issued in the previous year, was followed by one of the most popular and at present most difficult Kelmscotts to obtain — Keats's *Poems*. Thirty shillings would buy it then on paper, and nine guineas on vellum. To-day if you offer £40 you may secure one of the ordinary copies; vellum copies do not occur for sale. *Atalanta in Calydon*, large quarto, *The Tale of the Emperor Constance*, *The Wood Beyond the World*, *The Book of Wisdom and Lies*, the first volume of Shelley's *Poems*, and *Psalmi Penitentiales* all appeared in 1894. Morris was gaining prestige with each book.

His *magnum opus*, that gloriously beautiful book, which is in a class by itself, known far and wide as "the Kelmscott *Chaucer*," was entirely subscribed, and at a premium, before publication. It was to have been limited to 325 copies on paper; this number was later raised to 425, and 13 were printed on vellum. Forty-eight of the ordinary and two of the vellum copies were bound by Cobden-Sanderson in full white pigskin binding at the Doves Bindery. In the original half-canvas binding a copy recently changed hands for £250. For a pigskin copy £300 would be reasonable, and vellum copies have changed owners at £800 and £900. The printer's own copy is now at Exeter College, Oxford.

There had been private presses before William

Morris set up his in the old-fashioned house on the Mall at Hammersmith. Walpole had issued Gray's *Odes* from his own Press at Strawberry Hill; we have already mentioned this, and Daniel, as we have said, had preceded Morris in point of time. Sir Egerton Brydges, at Ickham, had done some good work between Walpole and Daniel. But it was left to Morris to produce the best *book* since the days of Gutenberg and Caxton. No printer of the centuries between shares his eminence. If he had done the *Chaucer* only he would still be the greatest master-printer that England or the world had seen since the early printers, the spirit of whose methods had entered so deeply into him.

The *Poetical Works* of Shelley, volume one of which, as we have said, was issued in 1893, were completed by volumes two and three in 1895. It was a small issue—it consisted of only 250 on paper and 6 on vellum. On its rare occurrence for sale £35 is considered reasonable. Herrick's *Poems*, a selection, edited by F. S. Ellis, issued in the same year, is also scarce and expensive, but *The Earthly Paradise*, by William Morris (eight volumes), is not difficult to acquire, nor, for the Kelmscotts, expensive. Two hundred and twenty-five of each volume were printed (6 on vellum) in 1896 and 1897. They were subscribed at £1 10s. each. Sets usually sell for about £25.

William Morris died on 3rd October 1896, but his

Press was kept busy finishing the books upon which work had already begun. During that year and in 1897 his trustees published the third to the eighth volumes of *The Earthly Paradise*, *The Floure and the Leafe*, Spenser's *Shepheards Calendar*, and a few other volumes, preserving in every way the spirit of the founder. Their last book was Morris's *Note on My Aims in founding the Kelmscott Press*, 525 of which were issued in 1898. We recommend the volume to all who love good books.

You get again the touch of the true booklover, as Morris was for all his vivid hold on daily life, in the words which serve for a title page to the rare *Bibliography of the Books issued by Hacon & Ricketts*. The "lay-out" of this slim booklet is curious. There are several blank leaves of thin fine paper, a little dedication to W. L. Hacon (the book being by Mr Ricketts himself), a half-title backed by a woodcut (decorated), symbolizing the passage of time and the inevitable end, and then, abruptly (also in a floriated manner), the beginning—in capitals—of the writer's statement about the Vale Press.

This is continued in the ordinary fount of the Press on the next page, with no break. Three types were used by these private printers—the "Vale," the "Avon" and the "King's." "As it is undesirable that these founts should drift into other hands than their designers', and become stale by unthinking use, it has been decided to destroy the punches,

matrices and type." That stock is "for the most part in the Thames," and the rest, after being used in this final work, was melted down.

Mr Ricketts goes on to define the quality of a true book: "It is a living and corporate whole . . . conceived harmoniously and made beautifully like any other genuine work of art. . . . It shows design in each portion of it, from type to paper, and from 'build' to decoration."

The productions of Hacon & Ricketts (the Vale Press itself, founded by Messrs Shannon & Ricketts, had preceded it with a few volumes) were chiefly reprints of rare English books (Tudor, to a great extent)—more valuable, of course, in their original state, but still very desirable in this rebirth. The editions were limited to two or three hundred copies, with occasionally a small number printed on vellum. Of the vellum issues the scarcest must always be Adlington's *Marriage of Cupid and Psyche*[1]: only two copies of this were made, and one of these was accidentally burnt at the binders'. The decorations, usually by Mr Ricketts, were, as a rule, applied to one work solely, and seldom used in others, or, if so used, only in part. The firm worked from 1896 to 1904, and its own obituary—the *Bibliography* from which we have quoted—ends with the ingenious pun of "Farewell — Vale." Mr Ricketts issued

[1] For the fuller text, see *The Golden Ass* in the Navarre Society's series.

this personally: in America it was published by John Lane.

The Vale publications were admittedly indebted to the impulse towards typographical beauty given by William Morris. But as Mr Ricketts and his friend M. Lucien Pissarro point out in a little monograph (*De la Typographie*: 1898, and published in France and England), both they and Morris were really recurring to the mediæval forms of script—standardized, but still possessing the flow and grace of script. Typography "perdit la santé de ses formes" after the sixteenth century. Morris, they rightly insisted, had seen that if printing was in a sense mechanical, it was yet bound to a profound union of beautiful conceptions, with practical knowledge of how to execute them well in metal and wood, in ink, on paper. It is not too much to say that the work of the Kelmscott and Vale presses has, in the long run, stimulated and revived all ordinary English printing, down to our very advertisements in any good journal of to-day. And that is an achievement hardly possible to any but a private Press.

Mr Pissarro himself (aided by his wife, and using at first Mr Ricketts' types) set up his own enterprise—the Eragny Press, whose books usually contain coloured wood blocks. Mr C. R. Ashbee, with his Essex House Press, began with Morris type, but, like most other adventurers in this medium, soon devised

his own fount. The Cuala Press (formerly the Dun Emer) of Dublin was by way of reintroducing individuality to Irish letters and typography alike. The chief fount used by Miss Yeats (the sister of the poet) was Caslon's, to whom all English typefounders are eternally indebted. The Doves Press, on the other hand—founded by Mr Cobden-Sanderson and Mr Emery Walker—went back to Morris's origins, and based their founts mainly on Jenson's designs. The Doves Press gear also lies in the depths of the Thames. Mr St John Hornby, perhaps more truly a private printer than any of these contemporaries, for he made books to please himself, beginning in 1895 with an ancestral diary, followed Morris for a time. Like Daniel, however, he adopted Fell designs, and ultimately made his own.

It would not be proper here to speak of more recent developments.[1] Collectors have only to try to obtain—even by subscription in advance—the publications of the Nonesuch, the Riccardi, the Golden Cockerel and other now flourishing presses to learn how strongly all their own tribe is affected by these

[1] Considerations of space prevent us from giving the histories and names of publications of many private Presses whose work fully deserves the attention of collectors. Lowndes, in his Appendix to *The Bibliographer's Manual* (1864 and later editions), has treated the earlier private Presses quite fully, and to his almost indispensable work we must recommend those of our readers who desire to know more of the "Auchinleck," "Beldornie," "Great Totham," "Middle Hill," "Strawberry Hill" (see *ante*, vol. ii., p. 14), and other private Presses.

individual performances. These existing enterprises lie outside our scope. We can give no more than this short summary of a great period of activity. And if we were to come back to our starting-point and try to define a private Press strictly, we should still be in the lurch. Morris printed his books for sale, Daniel did not. But they printed with two aims, apart from money: for love of books and for the advancement of typography. They beautified print. But so did Caslon and Foulis, Baskerville and Fell, whose types they used or imitated or developed; and those (except the last-named) were typefounders or designers plying for hire—who, not less than the amateurs, glorified English book-making. Perhaps, in the end, the best definition of a private Press is that it is an enterprise conceived, and masterfully and thoroughly carried out, by a creative artist who (whether or not he likes to cover some of his expenses by sales) does his work from a sincere conviction that he is so expressing his own personality.

EPILOGUE

All that Mankind has done, thought, gained, or been it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

THOMAS CARLYLE: *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Lecture V.

EPILOGUE

BECAUSE . . .

WE began this book by asking "Why?" and "What?" Why do so many men, rich and poor, often to the very limit of their means, collect books, and what books do they seek chiefly to collect? It may be that we shall be deemed not to have arrived even now at a full or true definition of "Because . . ." One defence against such a criticism would be that the subject, even within our designed limits, is too vast for an exact definition based upon hard-and-fast statistics of all the books ever collected. We might use, with all reverence, in regard to possible works on such a large theme, words written in the greatest book ever sought by bibliophiles—"the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

But we offer no defence, for we believe that the mere facts (without reference to any of our comments upon them) imply the truth about book-collecting. Between our first two exploratory chapters and this Epilogue, hundreds of books have been mentioned, grouped both in periods of time and in modes

of literary form. In every group, the work most highly prized by collectors is also a piece of great literature — that is to say, an essential piece of England's splendid life.

Financial values fluctuate, usually from causes not inherent in the book-saleroom: far from it, indeed. A £1000 book of 1913 in England may become a £3000 book in or for America in 1927, for a reason we know all too well. Or, in certain rare and unlikely circumstances, the process might be reversed. But facts like these do not alter a great book's relative value. "The sun," as Pelissier used to sing, "is still shining in the sky." Yet if it glows more brightly in a different climate, so do its satellites, each in his proper orbit. Some lesser stars may dwindle a little, being more dimly perceived, or may shine more bravely by reason of closer and more careful vision. They are all patines of bright gold. But they remain satellites.

Yet their very existence is often the book-collector's gift to humanity. Without collectors there had been many fewer good books left alive at all. And with fewer good books, civilization would have been retarded. The invention of printing (whose late arrival is itself a proof of the preceding barbarism) changed the daily mind of man more than any other device of that mind, unless it be the invention of swifter means of transport during the past hundred years.

And if collectors—and they alone—have given and

are giving us this inheritance, they have done it in three notable ways. They have in the end bestowed their hoards inalienably upon scholars, upon poorer lovers of the humane letters, by bequeathing them to great libraries. They have stimulated interest in problems of scholarship, even if it be only by the appearance of a newspaper paragraph about a great sale or a romantic "find." And they have, by their liberality of thought, often by their private munificence, enabled copies to be made—copies themselves, very likely, the foundation of future research and knowledge.

That, then, is the ultimate "why" and "what" of bibliolatry. It is easy to decry what seems to be a pedantic dispute over a turned letter or a dropped comma: to profess anger at huge emulous prices, at petty or grandiose rivalries, at the hundred and one small habits and minutiæ of what has become at once an exact science and a branch of commerce. But in the long run these are only the inevitable developments, by little and little, from the strong desire to know correctly, to possess, and in the end to promulgate, good literature.

We think that is a true claim. But there is one other element in book-collection which we have dwelt upon little, for it is intimate and personal to each several collector according to his temperament. It is the sheer love of books in themselves. "What a place to be in is an old library!" wrote the most

lovable essayist in the English language. "It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here. . . . I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard." Lamb was writing of Oxford. The great new collections being formed to-day will, five hundred years hence, be stirring the same deep but gentle emotions as Elia felt in Duke Humphrey's Library in the Bodleian.

EXPLICIT LIBER DE LIBRIS

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